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THE

SPANISH NOVELISTS:

A SERIES OF TALES,

FROM

THE EARLIEST PERIOD TO THE CLOSE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

Translated from the Originals,

WITH

CRITICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES

BY

THOMAS ROSCOE,

EDITOR OF THE ITALIAN AND GERMAN NOVELISTS, &c.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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TO

JOHN KNOWLES, ESQ., F. R. S.

CORRESPONDING MEMBER OF THE PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY OF ROTTERDAM;

AS A TESTIMONIAL OF

THE EDITOR'S ESTEEM AND REGARD,

The following Volumes

ARE

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.

PREFACE.

In the following series of national novels, connected with the secondary class of prose fiction so abounding in Spanish literature, it has been the humble endeavour of the translator, upon a similar plan with the Italian and the German specimens, to convey to the English reader some idea of its rise and progress, as well as of the peculiar manners, customs, and modes of thinking at different periods, as exhibited in this form of composition.

In the novel and the drama, Spain is allowed to hold a distinguished rank in the literature of

modern nations; in the former, sufficient justice has not been done her; the writers of other countries have taken their plots, and even entire stories, without acknowledgment. LE SAGE, SCARRON, and many others, by thus appropriating and adapting to the prevailing taste, their neighbour's inventions, have given rise to a keen controversy upon the subject; one into which I should be extremely sorrow to carry the reader, even the least way, to partake of its tediousness, its bitterness, and its heaviness. As little will it be necessary, in a work of specimens, to examine into the nature and extent of the various classes and branches of the Spanish novel; it is enough that the Editor has been desirous to render justice to some of the earliest and best models of the language—to bring before the public a version of the original productions to which both the writers and the readers of some of the most attractive

and popular novels circulated throughout Europe, have been so largely indebted. In this point of view, however, it would have been presumption in the Editor, after the masterly advocates they have recently boasted, to pretend to rescue from unmerited neglect, the names and works, or pay a fitting tribute to the inventive powers, of the Spanish Novelists. In other countries, especially among the Germans and the French, their just claims have been admitted; in the present instance, all that the translator can assume, in his humbler task, is the merit of having long read, and carefully compared, the smaller class of novels, such as were conceived best adapted to give the English reader a taste for the original, as well as for mere popular amusement.

In regard to the selections, no less than to the biographical materials, and other points, the translator feels bound to express here his obliga-

tions to his lamented friend, Mr. MENDIBIL, late Professor of Spanish Literature in the King's College; a gentleman whose eloquence and learning, whose enthusiasm for the honour and freedom of his country, were equalled only by his high worth, and the urbanity of his disposition.

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DON JUAN MANUEL.

DON JUAN MANUEL.

THE Prince Don Juan, son of the Infant D. Manuel, and grandson to San Fernando, presents one of the most distinguished names in the historical and literary annals of Spain. Although his political conduct was not free from stain, he redeemed his character for loyalty and patriotism by his subsequent adherence to Castile, and by the importance and the brilliancy of his exploits.

In literary reputation, nevertheless, he is deserving of being placed in the same rank with his uncle, the king, Don Alonzo the Wise, whose example he emulated in the cultivation and patronage of letters. He was born about the year 1280; his mother was Beatrice, daughter of the Duke of Swabia, who was also King of the Romans.

During the reign of Ferdinand IV., known by the

romantic title of El Emplazado, the Summoned,* Don Manuel rose high in the esteem and confidence of that monarch; but, in the year 1306, he forfeited his master's favour, by abandoning the royal cause at the moment while he was engaged in the siege of Algesiras against the Moors. They became reconciled, however, some years afterwards; but on the event of the king's death, Don Juan Manuel gave full scope to his ambitious projects, aiming at no less than the authority of Prince Regent during the minority of Ferdinand's son, Don Alonzo XI. He was the most active in secretly forwarding those public commotions which might afford him the best pretence for assuming the reins of government, which he did under the plea of arresting their disastrous progress.

From this period Don Juan became involved in a series of intrigues and conspiracies, which engaged a large portion of his long and chequered career. Nor was he without his rivals in other branches of the royal house of Castile; a struggle for authority took place, which at length, in 1320, ended in the

* The origin of this singular title is thus given by the united testimony of Spanish historians. After condemning to death two noblemen who had strongly maintained their innocence, the king was addressed by them at the moment of their execution in these words: — "In a month from this day we summon thee to appear before the tribunal of God, to answer for our deaths." This prophecy is believed to have been fulfilled on the exact day.

appointment of three guardians of the prince,—namely, Don Juan, called Il Tuerto, Don Felipe, and Don Juan Manuel.

In the year 1325, the prince having attained the legal age which entitled him to assume sovereign power, his governors found themselves suddenly called upon to resign their functions, at the general Cortes held at Valadolid. Apprehensive of being brought to account for the tumults and excesses committed under their joint regency, Don Juan Manuel, and Don Juan Tuerto, entered into a coalition against the young monarch, and the whole of those nobles who should dare to avow the design of summoning them before the tribunal of their country. To confirm their new compact, Don Manuel offered the hand of his daughter Constance to Don Tuerto, and it is said that they solemnized it by the fearfully sacrilegious ceremony, as it was considered, of dividing between them a consecrated wafer (the holy Host), over which they solemnly swore to remain faithful to each other's interests.

This contract, however, only remained in force until the wily king Alonzo found means to disunite the parties, by tempting the ambition of Don Manuel, with hopes of raising his daughter, the same lady Constance, to share with him the throne of Castile.

At the same time, the new monarch appointed his noble kinsman to the rank of Chief Commander of the Mercian frontiers, against the Moors of Granada.

While employed in this important commission, Don Manuel added to his warlike renown, by a number of brilliant exploits, crowned at length by his entrance into Granada, in 1327, when he overthrew, in a pitched battle, the great Moorish prince Ozmin, supported by the whole power of the Mussulmans, near the river Guadalquiver; one of the most celebrated victories ever achieved by the Castilian arms. It has accordingly been one of the most frequently commemorated in the traditionary songs and ballads which enrich the poetry of Spain.

Determined, at all risks, to free himself from his other enemy, Don Juan El Tuerto, the king sought to betray him into his power, under the guise of fair promises. He gave into the snare, was arrested while sitting as a guest at the king's own table, and was beheaded in the town of Toro, the whole of his possessions being confiscated to the crown.

Don Juan Manuel was too sagacious not to profit by so practical an example, and retired without delay to Chinchilla, a strong position of his own domains, The king, taking advantage of this movement, and having already attained his views, now openly declared against him, broke his engagement with his daughter Constance, and entered into treaty for the Infanta Maria of Portugal. Don Juan Manuel upon this, renounced his allegiance to the crown of Castile, and joined the kings of Arragon and Granada. This measure gave rise to considerable tumult

and confusion, and was soon followed by proposals of pacification from the king. Don Juan was invited to a conference, to which he signified his assent, provided the safeguard of a river were placed between the parties; and each was to approach from opposite sides, and unaccompanied, to the interview. The king agreed to these conditions, and made a point of appearing at the place which had been fixed upon, but Don Juan, still unable to surmount his scruples, notwithstanding all his precautions, failed to keep his engagement, and the civil feuds were renewed with greater violence than before. The recollection of the treachery employed against Juan El Tuerto was sufficient to thwart every plan of the king's for effecting a reconciliation. Not even a visit made him by the king in person at Penafiel—Don Juan's own seignory—could inspire him with confidence sufficient to trust himself in his royal master's hands.

At length, however, this was effected by the intercession of Don Juan's mother, and he ultimately entered the service, and was restored to the favour, of his sovereign. From this period the Infant Don Juan strove to repair, by a succession of great and splendid actions, the errors and excesses committed in the outset of his ambitious career. Subsequently, during the space of twenty years, he devoted his high talents to his country,—distinguished alike for wisdom in the cabinet, and conduct in the field. Resuming with fresh ardour his campaigns, victory

everywhere followed his standard; and, aiding him alike with his counsel and with his sword, he never forsook the side of his king. He was the soul of every enterprize, and essentially contributed to the conquest of the city of Algesiras, that famous stronghold of the Moors. He commanded at the grand and decisive battle of Salado, the loss of which by the Moors paved the way to the speedy destruction of the Mahometan empire in Spain.

During the whole of the same period he became still more passionately devoted to letters than he had been in early life, giving the whole of his leisure hours to their patronage and cultivation.

Having by such actions recovered the lustre of his tarnished fame, and having lived to behold his two daughters elevated to the rank of queens of Portugal and Castile, he died in the year 1347, and was interred in the Dominican convent, in the city of Penafiel, to which he had bequeathed the various works he had composed. He left express commands that his body should be deposited in the same tomb with that of the good Knight Diego Alonzo, his loyal and brave standard-bearer, who had fallen at his side, nobly defending his colours against the Moors at the siege of Algesiras. For this reason the prince had ordered him to be interred in his family vault, where he had now directed his own remains to follow him. A prince by birth, Don Juan Manuel boasts a like pre-eminence in the

heroic and literary annals of his country. He was unrivalled by any of his contemporaries; whether as regards the solidity of his judgment, the extent of his erudition, or his acquirements and accomplishments; to all which he united the dignity and consideration of influence and wealth. With such qualifications, he naturally exercised a powerful sway over the literature of his country. Of all contemporary writers, he was the one who best availed himself of the capabilities of his native tongue in its then state; who cultivated it with most success, and essentially contributed, by his patronage and his example, to enrich and to improve it. His works bear sufficient evidence of the progress that had been made in the Castilian dialect since the age of his grandfather, Alphonso the Wise, who may be said to have laid its foundation. None, however, of these works have yet seen the light, except that entitled, "El Conde Lucanor," and it is from this I have extracted the specimens which will be found to commence the series of the present work. It was published by Argote de Molina, of Seville, himself a literary character and a poet, in the year 1575; and a reprint of it appeared in 1642, both of which are extremely rare in the present day. *El Conde Lucanor* is a work of a moral character, composed in the form of a dialogue, through the medium of which the reader is presented with various curious examples, grace-

fully and happily illustrated by historical or fabulous traits, at the close of which the author places the moral, conveyed in brief apothegms of different metre.

The interlocutors are the supposed Count Lucanor and his counsellor Patronio, who introduces himself much like those soothsayers of the East, who, agreeably to oriental taste and manners, were the companions of great lords.

In each of the forty-nine examples, and the same number of stories (by which these are illustrated), contained in the work, the author assumes that the Count finds himself in the case of one driven to some deliberation, and for the most part in some predicament, so as to be glad to have recourse to the advice of Patronio. The latter, instead of giving any direct opinion, brings forward some real example adapted to the case in hand, and the solution of which is to be found in the moral. By this simple method there is conveyed through the entire narrative, a series of wise and excellent maxims, with histories, as they are termed, which give a clear insight into the human heart, delivered in a style at once flowing, simple, yet dignified and agreeable, from the very interesting variety of the stories with which Patronio replies to the questions of the Count, whom he undertakes to instruct.

It is from this work that the celebrated Calderon has borrowed the subject of one of his many dramas,

Ju

under the exact title of *The Conde Lucanor*, though it must be confessed that, in this instance, he neither equalled himself nor the model from which he drew. Many other works by Don Juan Manuel, are cited by Argote de Molina, the editor of the one before us,—such as *La Cronica de Espana*, *Libro de los Sabios*, *Libro del Cavallero*, *Libro del Escudero*, *Libro del Infante*, *Libro de los Ingenios*, with several more on a similar plan.

The whole of these remain buried in the Dominican convent above stated, unheeded and unexplored. It is only in the *Cancionero General* of Hernando del Castillo that we meet with a few scattered specimens of Don Juan's poetry, extracted from the book entitled *Los Cantares;* they are by no means the least curious of that very singular collection.

The contemporary of Petrarch, and liable to the same peculiarities and the same fastidiousness of taste which then prevailed, and threw an air of mingled subtlety, mystery, and languor over their verse, Don Manuel did not escape the fault of his age. It must, however, be admitted, that, to the impulse given by his example, Spanish poetry owed that tone of elevation and sententious gravity, combined with that depth of sentiment and pathos, for which those writers and poets who immediately succeeded him, in the reign of John II., became so highly distinguished.

EL CONDE LUCANOR.

CHAP. IX.

CONCERNING WHAT HAPPENED IN TUNIS TO TWO CAVALIERS WHO LIVED WITH THE INFANT HENRY.

THE Conde Lucanor was one day conversing with his counsellor Patronio, in this manner:—"Patronio, I have, for a long time past, had an enemy who hath wrought me much evil, and whom I have requited in like sort; insomuch, that both by will and by works, we stand on very ill terms with each other.

"Now it hath so happened, that another man, much more powerful than either of us, is proceeding in a way that makes each of us afraid that we shall greatly suffer in consequence. And, for this reason, that enemy of mine hath sent me a message, to say that it might be well for us to agree together, in order to defend ourselves against the other, who wishes to do us some grievous mischief. For if united together, it is certain that we shall be able to defend ourselves; and if one of us act apart from

the other, it is certain that whomsoever of us the powerful man we dread shall wish to destroy, he will easily be able to effect his purpose. So when one of us shall have fallen, it will be still more easy for him to destroy the other. And I am now in very great doubt and perplexity about this affair. For on the one side I have my fears lest my first enemy may be laying a snare for me; and if once he hath me right fast in his power, I do think that my poor life would be in much jeopardy.

"On the other hand, if we should consent to agree, I see not how I can refuse to confide in him, nor he in me; and this holds me in great fear and uncertainty. Moreover, I am sensible that if we should not become reconciled, as he hath proposed, we shall suffer grievous injury, in the way I have already said. Now, owing to the great confidence I have in you, and in your judgment, I intreat you will advise me in what to do as to this affair."

"Señor Conde," replied Patronio, "this is a very important and very dangerous matter; and that you may the better understand what it concerns you here to do, I should like you to know what happened in Tunis to two cavaliers who lived with the Infant Henry." And the Conde enquired how that had been?

THE HISTORY.

"My Lord Conde Lucanor," said Patronio,—"Two cavaliers, who lived with the Infant Don Henry, in Tunis, were very friendly, and always dwelt in the same inn together. And these two knights had each only one horse, and just so much as their masters were pleased to be upon pleasant terms, did these their two steeds delight to quarrel with each other. Now these two cavaliers were by no means wealthy, and they could not afford to maintain two establishments, and yet they could never remain in one place owing to the constant disturbance kicked up by their fiery horses. This annoyance they endured for a time, until, no longer able to bear with it, they related the matter to Don Henry, requesting that he would be pleased to order these vicious animals to be given, as a meal, to a lion, then in possession of the King of Tunis. Don Henry was much pleased with this proposal, and he spoke with the king. And the horses were very well valued to the cavaliers, and they placed them in the yard where the lion was. When they found themselves loose in the yard, the horses attacked each other in the fiercest manner: and while thus engaged, the door of the lion's cage was opened. As soon as the lion walked forth into the yard, and the horses beheld him, they began to tremble very much,

and by degrees they drew quite close to each other. After remaining awhile together, both at once ran at the lion, and dealt him such a number of fierce kicks and bites, as to compel him to retire into his cage whence he had come, without daring to attack the two horses, which remained safe; and from that time forth the animals became so quiet and friendly as to eat out of the same manger, and abode together in a very small stable; and this agreement was brought about between them by the great terror which the appearance of the lion had produced.

"And you, my Lord Conde Lucanor, if you have heard that your enemy hath such great dread of the man in question, and stands in so much need of your assistance, as to oblige him to forget your mutual injuries, and if he understand that he cannot defend himself without you, I hold it good, that like the horses, who, approaching each other by degrees, united in the same cause, until they lost all their apprehensions; so you should begin gradually to place confidence in your former enemy."

CHAP. XX.

CONCERNING WHAT HAPPENED TO THOSE OF THE CATHEDRAL, AND TO THE MINOR FRIARS IN PARIS.

On another occasion, the Conde Lucanor was engaged in conversing with Patronio, his counsellor, in this manner. "Patronio, I have a friend, and he and I are both desirous of accomplishing something which is for the honour and advantage of us twain. Now I could myself perform this matter, and yet I do not venture upon doing it until he shall arrive. I therefore ask of you, according to the judgment which God hath given you, to give me your opinion on this point."

"Señor Conde," said Patronio, "in order that you may act in this affair as seems to me best for your advantage, it pleaseth me that you should know what happened to those of the cathedral church, and to the minor Friars at Paris." And the Conde inquired how that had taken place?

THE HISTORY.

"Señor Conde," said Patronio, "those belonging to the church declared, that seeing they were the head of the church, they ought first to ring the bell for matins. And the friars said, that it was their business to study, and to rise betimes to the matins

and the service, so as not to lose the hours of holy study; and that besides they were exempt, and had no reason why they should wait for any one. Upon this point the discussion became very warm, and great at length was the cost of engaging advocates and carrying on a law-suit for both sides. And long did this law-suit continue in the court of his Holiness the Pope; till, after a long period had elapsed, there was elected a certain pope, who referred the whole case to a certain cardinal, and commanded him to weigh and decide the matter on one side or the other. So the cardinal ordered all the proceedings to be brought before him, which consisted of documents so very long and heavy, that every one in court started at the sight of them. And after the cardinal found he had at length gotten all the drafts and documents before him, he was pleased to appoint another day for pronouncing sentence; and when it came, and he again saw the documents before him, he ordered the whole of them to be thrown into the fire, and at the same time he spake thus:—"My friends, this law-suit has lasted a very long time, and you have put yourselves to a mighty deal of trouble and expense. For my part, I do not wish to protract this suit; and I shall at once pronounce the verdict, that "he who first happens to waken shall first ring the bell!"

"And you, my Lord Conde Lucanor, I would advise, that if the matter be advantageous for you,

and you shall be able to effect it, you proceed to do it, and that without delay. For many times things are left unaccomplished, and lost, which might have been carried to a good issue, only because of the delay; and afterwards when a man wishes it, he perhaps cannot do them," And the Conde considered that he had been well advised, and he did accordingly, and it turned out well. And Don Juan, judging that the example was good, made the two following verses, namely ;—

"If any great good you are able to do,
Be quick, nor delay, lest the chance should eschew."

CHAP. XXXVII.

CONCERNING WHAT HAPPENED TO A MAN THAT HAD A SON, WHO SAID HE HAD A GREAT MANY FRIENDS.

ANOTHER time the Conde Lucanor was talking with his counsellor Patronio, and said in this manner. "Patronio, according to my reckoning, I have a great many friends, who give me to understand, that, at the cost of their lives and substance, they would not fail to do every thing to oblige me, and would not desert me for any chance that could befall. And now, according to your good judgment, I intreat that you will tell me in what manner I shall

best be able to learn whether these friends would do for me as much as they say they would?" "My Lord Conde Lucanor," replied Patronio, "good friends are the best thing in the world; and you may well believe, that when a man most wants them, he will find fewer than he counted upon: and that, on the contrary, when the urgency is not great, it is difficult to prove who would shew himself a true friend, were the time of need to arrive. However, that you may know what a true friend is, it will give me pleasure to acquaint you with what happened to a certain good man in regard to one of his sons, who said that he had many friends." And the Conde inquired how that had taken place.

THE HISTORY.

"My Lord Conde Lucanor," said Patronio, "a certain good man had a son; and among other matters which he advised, he enjoined him always to endeavour to obtain a great number of friends; and the son did as he was told. He began to keep much company, and to share his substance among different individuals whom he esteemed as his friends, and ready to do any thing in their power to pleasure him;—nay, insomuch as to venture their lives and substance, if need be, in his behalf. And one day this young man, conversing with his father, was asked whether he had done as he had been com-

manded, and had yet obtained many friends? And the son replied that he had; and in particular, that among others, there were ten of whom he was most assured, that never in any difficulty or necessity whatever would they be led to desert him. When the father heard this, he said he was greatly surprised that his son had been able in so short a time to obtain so many friends; and such as he, who was an old man, had never been fortunate enough to possess during his whole life, at all events never counting more than one friend and a half. And the son began to argue with him, maintaining that what he had said of his friends was only the truth.

"When the father saw that his son was so eager on their behalf, he said that he ought to proceed to prove it in the following manner. First, that he should kill a pig, and having put it into a sack, should go with it to the house of one of his friends, and when admitted there, tell him secretly,—not that it was a pig, but a man whom he had unhappily killed. Farther, that if this fact should be made known, it would be quite impossible for him to escape with his life; and that all those who knew of it would be likely to share with him in the same fate. That his son should enjoin them, since they were his friends, not to reveal the fact; and that if need be, they should unite with him and defend him. And the youth did this: going to the house of his

friends, he informed them of the fatal accident that had befallen him. They all, one after another, declared, that in all other matters they would serve him to the utmost, but that on such an occasion, which would endanger both their lives and property, they dare not assist him; beseeching him, at the same time, for the love of God, not to breathe to a single being that he had been at their houses. Some of them, indeed, said that they would go to solicit on his behalf; and others observed that they would do as much, and, moreover, would not desert him even till after his execution, and that they would then give him honourable interment.

"And after the youth had thus tried the sincerity of all his friends, without finding any to receive him, he returned to his father, and related what had happened. And when the father saw that it so fell out, he said to his son, that he might now very well see how those who had lived long, and seen and experienced much in such a matter, knew more than their sons. He then added, that he himself had only one friend and a half, and that he might go and try them.

"The young man went accordingly to prove what his father had meant by half a friend, and he took the dead pig along with him. He called at the door of his father's half friend, and recounted to him first the unlucky adventure which had befallen him;

that he had spoken with all his friends in vain, and beseeched him, by the regard he bore his father, to assist him now in this his utter need.

"And when his father's half friend saw this, he said that he had a regard for the father, but had no sort of love for or acquaintance with the son; but that for his father's sake, he was willing to assist him, and to conceal the affair. He then took the sack with the pig, and carried it into his orchard, where he deposited it in a deep furrow, and covered the spot with weeds and vegetables to conceal it from every eye.

"The youth then returned and acquainted his father with what had occurred in regard to this his half friend. He next ordered his son, on a certain day, when they should all be engaged in council, to start some question, and discuss it with this same friend very warmly, till at length he should deal him a hard blow in the face, which, when the opportunity served, was accordingly done. But the good man, on being smitten, only said, 'By my faith, young man, thou hast done ill; yet thou may'st be assured, that neither for this or other injury thou can'st do, will I reveal what happened in the garden.' The son afterwards reported this to his father, who then told him to go to the house of his other friend, and he did so. And again he recounted all that had happened; and the good friend of his father directly

said, that he would do all to save his life and his reputation. And it by chance happened that a man had been killed in that town, and none knew by whom; but several people having noticed the youth going along at night with the sack upon his shoulders, they concluded that he was no other than the murderer. In short, they informed of him, and the youth was taken and pronounced guilty of the offence; but his father's friend all the while exerted himself to compass his escape. And when he saw that there was no way left to save him from death, he said to the Alcalde, that he did not wish to have the sin of killing that young man upon his conscience, for, in fact, it was not he who had killed the man, but a son of his own, and the only one he had; and in this way did he succeed in saving the life of his friend's son, by the hard sacrifice of his own.

"And now, my Lord Count Lucanor, I have told you how friends are to be tried, and I hold that this example is good, in order for a man to learn who are his friends in this world, and those whom he ought to put to the test before he trusts to them in any great exigency, so as to ascertain how far they would go along with him in a dangerous way. You may be certain, that if some few be good friends, yet the most part are fortune's friends, and according to their shifts and turns will they stick close or abandon you. And if you consider of this in a spiritual sense,

every body declares that he has friends, but when calamity or death approach, they too often find themselves driven to have recourse to the ministers of religion to intercede with God for them, who alone can help them, to whom they turn like the son of the good man. And such is the great goodness of the Saints, in particular of the Holy Mary, that they cease not to importune the Lord in a poor sinner's favour; and however much the importunity and the trouble they bear on his account, they refuse to inflict justice on him, just as the half friend of the young man's father would not inform of him though smitten by him in the face. And when the sinner finds no means of escape but turning to God, as the young man returned to his father, then does God, like the father and true friend, pitying man, who is his creature, act by him as did the good friend, for he even sent his own son Jesus Christ, who died for us without any fault, and whose freedom from all sin delivered man also from his state of sin, shewing thereby that he was the true son of God, obedient and faithful, and full of love and mercy in all his acts.

"And now, Señor Count Lucanor, consider well what kind of friends be the most faithful and the best, and for whom ought a man most to exert himself in order to obtain their friendship." These reasons gave much satisfaction to the Count, and Don Juan being

of opinion that this example was very excellent, caused it to be inserted in this book, and he also made these verses, to the following purport:—which, being translated, were

Man ne'er shall find so true a friend as he
Who gave his life, man's race from death to free.

CHAP. XLV.

CONCERNING WHAT HAPPENED TO A CERTAIN YOUNG MAN UPON THE DAY OF HIS MARRIAGE.

One day the Conde Lucanor, speaking with his counsellor Patronio, said, "Patronio, I have a servant who informs me that he has it in his power to marry a very wealthy woman, but who is higher in station than himself. It would, he says, be a very advantageous match for him, only for one difficulty which stands in the way, and it is this. He has it on good authority, that this woman is one of the most violent and wilful creatures in the world; and now I ask for your counsel, whether I ought to direct him to marry this woman, knowing what her character is, or advise him to give up the match?" "My Lord Conde Lucanor," said Patronio, "if your man hath any resemblance to the son of a certain good man, who was a Moor, I advise him to marry at all venture, but if he be not like him, I think he had better desist."

And the Conde then enquired how that affair had been.

THE HISTORY.

Patronio said, that "in a certain town there lived a noble Moor, who had one son, the best young man ever known perhaps in the world. He was not, however, wealthy enough to enable him to accomplish half the many laudable objects which his heart prompted him to undertake, and for this reason he was in great perplexity, having the will and not the power to perform it.

"Now in that same town there dwelt another Moor, far more honoured and rich than the youth's father; and he, too, had an only daughter, who offered a strange contrast to this excellent young man; her manners being as violent and bad as his were good and pleasing, insomuch that no man liked to think of an union with such an infuriate shrew.

"Now that good youth one day came to his father and said, 'Father, I am well assured that you are not rich enough to support me according to what I conceive becoming and honourable. It will, therefore, be incumbent upon me to lead a mean and indolent life, or to quit the country; so that if it seem good unto you, I should prefer for the best to form some marriage alliance by which I may be enabled to open myself a way to higher things.' And the father replied, that it would please him well if

his son should be enabled to marry according to his wishes. He then said to his father, that if he thought he should be able to manage it, he should be happy to have the only daughter of the good man given him in marriage. Hearing this, the father was much surprised, and answered, that as he understood the matter, there was not a single man whom he knew, how poor soever he might be, who would consent to marry such a vixen. And his son replied, that he asked it as a particular favour that he would bring about this marriage; and so far insisted, that, however strange he thought the request, his father gave his consent.

"In consequence of this, he went directly to seek the good man, with whom he was on the most friendly terms, and having acquainted him with all that had passed, begged that he would be pleased to bestow his daughter's hand upon his son, who had courage enough to marry her. Now, when the good man heard this proposal from the lips of his best friend, he said to him:—'Good God, my friend, if I were to do any such thing, I should serve you a very bad turn; for you possess an excellent son, and it would be a great piece of treachery on my part, if I were to consent to make him so unfortunate, and become accessory to his death by marrying such a woman. Nay, I may say worse than death, for better would it be for him to be dead than to be married to my daughter! and you must not think that I say thus

much to oppose your wishes; for as to that matter, I should be well pleased to give her to your son, or to anybody's son, who would be foolish enough to rid my house of her.' To this his friend replied, that he felt very sensibly the kind motives which led to speak thus; and yet entreated that, as his son seemed so bent upon the match, he would be pleased to give the lady in marriage. He agreed, and accordingly the ceremony took place. The bride was brought to her husband's house, and it being a custom with the Moors to give the betrothed a supper, and to set out the feast for them, and then to take leave and return to visit them on the ensuing day, the ceremony was performed accordingly. However, the fathers and mothers, and all the relations of the bride and bridegroom went away with many misgivings, fearing that when they returned the ensuing day, they should either find the young man dead, or in some very bad plight indeed. So it came to pass, that as soon as the young people were left alone, they seated themselves at the table, and before the dreaded bride had time to open her lips, the bridegroom, looking behind him, saw stationed there his favourite mastiff dog, and he said to him somewhat sharply:— 'Mr. Mastiff, bring us some water for our hands;' and the dog stood still, and did not do it. His master then repeated the order more fiercely, but the dog stood still as before. His master then leaped up

in a great passion from the table, and, seizing his sword, ran towards the mastiff, who, seeing him coming, ran away, leaping over the chairs and tables, and fire-place, trying every place to make his escape, with the bridegroom hard in pursuit of him. At length, reaching the dog, he smote off his head with his sword; he then hewed off his legs, and cut up all his body, until the whole place was covered with blood. He then resumed his place at table, all covered as he was with gore; and soon casting his eyes around, he beheld a lap-dog, and commanded him to bring him water for his hands, and because he was not obeyed, he said: 'How, false traitor! see you not the fate of the mastiff, because he would not do as I commanded him? I vow that if you offer to contend one moment with me, I will treat thee to the same fate as I did the mastiff. And when he found it was not done, he arose, seized him by the legs, and dashing him against the wall, actually beat his brains out; showing even more rage than against the poor mastiff.

Then, in a great passion, he returned to the table, and cast his eyes about on all sides, while his bride, fearful that he had taken leave of his senses, ventured not to utter a word. At length he fixed his eyes upon his horse, that was standing before the door, though he had only that one belonging to him; and he commanded him to bring him water, which the horse did not do. 'How now, Mr. Horse,' cried the

husband, 'do you imagine because I have only you, that I shall suffer you to live, and not do as I command you? No! I will inflict as hard a death upon you as upon the others; yea, there is no living thing I have in the world, which I will spare, if I am not to be obeyed!' But the horse stood where he was, and the master, approaching with the greatest rage, smote off his head, and cut him in pieces, in the same way, with his sword. Well! And when his wife saw that he had actually killed his horse, having no other, and now heard him declare that he would do the same to any creature that ventured to disobey him, she found that he had by no means done it by way of jest, and took such an alarm, that she hardly knew whether she were dead or alive. Then, all covered with gore as he was, he again seated himself at table, swearing that though he had a thousand horses, or wives, or servants, if they refused to do his behest he would not scruple to kill them all; and he once more began to look around him, with his sword in his hand. And after he had looked well round him, and found no other living thing near him, heturned his eyes fiercely upon his wife, and said in a great passion, 'Get up, and bring me some water to wash my hands;' and his wife, expecting nothing less than to be cut to pieces, rose in a great hurry, and giving him water for his hands, said to him,— 'Ah, how I ought to return thanks to God, who in-

spired you with the thought of doing as you have just done! for, otherwise, owing to the wrong treatment of my foolish friends, I should have behaved in the same way to you as I did to them.'

"After this he commanded her to help him to something to eat, and this in such a tone, that she felt as if her head were on the point of dropping off upon the floor; so that there was a perfect understanding settled between them during that night; and she never spoke, but only did every thing which he required her to do. After they had reposed some time, the husband said,—'The passion I have been put into this night has hindered me from sleeping: get you up, and see that nobody comes to disturb me, and prepare me something well cooked to eat!'

"When it came full day, and the fathers, mothers, and other relatives arrived at the door, they all listened; and hearing no one speak, at first concluded that the unfortunate man was either dead or mortally wounded by his ferocious bride. In this they were the more confirmed, when they saw her standing at the door and the bridegroom not there. But when the lady saw them advancing, she stepped gently on tip-toe towards them, and whispered, 'False friends, as you are, how dared you to come up to the door in that way, or even to breathe a word? Be silent, as you value your lives or mine;—hist, and awake him not.'

"Now when they were all made acquainted with what she said, they greatly marvelled at it; but when they learnt all that had passed during the night, their wonder was changed into admiration of the young man, for having so well known how to manage what concerned him, and to maintain order in his house. From that day forth, so excellently was his wife governed, and so well conditioned in every respect, that they led a very pleasant sort of life together. Such indeed was the good example set by the son-in-law, that a few days afterwards, the father-in-law, desirous of the same happy change in *his* household, also killed a horse; but his wife only observed to him, 'By my faith, Don Foolano, you have thought of this plan somewhat too late in the day; we are now too well acquainted with each other.'

"And you, my Lord Conde Lucanor, if that servant of yours wish to marry such a woman, and hath as great a heart as this youth, in God's name, advise him to take her, for he will surely know how to manage in his house. But should he be of another kidney, and not so well know what is most befitting, then let him forego it, or run a bad chance. And I do further advise you, with whatever manner of men you have to do, you always give them well to understand on what footing they are to stand with you." And the Conde held this for a good example; made

it as it is, and it was esteemed good. Also, because Don Juan found it a good example, he ordered it to be written in this book, and made these verses, which follow it:—

If at first you don't shew yourself just what you are,
When you afterwards wish it, your fortune 'twill mar.

CHAP. XLVIII.

CONCERNING WHAT HAPPENED TO THE DEVIL WITH A WICKED WOMAN.

On another occasion, Count Lucanor, talking to his counsellor Patronio, said in this manner:—"Patronio! I, and a number of other people, being engaged in conversing together, the question was asked, in what way could a bad man contrive to do most mischief in the world, not only to one, but to every body? To which some replied, that it could but be done by turning rebel and traitor,—others, by a man becoming a constant evil doer,—and a third part, by his evil speaking, and robbing men, not merely of their property, but of their good name. Now, as a man of understanding, I ask of you to inform me as to which of these evil courses would most likely produce greater mischief to other people." "Señor Conde," replied Patronio, "in order to shew you thus much, I would that you were informed of

that which happened to the Devil with regard to a strange, wicked woman of these parts." The Count hen enquired how that might have come to pass?

THE HISTORY.

"Señor Conde," said Patronio, "in a certain village there lived a very good kind of man, who had a wife; and these two were for the once so well assorted, that never had there arisen between them the least difference. But as you know that this same Devil ever feels a cruel despite on beholding good things, or things going on at all well, he felt no little chagrin, and spent much time in trying every device he could to put them by the ears together;—yet he could not succeed; and one day, returning very melancholy from their house, after another, and another failure, he fell in with a wicked strange woman. After saluting each other, she enquired of the Devil as to what had made him look so sad, and he acquainted her with the cause,—the length of time, and the number of attempts, all directed to make discord between this man and woman, and to no end;—for which reason he might, he said, well look serious and unhappy. The strange woman expressed her surprise at this; but told him, if he would agree to follow her advice, she would soon put him on the right scent, so as to succeed to his heart's wish. To which the Devil made answer, he would

do every thing which she would please to enjoin him in that particular, so he could only see that happy man and his wife fairly embroiled and angry with each other.

" Having agreed to effect this, the strange woman set out towards the place where this contented couple abode. And by degrees she got acquainted with the good wife; and most, by telling her that she had once been servant to her mother, for which reason she felt bound to do for her also every service which she had in her power. Lending ear to all this, the wife took her into the house, entrusted her with all her concerns, as likewise did the husband. Well! and after having remained with them some time on this confidential footing, she one day came with a very long, sad countenance, and thus accosted the good wife:—'It vexes me much to see, my daughter, that your husband rejoices himself more in the company of other women than in your own; and methinks it might be well so to honour and humour him as to lead him to change his mind in this respect, lest some evil greater than any other should happen to arise therefrom between you.'

"When the honest creature had heard these words, albeit she gave not full credence to them; she felt uneasy and disturbed. On seeing how unhappy she looked, the vile wretch, instead of feeling compassion, forthwith hastened to the place where she knew

her husband would be sure to pass by, and accosting him as he came, she said that she wondered how, having so good a wife, he should have set his affections on any other woman,—a fact which had come to his wife's ears; who seeing so bad a return for all her services, had resolved to listen to the love of another man, who would perhaps give her better treatment than he had done. She then entreated of him not to betray this information to his wife, or she herself would else be a dead woman. The poor man could hardly believe his own ears when this information reached him; and though he would not give credit to it, nevertheless he felt suspicious and unhappy, just as the good wife had done. Leaving him thus, the evil creature returned to the wife, and said to her, with a look of great concern, 'My daughter, I know not what misfortune hath happened, but your husband seems strangely incensed against you; and that you will soon know, by the manner in which even now he seems to be approaching us. His looks are strangely angry, such as he is not wont to shew.' And having said these words she left her. The husband on entering the house, and finding his partner looking so strange at him, and so miserable, with none of the comforts they had been used to enjoy together, he felt so grieved and shocked that he quickly took himself out of the house again.

"It was thus that this false, strange woman began

to redouble her arts, hinting to her, that it would be well to seek out some wise man or other, who knew how to cure such evil inclinations of men, as had got possession of her husband's mind. To this the unhappy wife consented. The false friend went on the search; and at the end of some days she returned, saying that she had at last found such a wise man, very learned in his art. He had told her, said she, that if the wife would cut off a lock of her husband's hair, and pluck out some of his beard, he could mix them together so as to produce a kind of spell, which would irresistibly act upon him, and in such a manner as to restore him completely to his former love and confidence, and perhaps make them both lead a happier life than they had ever done before. For this purpose she had brought the good wife a razor, with which, when the hour came when her husband should be fast asleep, she might cut off his hair, and prepare means for administering the charm. To all this the good woman consented, out of pure regard for her husband, and the desire she felt to do away with the strange, cold, looks, with which he had lately regarded her. So, wishing to lead the same quiet life she had formerly done, she took the razor from the hand of that false friend, while the latter again went to the husband, and declared that she had brought him some very unwelcome news—such as she could no longer conceal, out of

regard to him—no less indeed than what concerned his life, which his wife was preparing to take away by violence; and then to flee with her friend and paramour. The manner of doing this would be by throwing him into a deep slumber, and then to come secretly upon him, and cut off his head with a sharp razor. What was the strange horror and affright of the good husband on hearing these tidings, false as was the fearful wretch that had uttered them. Cautious, and full of care, he bent his steps towards his own house, where his wife received him with more good will and affection than she had latterly shewn, and said to him, as he looked ill and wearied, he would do well to retire early to rest, and to take a warm drink to compose him—and which she very earnestly insisted upon his doing. The good man no longer doubted but that what he had been told by the false friend was true, and to try the truth of it he went, and soon feigned himself to be asleep. While in this condition, his wife cautiously approached the chamber, intending to cut off a lock of his hair and whiskers, according to the plan agreed upon with that strange wicked woman.

When the husband saw her with razor in hand approach near, open it, and bending over him, prepare, as he thought, to cut his throat, seizing her arm he wrenched the weapon from her grasp, and in the madness of the moment, directing it against the

supposed murderess, he nearly separated her head from her body. At the terrific noise thus occasioned, the father and brothers of the wretched wife, who lived at hand, being apprized of it, ran wildly to the spot; and seeing their relation all weltering in her blood, and never having heard the least evil thing in regard to her, they all fell suddenly upon the distracted husband and slew him. This last act, coming likewise to the knowledge of the poor man's friends and relations, they ran in a body, and attacking those of the wife, killed and wounded many of them, till the quarrel gaining a head on all sides, the larger part of the population of the village took it up, and were that day slain. Now the whole of this dreadful scene arose merely from the false and wicked words of that strange woman. But as the just God never permits that wicked actions should be wrought by men without their paying the penalty due to their several crimes, and making them manifest to the world, so it became known that this dreadful event was wholly owing to the malice of that wicked woman, instigated by the Devil, and upon whom the Divine judgment fell heavily; inasmuch as she was put to a shameful and cruel end.

"And you, my Lord Count Lucanor, if you wish to learn who among all is the worst of men, and from what cause proceeds the greatest mischief among people, it is from the man who, under the mask of

a good Christian and a loyal friend, conceals evil designs, and disseminates lies and falsehoods that injure and embroil others. I would therefore counsel you to be on your guard against men who assume the semblance of religion, who are ever intent upon some deceitful end; and for this reason take you the advice of Scripture, which says, that 'from their fruits you shall know them, and their works will speak for them;' for be assured there exists not any who can long conceal the nature of the works which it is His will to perform." The Count agreed in the truth of what Patronio said, and made a resolution to do as he was advised, praying that God would protect him and all his friends from every such a man. Finding, moreover, that this example was excellently good, Don Juan Manuel caused it to be written in this book, and made upon it the verses which are to this purport:—

"If you would 'scape the false and secret snare,
Heed not the looks; heed what man's works declare!"

MENDOZA.

MENDOZA.

Don Diego Hurtado de Mendoza was born at the commencement of the sixteenth century, in the city of Granada, and not, as erroneously asserted by some writers, at Toledo. His father, Don Lopez de Mendoza, was Count of Montillas, and subsequently Marquis de Mondessar, the same who so highly distinguished himself in the service of Ferdinand and Isabella at the surrender of Granada, of which place he was made governor, being the first on whom that dignity had been conferred since the downfall of the Moorish empire in Spain. His son, Don Diego, received his education at the university of Salamanca, where, besides civil and canon law, he studied the sciences and the learned languages.

Having finished his education, he passed into Italy, and joined the army of the Emperor Charles the Fifth. There, as it is observed by Nicolas Antonio, he, like Scipio, devoted himself at once to literature and to war; "inter arma atque studia versatus, aut corpus periculis, aut animum disciplinis exercebat." During the cessation of hostilities, he retired in the

ensuing winter to Rome or Padua, where he resumed the cultivation of letters, and at once elevated his imagination and improved his taste, by examining the wonderful productions of Italian art.

The superiority of Mendoza's genius, combined with the solidity of his judgment, and his promptitude of action, soon attracted towards him the attention of his royal master, who confided to him an important embassy to the city of Venice. In the same capacity he subsequently went, on several occasions, to Rome, where he acquitted himself in some delicate and arduous affairs with so much skill and firmness, as to merit the additional confidence of his own court.

At the famous Council of Trent, which was not, as some writers have supposed, composed merely of bishops and ecclesiastics, met to discuss the doctrine and discipline of the church, but with the views of a political congress engaged in carrying the respective interests and objects of different states in competition with rival diplomatists, requiring the utmost capacity and penetration in their several representatives. Don Diego equally distinguished himself among the best of his age,—an age when monarchs like Charles V., Henry VIII., and Francis I., swayed the sceptres of European power. On one occasion, it has been, erroneously we believe, asserted of Don Diego, that, being earnestly engaged in disputing some point with the Cardinal de Santa Cruz,

he threatened, on the provocation of the moment, to throw that prelate into the Adige, if he longer persisted in requiring the dissolution of the congress. In the year 1547, after the dissolution of the council, he returned to Rome from his governorship of Senar, which had been conferred upon him by Charles the Fifth, as upon one whose judgment and firmness best enabled him to restrain the turbulent disposition of its inhabitants.

At Rome, Mendoza appeared in the conclave of cardinals, where he made a vigorous appeal in support of the emperor's views in presence of the whole consistorial court and the foreign ambassadors. In reply, the Pope informed him that he should have an answer in the same session of the court; and this was in fact given by Cardinal Pole, who rebuked him for the vehemence of his protest, imputing it wholly to the violent temper of the emperor's plenipotentiary. The last, however, as vehemently denied that he had exceeded his powers, and required instant recognition of his deputed authority, and the claims he had already advanced. The Pope, incensed at the Spaniard's temerity, and confiding in his league with the French court, threatened Don Diego with his high displeasure, observing,—"See to it, Sir, that while you remain in my house, you do not too far presume." To this the ambassador replied with noble spirit,—"I am a cavalier, my father was one before me, and as such it is my duty to fulfil the commands

of my royal master, without any fear of your Holiness, so long as I observe due reverence to the vicegerent of Christ. I am minister to the King of Spain, and my residence is wheresoever it may please him to order my route; and here as there, I am, as his representative, safe even from your Holiness's displeasure." After the death of Paul III., Don Diego continued to act in the same capacity for his master under his successor, Julius III., who, in a bull dated 1550, re-established the Council of Trent.

The year following, Don Diego was recalled from his embassy at Rome, and in 1553, was commissioned by Charles to prevent the departure of Cardinal Pole from Rome into England, which he succeeded in doing.

Under Philip II., Don Diego's services were not so highly estimated, and he lived in comparative retirement, till finally, in the year 1565, he was banished from the court on account of having drawn his sword in the king's palace in order to defend himself against the attack of another knight who sought his life. He then withdrew to Granada, where he employed himself in his celebrated history of the "War against the Moors," which was continued from the year 1568 down to 1570,—a period when his brother Don Inigo de Mendoza was captain-general of that province. Finally, in 1574, he obtained permission to return to Madrid, where he died soon after his arrival. Literature owes no few obligations to this distin-

guished writer; he spared no pains to transport learned works and manuscripts from the east, availing himself of his influence with the Sultan Solyman, and of his knowledge acquired from two excellent Greek scholars, named Arnoldo Artemio, and Nicholas Sofiano. In the literature of his own country, he stands conspicuous among the few extraordinary men who reflected lustre upon the age in which they lived. A patron of science, indefatigable in his pursuit of liberal studies,—distinguished alike in the cabinet and in the field,—profoundly versed in the philosophy as in the languages of the ancients,—in geography, history, and the belles lettres, he signalized himself equally as a poet, an historian, and a moralist;—he was at once the first statesman and most liberal patron of his age. His historical compositions are remarkable for their impartiality and correctness, for the solidity of their views, and vigorous style and spirit; while his poetry is throughout imbued with a fine lyric tone and flow of expression.

His oration at the Council of Trent; his Political Commentaries; his Paraphrase of Aristotle, and translation of his Treatise on Mechanics; with an account of the great naval Conquest of Funez, and battle, and the merit of having first introduced the muses of Italy to the admiration of his own countrymen,—are among his other claims to our favourable regard. As a novelist, he ranks among the best of

his class ; having produced his celebrated Lazarillo de Tormes at a very early age, while his History of the Moorish Wars stamps his name with equal reputation as an historian.

These two works exhibit admirable pictures of the times in which they were composed. That of Tormes is full of truth and vivacity of colouring, with a certain freedom and grace of composition, through all which there runs a vein of delicate satire, and sometimes broader humour, combined with a picturesque power and effect, which display the hand of a master. Of his History, posterity has already pronounced its opinion ; rapid, concise, vigorous, and severe : Tacitus and Sallust were doubtless his models, and emulated in a manner to acquire for him the appellation of the Spanish Sallust. Far from being, like most works of the same age, a bare recital of facts, it exhibits a lively representation of the minds and characters of those he commemorates, and the views by which they were actuated. We behold the motives of the different actors as they step upon the stage, and the conflicting interests with which they come in contact, so as to excite our powerful sympathy in the tragic events which ensue. He describes the enemies of his country in their true colours, not with the prejudice and injustice indulged in by other writers. If he exposes the errors and defects of the Moors, he does not attempt to gloss over the excesses

of the Christians: he bestows commendation where he feels it to be due; and in the same spirit of impartiality and integrity he denounces the arbitrary measures pursued under the governorship of his brother.

By his clever and ingenious work of Lazarillo de Tormes, Mendoza raised a lasting monument to the genius of the Castilian language; and long before the appearance of the great Cervantes, he had the merit of producing the first model of the *novela picoresca*, peculiar to the literature of Spain. In this he laid the groundwork of others in the same class,—those of Guzman d'Alfarache, El Diablo Cojuelo, and the still more famous Gil Blas. In the French rifacciamento of Le Sage, that writer can merely lay claim to the praise of having skilfully availed himself of the best traits and incidents in the Lazarillo, and having farther developed and arranged them in such a manner as to prove most agreeable to the genius of his own age and country.

Numerous editions of this popular work have appeared both in and beyond Spain; and among the latter are a few printed from the original text, before it had been expurgated by the pen of the Inquisition. For the present purpose, in the account of the Bull given as one of our specimens, a copy never yet revised has been purposely obtained; for such a specimen would in vain be sought for in the castigated editions, for reasons which, on its perusal, may be

safely left to the English reader's penetration. The frequent and serious engagements which occupied so much of Mendoza's time and exertions, both as a statesman and a soldier, were most probably the cause of his never having produced any other work resembling the early one of Lazarillo de Tormes, and which displayed the same admirable burlesque—acute wit and satire, which distinguish this lively and entertaining novel; while the same may be observed of his poems, which are chiefly devoted to the gentler sentiment of love or friendship. Doubtless, however, satiric humour was his peculiar forte; for when treating even on the grave subject of his embassy, he adopts a tone of delicate satire in one of his epistles addressed to Don Luis Zunissa, as the following shows:—

> "Oh! Embaxadores, puros majaderos
> Que si los Reyes quieren engañar
> Empieazan por nosotros los primieros."

The splendid reputation acquired by this great character, as a soldier, a diplomatist, and a man of letters, call for a far wider sphere of observation than we can here attempt to embrace; but what has been done may be sufficient to furnish the English reader with a pretty accurate idea of the high and versatile qualities of this ingenious master and inventor of the *novela picoresca* of Spain.

THE

LIFE OF LAZARILLO DE TORMES,

HIS FORTUNES AND HIS MISHAPS.

You must know then, in the first place, that my name is Lázaro de Tormes, and that I am the son of Thomas Gonzalez and Antonia Perez, natives of Tejares, a village of Salamanca. My sirname was acquired by the singular circumstance of my birth, which happened in the river Tormes, and in the following manner. My father (to whom God be merciful) was employed to superintend the operations of a water mill which was worked by the course of the above river (a situation that he held above fifteen years), and my mother at that time being *enciente* with me, while staying one night at the mill was suddenly siezed with the pains of labour, which terminating happily, it may with truth be said, that my sirname, borrowed from the river, was not inaptly bestowed.

I had only reached my ninth year, when my unfortunate father was charged with administering certain

copious but injudicious bleedings to the sacks of customers to the mill; a lowering system which was voted by them to be neither salutary nor profitable. He was forthwith taken into custody; when, not being able to deny the indiscreet application of his professional ability, he experienced the usual penalty of the law. It is, however, to be hoped that he is now reaping the reward which has been faithfully promised by the Evangelist to all those who have suffered persecution for justice sake; for they are declared to be in the highest degree fortunate in such their tribulations. By this disaster, my poor father being thrown out of employment, joined an armament then preparing against the Moors, in the quality of mule-driver to a gentleman; and in that expedition, like a loyal servant, he, along with his master, finished his life and services together.

My widowed mother thus bereft of husband and of home, determined, in order to acquire a reputation, to associate herself with people of character; she therefore hired a small place in the city, and opened an eating house for the accommodation of the students, adding likewise to her gains, by washing linen for the servants of his Excellency, the Comendador of the order of Magdalena. It was in the exercise of the duties of this latter branch of industry that she became acquainted with a groom of the stables, a man of colour rather than of character or fortune.

Under the pretence of buying eggs he would continually come to our house, and at last obtained an intimate footing therein. At first, in consequence of his colour and the roughness of his manners, I was frightened at him; but when I found that our scanty fare was changed by his visits into abundance, for he always brought bread and meat, and in winter wood for our fire, I not only conquered my repugnance, but even hailed his approach with pleasure. One unpleasantness attended this intimacy, which was that my mother presented me with a little brother, very pretty, though of a darkish complexion, and whom I was obliged to assist in nursing and bringing up.

Matters were not carried on so secretly, however, but that some intelligence of Zayde's gallantry reached the ears of the Comendador's majordomo, who, on enquiry, found a terrible deficiency in the barley, to say nothing of currycombs, brushes, and such like moveables, which had been unaccountably lost; and it was found also, that when nothing better offered itself, even the horses were unshod for the sake of the iron, and all was unluckily traced to my mother for the support of my little brother.

One can hardly wonder at a priest or a friar, the one robbing the poor, the other his convent for the sake of their fair and devout believers, when love can stimulate a poor slave to do the like. All this was fully proved; for when they came to me, like a child as I was, and fearful of the threats of punishment, I

discovered to them all I knew of the matter, even to the very horse-shoes which my mother had directed me to sell to the farrier. My poor father-in-law was soundly flogged, and his flesh tickled with drops of scalding fat; while my mother was forbidden the house of the Comendador, and was commanded, under the severest penalties, never to receive Zayde into her presence again. Not to make matters worse, my mother fulfilled the obligation of the sentence, and to avoid danger, as well as to escape further scandal, she engaged herself to serve the guests at the inn of the Solana, where, notwithstanding she suffered a thousand inconveniences, she managed to rear my little brother. As to myself, I went on errands, and endeavoured to make myself as useful as possible.

About this time a blind man came to lodge at the house, and thinking that I should do very well to lead him about, asked my mother to part with me for that purpose. My mother recommended me strongly, stating that I was the son of an excellent man who died in battle against the enemies of our faith, and "I trust in God," added she, "that he will never make a worse man than was his father." She confided me to his care as an orphan boy, and entreated him to use me with kindness. The old man promised to receive me, not as a servant, but as a son; and thus I commenced service with my new though blind and aged master. We remained in Salamanca some few days, but my master finding his

gains in that city to be very inconsiderable, determined to seek greater profits elsewhere. When we were ready to depart, I went to take leave of my mother, who, with an abundance of tears, from which I, too, could not refrain, gave me her blessing, and said, "My son, this may probably be the last time I shall ever see you; endeavour then for my sake to be good, and may the Almighty assist you. I have reared you from childhood, and now provide you with a kind master; look to yourself for the future, and farewell." I then went to rejoin my master, who was waiting for me at a short distance.

We left Salamanca, and having arrived at the bridge, my master directed my attention to an animal carved in stone in the form of a bull, and desired me to take him near it. When I had placed him close to it, he said, "Lazaro, if you put your ear close to this bull, you will hear an extraordinary noise within." In the simplicity of my heart, believing it to be as he said, I put my ear to the stone, when the old man gave my head such a violent thump against it, that I was almost bereft of sense, and for three days after I did not lose the pain I suffered from the blow. My old master laughed heartily at the joke: "You rogue," said he, "you ought to know that a blind man's boy should have more cunning than the very devil himself."

It seemed to me as though that moment had

awakened me from the simplicity of childhood, and I said to myself, "The old man says truly. I am now alone, and if I do not keep a sharp look out for myself, I shall find none to assist me." We commenced our journey, and in a very few days I began to reap the benefit of my master's instruction. As he found me an apt scholar, he was much pleased, and would say, "I have no silver or gold to give you; but, what is far better, I can impart to you the result of my experience, which will always enable you to live; for though God has created me blind, yet he has endowed me with faculties which have served me well in the course of my life." And I verily believe that, since God created the world, he never formed a human being with intellects more acute than those of my blind old master. He was as keen as an eagle in his own calling. He knew upwards of a hundred prayers by heart. His tone of voice was pleasing, and though low, was distinct enough to be heard all over the church where he usually recited them. His countenance was humble and devout; and his deportment, when he recited his prayers, was free from affectation and distortion of visage, which so many are apt to practise.

Besides this, he had a thousand other ways of making money. He could repeat prayers which were available for all occasions; for women who had no children; for those who had expectancy; for those

likewise who were unhappily married, and sought to increase the affection of their husbands. He could also prognosticate truly to ladies whether the result of their *travail* would be a boy or a girl; and with respect to the medicinal art, he would tell you that Galen himself was an ignoramus compared with himself. Indeed, he acted as though he really thought so; for no one ever came to consult him, that he did not say without the slightest hesitation, "Take this, do that;" and in such a manner, that he had all the world after him, especially the women, who had the utmost confidence in every thing he told them. By these means his profits were very considerable. He gained more in one month than a hundred other blind men would in a year.

With all this, however, I am sorry to say that I never met with so avaricious and so wicked an old curmudgeon; he allowed me almost to die daily of hunger, without troubling himself about my necessities; and, to say the truth, if I had not helped myself by means of a ready wit and nimble fingers, I should have closed my account from sheer starvation.

Notwithstanding all my master's astuteness and cunning, I contrived so to outwit him, that generally the best half came to my share. But to accomplish this, I was obliged to tax my powers of invention to the uttermost. Of this I will recount a few specimens, although perhaps they may not tell much to my

credit. The old man was accustomed to carry his bread, meat, and other things, in a sort of linen knapsack, which was closed at the mouth with an iron ring, and secured also by a padlock; but in adding to his store, or taking from it, he used such vigilance, that it was almost an impossibility to cheat him of a single morsel. However, when he had given me my pittance, which I found no difficulty in dispatching at about two mouthfuls, and closed his budget, thinking himself perfectly secure from depredation, I began my tactics, and by means of a small rent, which I slyly effected in one of the seams of the bag, I used to help myself to the choicest pieces of meat, bacon, and sausage, taking care to close the seam according as opportunity occurred. But in addition to this, all that I could collect together, either by fraud or otherwise, I carried about me in half farthings; so that when the old man was sent for to pray, and they gave him farthings, (all which passed through my hands, he being blind,) I contrived to slip them into my mouth, by which process so quick an alteration was effected, that when they reached his hand they were invariably reduced to half the original value.

The cunning old fellow, however, suspected me, for he used to say, "How the deuce is this? ever since you have been with me they give me nothing but half-farthings; whereas before, it was not an unusual thing to be paid with halfpence, but never less

than farthings. I must be sharp with *you*, I find." Whenever we ate, the old man took care to keep a small jar of wine near him, which was reserved for his own especial service; but I very soon adopted the practice of bestowing on this favourite jar sundry loving though stolen embraces. Such pleasures were but short-lived, for the fervency of my attachment was soon discovered in the deficiency of the wine; and the old man afterwards to secure his draught, never let the jar go without tying it to him by the handle. But I was a match for him even there; for I procured a large straw, and dipping it into the mouth of the jar, renewed my intimacy with such effect, that but a small share was his who came after me. The old traitor was not long in finding me out; I think he must have heard me drink, for he quickly changed his plan, and placed the jar between his knees, keeping the mouth closed with his hand, and in this manner considered himself secure from my depredations.

Being thus deprived of my customary allowance from the jar, I was ready to die with longing; and finding my plan of the straw no longer available, I took an opportunity of boring a very small hole in the bottom of the jar, which I closed very delicately with wax. At dinner-time, when the poor old man sat over the fire, with the jar between his knees, the heat, slight as it was, melted the little piece of wax

with which I closed the hole, and I, feigning to be cold, drew close to the fire, and placed my mouth under the little fountain in such a manner, that the whole contents of the jar came to my share. When the old boy had finished his meal, and thought to regale himself with his draught of wine, the deuce a drop did he find, which so enraged and surprised him, that he thought the devil himself had been at work; nor could he conceive how it could be. "Now uncle," said I, "don't say that I drank your wine, seeing that you have had your hand on it the whole time." But he was not satisfied with my declaration of innocence, so turning and twisting the jar about in every direction, he at last discovered the hole, which at once let him into the secret of my ingenious contrivance. He concealed his discovery so well, that I had not the slightest suspicion that my *ruse* was detected; so the next day, having prepared my jar as before, little foreseeing the consequences, nor dreaming of the wicked thoughts which were passing in the old man's mind, I placed myself under the jar, which presently began to distil its delicious contents, my face turned towards heaven, and my eyes partly closed, the better to enjoy the delightful draught. The evil-minded old man, judging this to be the time to take his vengeance, raised with both hands the sweet, though alas, to me, bitter jar, and let it fall directly on my mouth, adding to its weight by

giving all the impetus in his power. The poor unhappy Lazaro, who little reckoned on such a disaster, but had quietly resigned himself to the delicious enjoyment of the moment, verily believed in the crash which succeeded, that the heavens with all they contained had fallen upon him. The blow was so tremendous that my senses fairly left me, and the jar breaking, cut my face in many places, several pieces remaining in the wounds, besides breaking nearly all my teeth, the loss of which I feel to this very day.

From that hour I bore an inveterate grudge against my old rogue of a master, for though he attended to me, and cured me of my wounds, I could plainly see that he enjoyed my cruel chastisement. He washed the wounds with wine which the broken jar had made in my face; and would say smiling, "Lazaro, my boy, what is that which makes you ill, cures you, and gives you strength?" with other little witticisms, which he would repeat, not by any means to my taste.

When I was nearly cured of my wounds and bruises, considering that by a few more such pleasantries the old man would effectually get rid of me, I began to think how I might in the best manner get rid of him; however, I resolved to wait until an opportunity should offer of effecting my purpose

with safety to myself, and more to my satisfaction with regard to the past proceedings of my master.

Although I might in time have pardoned the jar adventure, yet the continual ill treatment to which I was henceforward subjected, kept alive the vindictive feeling which it originally occasioned; for now, upon the slightest occasion, and even without cause, he would beat and flog me without any mercy. If any humane person interfered, he immediately recounted the history of the jar, prefacing it with some such expression as, "Don't believe the young rogue is quite so innocent as he looks; just listen, and then say whether the devil himself would ever have had the cunning to do the like." Those who listened would reply, "Who could have thought that so much wickedness could be packed in such a small compass?" and they would laugh heartily at my exploit, and say, "Thrash him well, good man; thrash him well; he deserves it richly!" With such encouraging advice he persevered to the very letter, and I can say to my cost, that in his leisure hours he did little else; in return I took him over the worst roads I could find, and led him wherever there was the slightest chance of his hurting himself. If stones were near, over the very sharpest; if mud, through the deepest; and although this mode of travelling was not the pleasantest, yet if I incon-

venienced myself, I annoyed the old man still more, which was all I desired to do. It is true that my head and shoulders were subjected in consequence to the angry visitations of his staff; and though I continually assured him that his uneasy travelling was not the result of my ill will, but for want of better roads, yet the old traitor had too much cunning to believe a word I said.

That I may not be tiresome, I shall omit many curious anecdotes of this my first service, and will only relate the following, and then say how I at last took my leave of my blind master. We were in Escalona, a place belonging to the Duke of that name, when one day he gave me a piece of a large sausage to cook. While the sausage was in the roaster before the fire, he regaled himself with the dripping; and then taking out his purse, gave me a halfpenny to fetch him some wine. I don't know how it was, unless the devil placed the means before my eyes, but I was tempted to play the thief; for on looking round I saw a turnip, not unlike the shape of the sausage, which had been thrown away as unfit for use. There was nobody near us, and I, with a raging appetite, still further stimulated by the savoury smell of the sausage, which I knew full well was all the old man intended for my share, without a thought for the consequences, snatched the sausage from the roaster while the old man was

fumbling for his money, and in a twinkling supplied its place with the turnip.

As I started for the wine, my master began to blow up the fire, thinking the more speedily to cook, what his miserable parsimony, and my urgent appetite, had caused to vanish. On my road for the wine, I was not long in dispatching the sausage; and when I returned, I found the miserable old sinner with the turnip stuck between two slices of bread, preparing, as he thought, to make a most delicious repast. As he bit through the bread, however, thinking to take part of the sausage, his teeth encountered the cold hard turnip, when the truth flashing on his mind, he exclaimed in an altered tone, "Lazarillo, how is this? "Mercy on me," said I, do you suspect me? Have I not this instant returned with your wine? Somebody has been here and played this trick upon you." "No, no," said he, "my hand has been on the roaster all the time, that is impossible." I turned to swear and forswear myself as being innocent of this fraud, but little did the old man credit me. He arose, and seizing me by the head, as he possessed as keen a scent as a spaniel, determined to satisfy himself of the truth; so opening my mouth by main force, he thrust therein his ugly nose, which was long and pointed, and at that time had increased considerably in length from spite and anger. With this, and the excessive fear which came over

me, added to the shortness of time allowed for my stomach to settle, and more than all, the tickling of that immense proboscis, so unpleasant a feeling began to manifest itself, that hardly had the old man withdrawn his trunk, than the whole contents of my stomach followed, and with such force as entirely to cover his face. Had he not been blind before, his eyesight could hardly have escaped such an explosion. Oh! heavens! what were my feelings at that unhappy moment! never shall I forget it! Such was the rage of that diabolical old man, that had not my screams attracted some people, I verily believe I should never have escaped with life.

I escaped from his hands in the best way I could, leaving the few hairs that remained to me in his grasp, my face, neck, and throat bearing the marks of his vindictive talons. Lest the bystanders should compassionate me, the old man recounted my exploits to them, which set them into such a roar of laughter, that the place soon became thronged like a fair. And with such humour did the old rogue varnish my misdeeds, that, weeping and wounded as I was, I could easily forgive their mirth.

While this was going on, the remembrance of a singular want of wit and keenness occurred to me, which not only betrayed my incapacity, but a cowardly and grovelling fear, for which I could not easily forgive myself. It was that, when I had the oppor-

tunity, I did not bite off the old fellow's nose, seeing that at one time it was so completely in my power, and by that means save myself all the unpleasantness I now endured by not being able to turn the laugh against my tormentor.

The innkeeper's wife, and some others who were there, now washed my face and neck with the wine I had brought, and this afforded the old man another opportunity for a joke, saying, "Of a truth, this boy costs me more wine for one washing of his wounds than I drink in two days." And then he told how many times he had scarified me and cured me with wine; "If ever man in the world," he said, "is fortunate by wine, it will be you." Those who were bathing my face could not help laughing at the old fellow's humour, though I was wincing with the smart, not only of his jibes but of his blows. This prophecy of the old man did not turn out false; and oftentimes have I since thought of him, and what he made me suffer, though in the end I paid him well for it, little dreaming that what he then rapped out in jest would so turn out.

Considering the injuries I had sustained, in addition to the ridicule to which I was continually exposed, I determined at all hazards to leave the old tyrant to his fate, and chose the following opportunity of doing so. The next day we went about the town to ask alms; but as the weather turned out

very wet, we did not stir from beneath the arcades, with which this place is provided. As the night approached, and the rain had not ceased, the old man said, "Lazaro, this wet weather is very unwholesome, and as night comes on it will be still more so, let us therefore get home in good time."

On our return we had to pass a small stream of water, which with the day's rain had considerably increased. I therefore said, "Uncle, the brook is very much swollen; but I see a place a little higher, where, by giving a little jump, we may pass almost dry shod." "Thou art a good lad," said the old man; "I like you for your carefulness. Take me to the narrowest part, for at this time of the year to get one's feet wet would be dangerous." Delighted that my plot seemed to succeed so well, I led him from beneath the arcades, and took him directly opposite to a pillar, or rather a large stone post, which I observed in the square. "Now, Uncle," said I, "this is the place where the brook is the narrowest." The rain was pouring down, and the old man was getting very wet; and whether it was by haste he made to avoid it, or, what was more probable, Providence had at that moment beguiled him of his usual cunning, that he might the more readily fall into the snare, and give me my revenge; so it was, that for once he believed me, and said, "Now place me directly opposite the spot, and then jump

yourself." I placed him exactly opposite the pillar, so that he could not miss it, and leaping myself, I took my position immediately behind it, crying out, "Now, master, jump with all your force, and you will clear the water." I had hardly said the words, when the poor old rogue jumped up as nimbly as a goat, giving all his strength to the leap, and taking a step or two backwards by way of impetus, which lent him such force, that instead of alighting on soft ground, as he supposed, he gave his poor bald pate such a smash against the pillar, that he fell on the pavement without sense or motion.

"Take that, you unhappy old thief," said I, "and remember the sausage;" then leaving him to the care of the people who began to gather around, I took to my heels as swiftly as possible through the town gates, and before night reached Torrijos. What became of the old man afterwards I don't know, and neither did I ever give myself any pains to enquire.

HOW LAZARO ENTERED INTO THE SERVICE OF A PRIEST, AND WHAT ENSUED.

THE next day, not considering myself quite safe where I was, I went to a place called Maqueda, where, as it were in punishment of my evil deeds, I fell in with a certain priest. I accosted him for alms, when

he enquired whether I knew how to assist at mass. I answered that I did, which was true, for the old man, notwithstanding his ill treatment, taught me many useful things,—and this was one of them. The priest, therefore, engaged me on the spot.

There is an old proverb which speaks of getting out of the frying pan into the fire, which was indeed my unhappy case in this change of masters. The old blind man, selfish as he was, seemed an Alexander the Great, in point of munificence, on comparison with this priest, who was, without exception, the most niggardly of all miserable devils I have ever met with. It seemed as though the meanness of the whole world was gathered together in his wretched person. It would be hard to say whether he inherited this disposition, or whether he had adopted it with his cassock and gown. He had a large old chest, well secured by a lock, the key of which he always carried about him, tied to a part of his clothing. When the charity bread came from the church, he would with his own hands deposit it in the chest, and then carefully turn the key.

Throughout the whole house there was nothing to eat. Even the sight of such things as we see in other houses, such as smoked bacon, cheese, or bread, would have done my heart good, although I might have been forbidden to taste them. The only eatable we had was a string of onions, and these were locked

up in a garret. Every fourth day I was allowed *one*; and when I asked for the key to take it, if any one chanced to be present, he would make a serious matter of it, saying, as he gave me the key, "Take it, and return quickly; for when you go to that tempting room, you never know when to come out of it;"—speaking as though all the sweets of Valencia were there, when I declare to you, as I said before, the devil a bit of anything was there but this string of onions hung on a nail, and of these he kept such an account, that if my unlucky stars had tempted me to take more than my allowance, it would have cost me very dear.

In the end, I should in fact have died of hunger, with so little feeling did this reverend gentleman treat me, although with himself he was rather more liberal. Five farthings' worth of meat was his allowance for dinner and supper. It is true that he divided the broth with me; but my share of the meat I might have put in my eye instead of my mouth, and have been none the worse for it: but sometimes, by good luck, I got a little morsel of bread. In this part of the country it is the custom on Sundays to eat sheeps' heads, and he sent me for one that was not to come to more than three farthings. When it was cooked, he ate all the tit bits, and never left it while a morsel of the meat remained; but the dry bones he turned over to me, saying,—"There, you rogue, eat that;

you are in rare luck; the Pope himself has not such fare as you." "God give him as good!" said I to myself.

At the end of the three weeks that I remained with him, I arrived at such an extreme degree of exhaustion, from sheer hunger, that it was with difficulty I stood on my legs. I saw clearly that I was in the direct road to the grave, unless God and my own wit should help me out of it. For the dexterous application of my fingers there was no opportunity afforded me, seeing there was nothing to practice on; and if there were, I should never have been able to have cheated the priest as I did the old man, whom God absolve, if by my means it went ill with him after his leap. The old man, though cunning, yet wanting sight, gave me now and then a chance; but as to the priest, never had any one so keen a sight as he.

When we were at mass, no money came to the plate at the offering that he did not observe: he had one eye on the people and the other on my fingers. His eyes danced about the money-box as though they were quicksilver. When offerings were given, he kept an account, and when it was finished, that instant he would take the plate from my hands, and put it on the altar. I was not able to rob him of a single maravede in all the time I lived with him, or rather all the time I starved with him. I never fetched him any wine from the tavern, but the little

that was left at church he locked up in his chest, and he would make that serve all the week. In order to excuse all this covetousness, he said to me, "You see, my boy, that priests ought to be very abstemious in their food. For my part, I think it a great scandal to indulge in viands and wine as many do." But the curmudgeon lied most grossly, for at convents or at funerals, when we went to pray, he would eat like a wolf, and drink like a mountebank; and now I speak of funerals—God forgive me, I was never an enemy to the human race but at that unhappy period of my life, and the reason was solely, that on those occasions I obtained a meal of victuals.

Every day did I hope, and even pray, that God would be pleased to take his own. Whenever we were sent for to administer the sacrament to the sick, the priest would of course desire all present to join in prayer. You may be certain I was not the last in these devout exercises, and I prayed with all my heart that the Lord would compassionate the afflicted, not by restoring him to the vanities of life, but by relieving him from the sins of this world; and when any of these unfortunates recovered—the Lord forgive me—in the anguish of my heart I wished him a thousand times in perdition; but if he died, no one was more sincere in his blessings than myself.

During all the time I was in this service, which was nearly six months, only twenty persons paid the

debt of nature, and these, I verily believe that I killed, or rather that they died, by the incessant importunity of my particular prayers. Such was my extreme suffering, as to make me think that the Lord, compassionating my unhappy and languishing condition, visited some with death to give me life. But for my present necessity there was no remedy; if on the days of funerals I lived well, the return to my old allowance of an onion every fourth day seemed doubly hard; so that I may truly say, I took delight in nothing but death, and oftentimes I have invoked it for myself as well as for others. To me, however, it did not arrive, although continually hovering about me in the ugly shape of famine and short commons. I thought many times of leaving my brute of a master, but two reflections disconcerted me; the first was, the doubt whether I could make my way by reason of the extreme weakness to which hunger had reduced me; and the second suggested, that my first master, having done his best to starve me, and my next having succeeded so far in the same humane object as to bring me to the brink of the grave, whether the third might not, by pursuing the same course, actually thrust me into it.

These considerations made me now pause, lest, by venturing a step further, it would be my certain fate to be a point lower in fortune, and then the world might truly say, "Farewell Lazaro."

It was during this trying and afflicting time, when, seeing things going from bad to worse, without any one to advise with, I was praying with all Christian humility, that I might be released from such misery, that one day, when my wretched, miserable, covetous, thief of a master, had gone out, an angel, in the likeness of a tinker, knocked at the door—for I verily believe he was directed by Providence to assume that habit and employment—and enquired whether I had any thing to mend? Suddenly a light flashed upon me, as though imparted by an invisible and unknown power:—"Uncle," said I, "I have unfortunately lost the key of this great chest, and I'm sadly afraid my master will beat me; for God's sake try if you can fit it, and I will reward you." The angelic tinker drew forth a large bunch of keys, and began to try them, while I assisted his endeavours with my feeble prayers; when lo! and behold! when least I thought it, the lid of the chest arose, and I almost fancied I beheld the divine essence therein in the shape of loaves of bread. "I have no money," said I to my preserver, "but give me the key and help yourself." He took some of the whitest and best bread he could find, and went away well pleased, though not half so well as myself. I refrained from taking any for the present, lest the deficiency might be noticed; and contented myself with the hope, that, on seeing so much in my power, hunger would hardly dare to approach me.

My wretched master returned, and it pleased God that the offering my angel had been pleased to accept, remained undiscovered by him. The next day, when he went out, I went to my farinaceous paradise, and taking a loaf between my hands and teeth, in a twinkling it became invisible; then, not forgetting to lock the treasure, I capered about the house for joy to think that my miserable life was about to change, and for some days following, I was as happy as a king. But it was not predestined for me that such good luck should continue long; on the third day symptoms of my old complaint began to shew themselves, for I beheld my murderer in the act of examining our chest, turning and counting the loaves over and over again. Of course I dissimulated my terror, but it was not for want of my prayers and invocations, that he was not struck stone-blind like my old master,—but he retained his eyesight.

After he had been sometime considering and counting, he said, "If I were not well assured of the security of this chest, I should say that somebody had stolen my bread; but, however, to remove all suspicion, from this day I shall count the loaves; there remain now exactly nine and a piece."

"May nine curses light upon you, you miserable beggar," said I to myself—for his words went like an arrow to my heart, and hunger already began to

attack me, seeing a return to my former scanty fare now inevitable.

No sooner did the priest go out, than I opened the chest to console myself even with the sight of food, and as I gazed on the nice white loaves, a sort of adoration arose within me, which the sight of such tempting morsels could alone inspire. I counted them carefully to see, if, perchance, the curmudgeon had mistaken the number; but, alas! I found he was a much better reckoner than I could have desired. The utmost I dared do, was to bestow on these objects of my affection a thousand kisses, and, in the most delicate manner possible, to nibble here and there a morsel of the crust. With this I passed the day, and not quite so jovially as the former, you may suppose.

But as hunger increased, and more so in proportion as I had fared better the few days previously, I was reduced to the last extremity. Yet, all I could do was to open and shut the chest, and contemplate the divine image within. Providence, however, who does not neglect mortals in such an extreme crisis, suggested to me a slight palliation of my present distress. After some consideration, I said within myself, "This chest is very large and old, and in some parts, though very slightly, is broken. It is not impossible to suppose that rats may have made an entrance, and gnawed the bread. To take a whole

loaf would not be wise, seeing that it would be missed by my most liberal master; but the other plan he shall certainly have the benefit of." Then I began to pick the loaves, on some table cloths which were there, not of the most costly sort, taking one loaf and leaving another, so that in the end, I made up a tolerable supply of crumbs, which I ate like so many sugar plumbs; and with that I in some measure consoled myself and contrived to live.

The priest, when he came home to dinner and opened the chest, beheld with dismay the havoc made in his store; but he immediately supposed it to have been occasioned by rats, so well had I imitated the style of those depredators. He examined the chest narrowly, and discovered the little holes through which the rats might have entered; and calling me, he said, "Lazaro, look what havoc has been made in our bread during the night." I seemed very much astonished, and asked what it could possibly be?" "What has done it?" quoth he, "why rats; confound 'em, there is no keeping any thing from them." I fared well at dinner, and had no reason to repent of the trick I played, for he pared off all the places which he supposed the rats had nibbled at, and, giving them to me, he said, "There, eat that, rats are very clean animals." In this manner, adding what I thus gained, to that acquired by the labour of my hands, or rather my nails, I managed tolerably well, though I little

expected it. I was destined to receive another shock, when I beheld my miserable tormentor carefully stopping up all the holes in the chest with small pieces of wood, which he nailed over them, and which bade defiance to further depredations. "Oh Lord!" I cried involuntary, "to what distress and misfortunes are we unhappy mortals reduced; and how short-lived are the pleasures of this our transitory existence. No sooner did I draw some little relief from the measure which kind fortune suggested, than it is snatched away; and this last act is like closing the door of consolation against me, and opening that of my misfortunes.

It was thus I gave vent to my distress, while the careful workman, with abundance of wood and nails, was finishing his cruel job, saying with great glee, "Now, you rascals of rats, we will change sides, if you please, for your future reception in this house will be right little welcome."

The moment he left the house, I went to examine his work, and found he had not left a single hole unstopped by which even a musquito could enter. I opened the chest, though without deriving the smallest benefit from its contents; my key was now utterly useless; but as I gazed with longing eyes on the two or three loaves which my master believed to be bitten by the rats, I could not resist the temptation of nibbling a morsel more, though touching

them in the lightest possible manner, like an experienced swordsman in a friendly assault.

Necessity is a great master, and being in this straight, I passed night and day in devising means to get out of it. All the rascally plans that could enter the mind of man, did hunger suggest to me; for it is a saying, and a true one, as I can testify, that hunger makes rogues, and abundance, fools. One night, when my master slept, of which disposition he always gave sonorous testimony, as I was revolving in my mind the best mode of renewing my intimacy with the contents of the chest, a thought struck me, which I forthwith put in execution. I arose very quietly, and taking an old knife, which, having some little glimmering of the same idea the day previous, I had left for an occasion of this nature, I repaired to the chest, and at the part which I considered least guarded, I began to bore a hole. The antiquity of the chest seconded my endeavours, for the wood had become rotten from age, and easily yielded to the knife, so that in a short time I managed to display a hole of very respectable dimensions. I then opened the chest very gently, and taking out the bread, I treated it much in the same manner as heretofore, and then returned safe to my mattress.

The next day my worthy master soon spied my handy-work, as well as the deficiency in his bread—and began by wishing the rats at the devil. "What

can it mean?" said he; "during all the time I have been here, there have never been rats in the house before." And he might say so with truth; if ever a house in the kingdom deserved to be free from rats, it was his, as they are seldom known to visit where there is nothing to eat. He began again with nails and wood; but when night came, and he slept, I resumed my operations, and rendered nugatory all his ingenuity.

In this manner we went on; the moment he shut one door, I opened another: like the web of Penelope, what he spun by day, I unravelled by night; and in the course of a few nights the old chest was so maltreated, that little remained of the original that was not covered with pieces and nailing. When the unhappy priest found his mechanical ability of no avail, he said, "Really this chest is in such a state, and the wood is so old and rotten, that the rats make nothing of it. The best plan I can think of, since what we have done is of no use, is to arm ourselves within, against these cursed rats." He then borrowed a rat-trap, and baiting it with bits of cheese which he begged from the neighbours, set it under the chest. This was a piece of singular good fortune for me, for although my hunger needed no sauce, yet I did not nibble the bread at night with less relish, because I added thereto the bait from the rat-trap. When in the morning he found not only

the bread gone as usual, but the bait likewise vanished, and the trap without a tenant, he grew almost beside himself. He ran to the neighbours, and asked of them what animal it could possibly be that could positively eat the very cheese out of the trap, and yet escape untouched. The neighbours agreed that it could be no rat that could thus eat the bait, and not remain within the trap, and one more cunning than the rest observed,—"I remember once seeing a snake about your premises, and depend on it that is the animal which has done you this mischief, for it could easily pick the bait from the trap without entering entirely, and thus too it might easily escape." The rest all agreed that such must be the fact, which alarmed my master a good deal.

He now slept not near so soundly as before, and at every little noise, thinking it was the snake biting the chest, he would get up, and taking a cudgel which he kept at his bed's head for the purpose, began to belabour the poor chest with all his might, so that the noise might frighten the reptile from his unthrifty proceedings. He even awoke the neighbours with such prodigious clamour, and I could not get a single minute's rest. He turned me out of bed, and looked amongst the straw, and about the blanket, to see if the creature was concealed anywhere; for, as he observed, at night they seek warm places, and not unfrequently injure people by biting them in bed.

When he came, I always pretended to be very heavy with sleep, and he would say to me in the morning, "Did you hear nothing last night, boy? The snake was about, and I think I heard him at your bed, for they are very cold creatures, and love warmth." "I hope to God he will not bite me," returned I, "for I am very much afraid." He was so watchful at night, that, by my faith, the snake could not continue his operations as usual, but in the morning when the priest was at church, he resumed them pretty steadily as usual.

Looking with dismay at the damage done to his store, and the little redress he was likely to have for it, the poor priest became quite uneasy from fretting, and wandered about all night like a hobgoblin. I began very much to fear that, during one of these fits of watchfulness, he might discover my key, which I placed for security under the straw of my bed. I therefore, with a caution peculiar to my nature, determined in future to keep this treasure by night safe in my mouth; and this was an ancient custom of mine, for during the time I lived with the blind man, my mouth was my purse, in which I could retain ten or twelve maravedies in farthings, without the slightest inconvenience in any way. Indeed, had I not possessed this faculty, I should never have had a single farthing of my own, for I had neither pocket nor bag that the old man did not continually search. Every

night I slept with the key in my mouth without fear of discovery; but, alas! when misfortune is our lot, ingenuity can be of little avail.

It was decreed, by my evil destiny, or rather, I ought to say, as a punishment for my evil doings, that one night, when I was fast asleep, my mouth being somewhat open, the key became placed in such a position therein, that my breath came in contact with the hollow of the key, and caused—the worse luck for me,—a loud whistling noise. On this my watchful master pricked up his ears, and thought it must be the hissing of the snake which had done him all the damage, and certainly he was not altogether wrong in his conjectures. He arose very quietly, with his club in his hand, and stealing towards the place whence the hissing sound proceeded, thinking at once to put an end to his enemy, he lifted his club, and with all his force discharged such a blow on my unfortunate head, that it needed not another to deprive me of all sense and motion. The moment the blow was delivered, he felt it was no snake that had received it; and guessing what he had done, called out to me in a loud voice, endeavouring to recall me to my senses. Then touching me with his hands, he felt the blood, which was by this time in great profusion about my face, and ran quickly to procure a light. On his return, he found me moaning, yet still holding the key in my mouth, and

partly visible, being in the same situation which caused the whistling noise he had mistaken for the snake. Without thinking much of me, the attention of the slayer of snakes was attracted by the appearance of the key, and drawing it from my mouth, he soon discovered what it was, for, of course, the wards were precisely similar to his own. He ran to prove it, and with that, at once, found out the extent of my ingenuity.

"Thank God," exclaimed this cruel snake hunter, "that the rats and the snakes which have so long made war upon me, and devoured my substance, are both at last discovered."

Of what passed for three days afterwards, I can give no account; but that which I have related, I heard my master recount to those who came there to see me. At the end, however, of the third day, I began to have some consciousness of what was passing around me, and found myself extended on my straw, my head bound up, and covered with ointment and plaisters.

"What is the meaning of all this?" I cried, in extreme alarm. The heartless priest replied, "I have only been hunting the rats and the snakes, which have almost ruined me." Seeing the condition in which I was, I then guessed what had happened to me. At this time an old nurse entered, with some of the neighbours, who dressed the wounds on my

head, which had assumed a favourable appearance; and as they found my senses were restored to me, they anticipated but little danger, and began to amuse themselves with my exploits, while I, unhappy sinner, could only deplore their effects.

With all this, however, they gave me something to eat, for I was almost dying with hunger; and at the end of fourteen or fifteen days I was able to rise from my bed without danger, though not even then without hunger, and only half cured. The day after I got up, my worthy and truly respectable master, took my hand, and opening the door, put me into the street, saying, "Lazaro, from this day look out for yourself, seek another master, and fare you well. No one will ever doubt that you have served a blind man; but for me, I do not require so diligent nor so clever a servant." Then shaking me off, as though I was in league with the evil one, he went back into his house and shut the door.

HOW LAZARO BECAME THE SERVANT OF AN ESQUIRE, AND WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM IN THAT SERVICE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the weak state to which I was reduced, I was obliged to take heart, and with the assistance of some kind people, I gradually made my way to the famous city of Toledo, where,

by the mercy of God, I was shortly cured of my wounds.

While I laboured under sickness there were always some well disposed persons who were willing to give me alms; but no sooner was I recovered, than they said, "Why do you stay idling here? why don't you seek a master?" On which the reply would rise to my lips, "it is very easy to talk, but it is hard to find one."

In this manner I went on, seeking my living from door to door, and a mighty poor living it was, for charity has left us mortals here to take a flight to heaven long since. But one day I accidentally encountered a certain esquire in the street; he was of a good appearance, well dressed, and walked with an air of ease and consequence. As I cast my eyes upon him, he fortunately took notice of me, and said, "Are you seeking a master, my boy?" I replied that I was. "Then follow me," said he, "you have reason to thank your stars for this meeting:—doubtless you have said your prayers with a better grace than usual this morning." I followed him, returning thanks to providence for this singular good turn of fortune, for, if one might judge from appearances, here was exactly the situation which I had so long desired. It was early in the morning when I was engaged by this kind master, and I continued to follow him, as he desired, till we made the tour of a

great part of the city, As we passed the market, I hoped that he would give me a load to carry home, as it was then about the hour that people usually made their purchases of that nature; but he passed by without taking the slightest notice. "Peradventure," quoth I to myself, "these commodities are not exactly to his taste; we shall be more fortunate in some other quarter.

It was now eleven o'clock, and my master went into the cathedral to hear prayers, where I likewise followed him. Here we stayed until the whole service was finished and the congregation were departed; and then my master left, and proceeded towards one of the back streets of the city. Never was anybody more delighted than I, to find my master had not condescended to trouble himself about supplying his table, concluding, of course, that he was a gentleman whose means enabled him to consign to others such inferior domestic cares, and that on our arrival at home we should find everything in order,—an anticipation of great delight to me, and, in fact, by this time almost a matter of necessity. The clock had struck one, when we arrived at a house before which my master stopped, and throwing his cloak open, he drew from his sleeve a key with which he opened the door.

I followed my master into the house, the entrance of which was extremely dark and dismal, so much

so, as to create a sensation of fear in the mind of a stranger; and when within found it contained a small court-yard and tolerably sized chambers. The moment he entered, he took off his cloak, and enquiring whether I had clean hands, assisted me to fold it, and then, carefully wiping the dust from a seat, laid it thereon. He next very composedly seated himself, and began to ask me a variety of questions, as to who I was, where I came from, and how I came to that city; to all which I gave a more particular account than exactly suited me at that time, for I thought it would have been much more to the purpose had he desired me to place the table and serve up the soup, than ask me the questions he then did.

With all this, however, I contrived to give him a very satisfactory account of myself, dwelling on my good qualities, and concealing those which were not suitable to my present auditory. But I began now to grow very uneasy, for two o'clock arrived, and still no signs of dinner appeared, and I began to recollect that ever since we had been in the house I had not heard the foot of a human being, either above or below. All I had seen were bare walls, without even a chair or a table,—not so much as an old chest like that I had such good occasion to remember. In fact, it seemed to me like a house labouring under the influence of enchantment.

"Boy, hast thou eaten anything to-day?" asked my master at last. "No, Sir," I replied, "seeing that it was scarcely eight o'clock when I had the good fortune to meet your honour."

"Early as it was," returned my master, "I had already breakfasted, and it is never my custom to eat again till the evening; manage as you can till then; you will have the better appetite for supper."

It may be easily supposed, that, on hearing this, my newly raised hopes vanished as rapidly as they had risen; it was not hunger alone that caused me to despond, but the certainty that fortune had not yet exhausted her full store of malice against me. Already I saw in perspective my troubles renewed, and I turned to weep over my unhappy anticipation. The consideration which prevented my taking an abrupt departure from the priest, arose to my remembrance—that of falling from bad to worse, and I beheld it, as I feared, realized. I could not but weep over the incidents of my past unfortunate career, and anticipate its rapidly approaching close; yet withal, concealing my emotion as well as possible, I said, "Thank God! Sir, I am not a boy that troubles himself much about eating and drinking; and for this quality I have been praised even to this very day by all the masters whom I have ever served." "Abstinence is a great virtue," returned my master, "and for this I shall esteem

thee still more; gormandizing is only for swine, men of understanding require little to allay their appetite." "I can understand that sentiment right well"—quoth I to myself, "my masters have all advised the same course; though the devil a bit do *they* find the virtues of starvation so very pleasant, by all that I have seen.

Seating myself near the door, I now began to eat some crusts of bread which I had about me; they were part of some scraps I had collected in my career of charity. "Come here, boy," said my master, "what are you eating?" I went to him and shewed him the bread. He selected from the three pieces which I had, the best and largest, and said, "Upon my life, but this seems exceedingly nice bread."—"Yes, Sir," I replied, "it is very good."—"It really is," he continued, "where did you get it? was it made with clean hands, I wonder?" "That I can't answer for," I replied, "but the flavour of it does not come amiss to me."

"Nor to me either, please God!" said my poor devil of a master; and, having finished his scrutiny, he raised the bread to his mouth, and commenced as fierce an attack on it, as I quickly did on the other.

"By heavens! but this bread is beautiful!" exclaimed he; and I, beginning to see how matters stood with him, redoubled my haste with the

remainder, being well assured that if he finished first, he would have little hesitation in assisting me: but luckily we finished together. He then carefully picked up the crumbs which had fallen, and entering a small chamber adjoining, brought out an old jar with a broken mouth. Having drank thereform he handed it to me, but to support my character of abstemiousness, I excused myself, saying, "No, Sir, I thank you; I never drink wine."

"The contents of the jar will not hurt you," he said, "it is only water!" I took the jar, but a very small draught satisfied me, for thirst was one of the few things from which I suffered no inconvenience.

Thus we remained till night, I anticipating my supper, and my master asking me many questions, to all of which I answered in the best manner I was able. Then he took me into the chamber whence he had brought the jar of water, and said, "Stay here, my boy, and see how to make this bed, as from henceforth you will have this duty." We then placed ourselves on each side of this bed, if such it can be called, to make it; though little enough there was to make. On some benches was extended a sort of platform of reeds, on which were placed the cloathes, which, from want of washing, were not the whitest in the world. The deuce of any thing was there in the shape of feather-bed or mattrass, but the canes shewed like the ribs

of a lean hog, through an old covering which served to lie upon, and the colour of which one could not exactly praise.

It was night when the bed was made, and my master said, "Lazaro! it is rather late now, and the market is distant; likewise the city abounds with rogues; we had better therefore pass the night as we can, and to-morrow morning we will fare better. Being a single man, you see, I don't care much for these things, but we will arrange better in future."

"Sir, as to myself," I replied, "I beg you will on no account distress yourself. I can pass a night without food with no inconvenience, or even more indeed, if it were necessary." "Your health will be all the better for it," he said, "for take my word for it, as I said to-day, nothing in the world will insure length of life so much as eating little."

"If life is to be purchased on such terms," said I to myself, "I shall never die, for hitherto I have been obliged to keep this rule, whether I will or no; and, God help me, I fear I shall keep it all my long life."

My master then went to bed, putting his clothes under his head, instead of a pillow, and ordered me to seek my rest at his feet; which I accordingly did, though the situation precluded all hope of sleep. The canes, of which the bedstead was composed, and my bones, which were equally prominent, were,

throughout the night, engaged in a continual and most unpleasant intimacy; for considering my illness, and the privations which I had endured, to say nothing of my present starving condition, I do not believe I had a single pound of flesh on my whole body. Throughout that day I had eaten nothing but a crust of bread, and was actually mad with hunger, which is in itself a bitter enemy to repose. A thousand times did I curse myself and my unhappy fortunes—the Lord forgive my impiety; and what was a sore addition to my misery, I dared not to move, nor vent my grief in audible expressions, for fear of waking my master; many times during this night did I pray to God to finish my existence!

As the morning appeared, we arose, and I set about cleaning my master's clothes, and putting them in order; and helped him to dress, very much to his satisfaction. As he placed his sword in his belt, he said, "Do you know the value of this weapon, my boy? The gold was never coined that should buy this treasure of me. Of all the blades Antonio ever forged, he never yet made its fellow." And then drawing it from the scabbard and trying the edge with his fingers, he added, "with this blade I would engage to sever a bale of wool"—"and I would do more than that with my teeth," said I to myself, "for though they are not made of steel, I

would engage to sever a four pound loaf and devour it afterwards."

He then sheathed his sword and girded it round him, and with an easy, gentlemanlike carriage, bearing himself erect, and throwing the corner of his cloak over his shoulder, or over his arm, placing his right hand on his side, he sallied forth, saying: "Lazaro, see to the house while I go to hear mass, and make the bed during my absence; the vessel for water wants filling, which you can do at the river which runs close by; though take care to lock the door when you go, lest we should be robbed, and put the key on this hinge, in case I return before you, that I may let myself in."

He then walked up the street with such an air of gentility, that a stranger would have taken him for a near relation of the Count of Arcos, or, at least, for his *valet de chambre*.

"Blessed be the Lord!" said I, "who, if he inflicts misfortunes, gives us the means of bearing them. Now who, on meeting my master, would dream but that he had supped well and slept well; and, although early in the morning, but that he had also breakfasted well. There are many secrets, my good master, that you know, and that all the world is ignorant of. Who would not be deceived by that smiling face and that fine cloak? and who would

believe that such a fine gentleman had passed the whole of yesterday without any other food than a morsel of bread, that his boy had carried in his breast for a day and a night? To day washing his hands and face, and, for want of a towel, obliged to dry them with the lining of his garments—no one would ever suspect such things from the appearance before them. Alas! how many are there in this world who voluntarily suffer more for their false idea of honour, than they would undergo for their hopes of an hereafter!"

Thus I moralized at the door of our house, while my master paced slowly up the street; and then, returning within, I lost no time in making the tour of the house, which I did, though without making any fresh discovery whatever; or finding anything of a more consolatory nature than my own gloomy thoughts.

I quickly made our bed, such as it was, and taking the water jar, went with it to the river. There I saw my gay master in one of the gardens by the river side, in close conversation with two ladies, closely veiled, for there were many who were in the habit of resorting thus early in the morning to enjoy the fresh air, and to take breakfast with some of the gentlemen of the city, who likewise frequented the spot. There he stood between them, saying softer things than Ovid ever did; while they, seeing him apparently so enamoured, made no scruple of hinting

their wish to breakfast. Unfortunately his purse was as empty as his heart was full, therefore this attack on his weaker position threw him somewhat suddenly into disorder, which became evident from his confusion of language, and the lame excuses of which he was obliged to avail himself. The ladies were too well experienced not to perceive, and that quickly, how matters stood; it was not long, therefore, before they exchanged him for a more entertaining gallant.

I was all this time slily munching some cabbage stalks, for want of a better breakfast, which I dispatched with considerable alacrity, and then returned home, without being seen by my master, to await his orders respecting breakfast on his return.

I began to think seriously what I should do, still hoping, however, that, as the day advanced, my master might return with the means to provide, at least, for our dinner, but in vain. Two o'clock came, but no master; and, as my hunger now became insupportable, without further consideration I locked the door, and, placing the key where I was told, sallied out in search of food. With a humble subdued voice, my hands crossed upon my breast, and the name of the Lord upon my tongue, I went from house to house begging bread. The practice of this art, I may say, I imbibed with my mother's milk; or rather, that having studied it under the greatest

master in all Spain, it is no wonder that I was so great an adept in all its various branches.

Suffice it to say, that although in this city there is no more charity than would save a saint from starvation, yet such was my superiority in talent, that before four o'clock, I had stowed away nearly four pounds of bread in my empty stomach, and two pounds more in my sleeves, and in the inside of my jacket. Passing then by the tripe market, I begged of one of the women that keep the stalls, who gave me a good sized piece of cow-heel, with some other pieces of boiled tripe. When I got home, I found my good gentleman already arrived, and having folded and brushed his cloak, he was walking about the court-yard. As I entered, he came up to me, as I thought, to chide me for my absence, but, thank God, it was far otherwise. He enquired where I had been, to which I replied, "Sir, I remained at home till two o'clock; but when I found that your honour did not return, I went out, and recommended myself so well to the notice of the good people of this city, that they have given me what you see." I then shewed him the bread and the tripe which I had collected. At the sight of these delicacies, his countenance brightened up. "Ah!" said he, "I waited dinner for you some time; but as it grew late I finished. You have nevertheless acted very properly in this matter; for it is much better to ask, for the

love of God, than to steal. I only charge you on no account to say you live with me, as such proceedings would not exactly redound to my honour—although I hardly think there is any danger, seeing that I am known so little in this city. "Do not alarm yourself, Sir, on that head," said I, "for people thought as little of asking who was my master, as I of telling them." "Eat away, then, you young rogue," said he, "and with the blessing of God, we shall not long have need of such assistance, though I must say, since I have been in this house, good fortune has never visited me. There are houses, from some reason or other, so unlucky, that every one who occupies them becomes infected with their ill fortune, and this is without doubt one of them; but I promise you that directly the month is up, I will leave, even if they should offer it to me for nothing." I seated myself on the end of the bench, and commenced my supper with the tripe and bread. My poor unhappy master all the time eyed me askance, and never once took his eyes from my skirts, which at that time served me instead of a dinner-service. Providence had that day so favoured me, that I resolved my master should partake of my abundance, for I could well understand his feelings, having experienced them of old, and to that very day, indeed, I was no stranger to them. I began to think whether it would exactly become me to invite him to my repast, but as he had

unfortunately said he had dined, I feared lest he might take it amiss. However, I very much wished that the poor sinner might have the benefit of my labour, and break his fast as he had done the day before, particularly as the food was better, and my hunger less. My good wishes towards him were speedily gratified, as they happened to jump with his own humour, for directly I commenced my meal, he began walking up and down the room, and approaching me rather closely—

"Lazaro," said he, "I really cannot help remarking the extreme grace with which you make your meal. I don't think I ever saw any one eat with more natural elegance; certain it is, that an observer might benefit by your example."

"Doubtless, my good Sir," thought I, "it can only be to your extreme amiability, that I am indebted for this compliment." Then, in order to give him the opportunity which I knew he longed for, I said, "Good materials, Sir, require good workmen. This bread is most delicious, and this cow-heel is so well cooked and seasoned, that the smell alone is sufficient to tempt any one."

"Cow-heel, is it?" said he.

"It is, Sir," I replied.

"Ah!" said he, "cow's heel is one of the most delicate morsels in the world, there is nothing I am so fond of."

"Then taste it, Sir," said I, "and try whether this is as good as you have eaten." He seated himself on the bench beside me, and laying hands on the cow-heel, with three or four pieces of the whitest bread, commenced in such good earnest, that one might easily see his rations were not disagreeable to him—grinding every bone as ravenously as a greyhound. "With a nice sauce of garlic," said he, "this would be capital eating."

"You eat it with a better sauce than that, my good Sir," thought I.

"By heavens," said he, "any body would think, to see me eat, that I had not touched a morsel to-day."

"I wish I was as sure of good luck as I'm sure of that," said I to myself. He asked me for the water jug, and I gave it to him, which, by the way, was a sure proof he had eaten nothing, for it was as full as when I brought it from the river. After drinking, we went to bed in the same manner as on the night before, though it must be confessed in a much more contented mood.

Not to dwell too much on this part of my story, I shall only say, that in this manner we passed eight or ten days, my worthy master taking the air every day, in the most frequented parts, with the most perfect ease of a man of fashion, and returning home to feast on the contributions of the charitable, levied by poor Lazaro.

Many times did the reflection suggest itself, that, when with former masters I prayed so heartily to be released from such miserable service, my desire was certainly gratified, though with this difference, that not only did my present one decline feeding me, but expected that I should maintain him.

With all this, however, I liked him very much, seeing he had not the ability to do more,—in fact, I was much more sorry for his unfortunate condition than angry at the situation in which his deficiencies placed me; and many times I have been reduced to short commons myself, that I might bring home a certain share for my unlucky master. But he was poor, and nobody can give what he has not got,—an excuse which I cannot make for the old scoundrels I served before,—though as God is my witness, to this very day I never see a gentleman, like my master, strutting along as though the street was hardly wide enough for him, without marking the singular way in which Fortune apportions her favours. I pitied him from my heart, to think, that with all his apparent greatness he might at that moment suffer privations equally hard to endure. But with all his poverty, I found greater satisfaction in serving him than either of the others, for the reasons I have stated. All that I blamed him for, was the extravagance of his pride, which, I thought, might have been somewhat abated towards one who, like myself, knew

his circumstances so intimately. It seems to me, however, that the poorest gentlefolk are always the most proud; but there is consolation in the thought, that death knows no distinction, but at length most generally places the commoner in higher ground than it does the peer. I lived for some time in the manner I have related, when it pleased my miserable fortune, which seemed never tired with persecuting me, to envy me even my present precarious and unhappy condition.

It appeared that the season in that country had been unfavourable to corn; therefore it was ordained by the magistracy, that all strangers who subsisted by alms should quit the city, or risk the punishment of the whip. This law was enforced so rigidly, that only four days after its promulgation, I beheld a procession of miserable wretches who were suffering the penalty through the streets of the city; a sight which so alarmed me, that I did not dare for the future to avail myself of my accustomed means of subsistence. It can hardly be possible to imagine the extreme necessity to which our house was reduced, or the mournful silence of those who were expiring within; for two or three days we neither spoke a word nor had we a mouthful to eat. With regard to myself, there were some young women, who earned their living by cotton-spinning, and making caps, and with whom, being near neighbours

of ours, I had made some slight acquaintanceship; out of their pittance these poor girls gave me a morsel, which just served to keep life within me.

I did not, however, feel my own situation so keenly as I did that of my poor master, who, during the space of eight days, to the best of my knowledge, never touched a mouthful; at least, I can say, the deuce a morsel ever entered our door. Whether he ever got any thing to eat when he went out I cannot determine; but I know well, that he sallied out every day with a waist as fine as a greyhound of the best breed; and the better, as he thought, to evade suspicion, he would take a straw from the mattrass, which could even ill spare the loss, and go swaggering out of the house, sticking it in his mouth for a toothpick! He continued to attribute all his ill-fortune to the unlucky house in which we were lodged. "The evils we have to bear," he would say, "are all owing to this unfortunate dwelling—as you see it is indeed sad, dark, and dismal: nevertheless, here we are, and, I fear, must continue awhile to suffer; I only wish the month was past, that we might well be quit of it."

It happened one day, suffering, as I have described, this afflicting persecution of hunger, that, by some extraordinary chance, I know not what, nor did I think it dutiful to enquire, there fell into my poor master's poverty-stricken possession the large sum of

one rial, with which he came home as consequentially as though he had brought the treasure of Venice, saying to me, with an air of extreme satisfaction and contentment, "Here Lazaro, my boy, take this—Providence is at last beginning to smile on us—go to the market, and purchase bread, meat, and wine; we will no longer take things as we have done. I have other good news, likewise. I have taken another lodging; so that there will be no occasion to remain in this wretched place longer than the end of the month. Curse the place, and he who laid the first brick; by the Lord, since I've been here, not a drop of wine have I drunk, nor have I tasted a morsel of meat, neither have I enjoyed the smallest comfort whatsoever; but everything has been, as you see, miserable and dismal to the last degree. However, go, and quickly, for to-day we will feast like lords."

I took my rial and jar, and without another word set out on my errand with the utmost speed, making towards the market-place in the most joyous and light-hearted mood imaginable. But alas! what enjoyment could I expect, when my adverse fortune so preponderated, that the slightest gleam of sunshine in my career was sure to be overtaken by a storm? I was making my way, as I said, in extremely good spirits, revolving in my mind in what manner I should lay out my money to the best advantage, and returning heartfelt thanks to Provi-

dence for favouring my master with this unexpected stroke of fortune, when I saw a great crowd at the other end of the street, among whom were many priests; and I soon found to my horror that they were accompanying a corpse. I stood up against the wall to give them room; and as the body passed I beheld one, who, as I supposed, from the mourning she wore, was the widow of the deceased, surrounded by friends. She was weeping bitterly, and uttering in a loud voice the most piteous exclamations. "Alas!" she cried, "my dear husband and lord! whither are they taking you? To that miserable and unhappy dwelling! To that dark and dismal habitation! To the house where there is neither eating nor drinking!" Good heavens! never shall I forget the moment when I heard those words; it seemed in my fright as though heaven and earth were coming together. "Miserable and unhappy wretch that I am," I exclaimed in an agony of mind, "it is to our house then that they are bearing this body!"

I rushed from the place where I stood, through the crowd, forgetting in my fright the object of my errand, and made with all speed towards home. The instant I arrived, I closed the door, barred and bolted it, and cried out to my master with the utmost earnestness of manner to help me to defend the entrance. He, greatly alarmed, and with the impression that it was something else,

called to me, " What is the matter, boy? why do you slam the door with such fury?"

" Oh, master," said I, come here, and assist me, for they are bringing a dead body here! I met them in the street above, and I heard the widow of the dead man crying out, 'Alas! husband and master, whither do they take you? To the dark and dismal house;—to the house of misery and misfortune;—to the house where they neither eat nor drink.' To what other house then can they be bringing him than this?" Directly my master heard these words, albeit in no merry humour, he burst out into such a fit of laughing, that it was some time before he could utter a word.

During this time, I was holding fast the door, placing my shoulder against it, for better security. The crowd passed with the body; though still I could not persuade myself but that they intended to bring it in. When my master was more satiated with mirth than with food, he said to me, in a good-tempered manner, " It is very just, Lazaro; according to what the widow said, you were right in thinking as you did; but as they have thought better of it, and passed on, open the door, and go on your errand." " Stop a little longer, Sir," said I, " let them pass the end of the street, that we may be sure;" but he would not wait, and coming to the street door, he opened it, and forced me away, for I hardly knew

what I did, with fright, and so he dispatched me again to the market.

We dined well that day, though my appetite was but indifferent; and it was some time before I recovered from the effect of that misadventure, though it was an excellent source of mirth to my master, whenever it was brought to his recollection.

In this manner I lived some little time with my third and poorest master, the Esquire; having great curiosity to know what could possibly have induced him to come to that part of the world, for I knew he was a stranger on the first day I lived with him, from the fact of his not knowing a single soul in the city. At last my wish was gratified; for one day, when we had feasted pretty well, and were consequently in good humour, he told me a little of his history. He was a native of Old Castile, and had quitted his country, because he had refused to salute a neighbouring gentleman of consequence, by taking off his hat first, which, according to punctilio, was construed into an insulting mark of disrespect. My honourable master wished to convince me, that, being a gentleman, the other, though superior, had an equal right to doff his bonnet to him; "For," said he, "though I am, as you see, but an Esquire, I vow to God, if the Count himself were to meet me in the street, and did not take off his hat to me, aye, and entirely off, the next time we met I would

turn into some shop, pretending business, rather than pay him the least mark of respect. And though you see me here but poorly off, yet in my own country I have an estate in houses in good condition, and well rented, only sixteen leagues from the place where I was born, worth at least two hundred thousand maravedis; so you see that they must be of good size and in good repair. I have likewise a dovecot, which if it were taken care of, which it is not, would furnish upwards of two hundred young birds annually; and many other things I possess, which I have relinquished solely because I would not have the slightest imputation cast upon my honour, by yielding precedence to one who was in fact no better than myself; and I came to this city hoping to obtain some honourable employment, though I have not succeeded so well as I could have wished."

In this manner my master was going on with his narrative, giving me an account of the honourable proceedings by which he had suffered, when he was interrupted by the appearance of an old man and woman; the former came to demand the rent of the house, and the latter that of the bed. They brought the account, and claimed for two months more than he could raise in a year; I think it was about twelve or thirteen rials. He answered them very courteously, that he was then going out to change a

piece of gold, and should return in the evening. But he made his exit this time for good; and when the good people came for their money, I was obliged to tell them that he had not yet returned. The night came, but without my master, and being fearful of remaining in the house by myself, I went to our neighbours, to whom I related the circumstance, and they allowed me to remain with them.

Early in the morning, the creditors returned, and enquired of the neighbours. The women replied, that his boy was there, and the key of the door ready for them. They then asked me about my master, and I told them that I knew not where he was, and that I had not seen him since he went out to change the piece of gold; but that I thought it was most likely he was gone off with the change.

On hearing this news, they sent for a lawyer and a constable, and called on me and others to witness their taking possession of my master's effects in payment of their demands. They went all over the house, and found just as much furniture as I have recounted before, when they demanded of me, "What has become of your master's property? where are his trunks? and where is his household furniture?" "I'm sure I don't know," I replied. "Doubtless," said they, "the property has been removed during the night. Señor Alguazil, take that boy into custody; he knows whither it has

been taken." On this up came the Alguazil, and seizing me by the collar, said, "Boy, thou art my prisoner, if thou reveal not where thy master hath hid his effects." I, as if quite new to this sort of thing, expressed the utmost surprise and terror, and promised to state every thing I knew, which seemed a little to disarm his anger. "That is right," exclaimed all, "tell all you know, and fear nothing." The man of law seated himself at a desk, and desired me to begin. "Gentlemen," I continued, "my master is in possession of a good stock of houses and an old dovecot." "So far well," was the reply; "however little worth, it will meet the debt he owes us; in what part of the city do they lie?" "On his own estate, to be sure," was my answer. "That is all the better," they exclaimed; "and where is his estate?" "In old Castile, I replied, as he told me," Both Alguazil and notary laughed out at hearing this, exclaiming, "Quite enough—quite enough to cover your claim, though it were even greater." The neighbours who had gathered round us, now said: "Gentlemen, this here is a very honest boy; he has not been long in the 'squire's service, and knows no more of him than does your worship; the poor little sinner came knocking at our doors, and for charity's sake we gave him something to eat; after which he has gone to sleep at his master's."

Seeing that I was innocent, they let me go free;

but the notary and the Alguazil now came on the owners for the taxes, which gave rise to no very friendly discussion, and a most hideous din; the man and woman maintained very stoutly that they had neither the will nor the means to pay them. The others declared they had other business in view of more importance; but I left them without stopping to see the issue of the affair, though I believe the unfortunate owner had to pay all, and he well deserved to do it, for when he ought to have taken his ease and pleasure, after a life of labour, he still went on hiring out houses to increase his gains.

It was in this way that my third and poorest master took leave of me, by which it seems I put the seal to my bad fortune, which, while exercising its utmost rigour against me, had this singularity in it, that though most domestics are known to run away from their masters, it was not thus in my case, inasmuch as my master had fairly run away from me.

HOW LAZARO SERVED A FRIAR OF LA MERCED, AND WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM.

I HAD now to seek a fourth master; and this turned out to be a holy friar, to whom I was conducted by the ladies before alluded to, and who were related to him. He was a great enemy to psalm-

singing, and of the usual convent fare; fond of roaming out, and eager indeed in the pursuit of every kind of secular business and amusement. In fact, he wore out more shoes than all the rest of the convent put together. It was he who gave me the first pair of shoes I ever had given me in my life; and they did not last me much above a week, so constantly did he keep me on the trot. In short, I could not endure it; and for this and other reasons, not worth stating, I took my leave of him, without asking leave.

HOW LAZARO SERVED A BULERO, AND WHAT TOOK PLACE.

The fifth master that fortune threw in my way, was a Bulero, or a dealer in papal indulgences—one of the most impudent and barefaced, yet cleverest rogues, that I have ever seen, or ever shall see. He practised all manner of deceit, and resorted to the most subtle inventions to gain his end. On his arrival at any place to present his credentials and open his traffic, the first thing he did, was to send small presents of no great value to the clergy, by which means he would gain a civil reception—and perhaps assistance in his negotiations. He made himself acquainted with the character of these persons;

when to some he would say, that he never spoke in Latin, but always preferred a chaste and elegant diction in his native tongue. To others again, he would talk Latin for two hours; at least so it would seem to those who heard him, although perhaps it was not half that time. When he found that no great success attended his usual endeavours, he would have recourse to artifice; but as a regular account of them would fill a volume, I will only recount one little manœuvre, which will give you some idea of his genius and invention.

He had preached two or three days, at a place near Toledo, and had not neglected his usual offerings; but he found his indulgences go off but slowly, with very little appearance of improvement, for which he very heartily wished the good people at the devil. Being at his wit's end what to do, he invited all the people to the church the next morning, to take his farewell. After supper that evening, he and the Alguazil sat down to enjoy themselves, and in the course of their entertainment, some dispute arose, which increased to very high words. He called the Alguazil thief, which the other retorted by calling him impostor. On this, the Bulero caught up a weapon lying near, and the Alguazil drew his sword to defend himself. The noise was so great, that the neighbours ran in to enquire into the cause, and with some difficulty separated the enraged

combatants. They continued, however, to revile each other with words, although, by reason of the house being filled with people, they could not vent their rage with blows; the Alguazil continually calling out that my master was an impostor, and that his indulgences were forged. The neighbours seeing that peace could not be restored, took away the Alguazil to another inn, to prevent mischief; and after some time, the uproar subsiding, we went to bed.

In the morning my master went to the church to preach his farewell sermon. The people were all there, murmuring about the authenticity of the bull, saying that the Alguazil had discovered it to them; and if they were indisposed towards the indulgences before, they were now little likely to purchase them. The reverend commissary ascended the pulpit, and commenced his sermon. He expatiated on the merits of the Pope's holy commission, and of the infallible virtues of the indulgences which the bull guaranteed. The sermon was proceeding in this manner when the Alguazil entered the church, and taking advantage of an opportunity, rose, and with a loud voice but discreet manner he addressed the congregation:—"My good people; hear me but one word, and listen to whomsoever you please afterwards. I came here with yonder cheat who is now preaching to you, and, seduced by him, I promised to

favour his deception and divide the gains. But as my conscience is uneasy at thus assisting to rob you of your money, I take this opportunity of declaring before you all that the bull is forged, and that the indulgences are false. And after this confession I beg you to bear witness, if at any future time this rogue meet with punishment as an impostor, that I am not implicated therein, but have done all in my power to expose him and warn you."

Many respectable people, to prevent the scandal of the thing proceeding further, wished to turn the Alguazil out of the church, but the reverend preacher would by no means permit such violence; and thus the Alguazil had the liberty of saying all he wished. When he was silent, my master rose and asked him if he wished to say more? on which he replied, "I could say plenty more concerning your rogueries, but for the present what I have said is sufficient."

The devout commissary of his holiness then threw himself on his knees in the pulpit, and casting his arms and eyes towards heaven, he exclaimed,—"Oh! Lord, to whom nothing is hidden, thou knowest the truth, and how cruelly I am calumniated. I forgive all that personally concerns me, but to that which relates to my holy calling I cannot be indifferent; inasmuch as many here may be induced to give credit to what has been falsely spoken, to the injury of their own souls and of my holy mission. I there-

fore pray thee, Oh, Lord, to vouchsafe by a miracle to shew the whole truth as to this matter. If I deal in falsehood and iniquity, may the pulpit on which I now kneel sink with me seven fathoms below the earth, so that I may never be heard of again,—and if what is said be false, and prompted by the devil to deprive these good people here of the comforts of which I am the bearer, let the author of the calumny be punished, so that all present may be convinced of his malice."

Hardly had my pious master finished his prayer, when the Alguazil fell from the place where he was standing, and with such a noise that the whole church resounded with the fall. His countenance became distorted, and he began to foam at the mouth, uttering frightful curses, and rolling about in the utmost apparent agony. At this wonderful interposition of Providence, the clamour became so great that no one could hear himself speak. Some were frightened, and cried, "Lord, Lord, have mercy on the sinner;" while others said, "It served him right for his false testimony—let him kick and go to the devil!"

Finally, however, some individuals went to his assistance, though not without evident fear, and tried to hold his arms and legs; but he gave them such fierce salutes, dealing his favours so vigorously and dexterously, that many were much hurt, and it required at least seventeen men to hold him down.

While this was proceeding, my sainted master was on his knees in the pulpit, his hands and eyes turned towards heaven, apparently filled with the divine essence, and utterly unconscious of the noises and disturbance around him, so completely was he wrapt in his heavenly meditations. Some approached him, and begged him, "for the love of God, to succour the poor wretch who was dying; and that, doubtless, at his intercession, the Lord would not prolong his sufferings."

The devout commissary, as though disturbed from a sweet vision, looked around him, first at the suppliants and then at the delinquent. "My good friends," said he slowly, "you ought not to ask a favour for him whom God has so signally chastised. But as he has commanded that we should return good for evil, we may with more confidence implore his pardon for the poor wretch who had dared to place an obstacle in the way of his holy commission." Then, descending from the pulpit, he desired them all to pray for the sinner, and that the devil with which he was possessed might be cast out. The congregation with one accord threw themselves on their knees, and commenced in a low voice to repeat the litany; while my master, before he approached the possessed sinner with the cross and holy water, turning his eyes to heaven till the whites could only be seen, delivered a pious oration, which

drew tears from the eyes of the hearers. This being finished, he commanded the holy bull to be brought and placed on the head of the possessed, and immediately the sinner of an Alguazil began by degrees to recover himself. Directly he was restored to consciousness, he threw himself at the feet of the holy commissary, and implored his pardon. He confessed that what he did was by the commandment of the Devil, who was excessively annoyed at the appearance of the holy man, and was fearful that he should lose his dominion over the people if they were to purchase his indulgences. My master, in the most benevolent manner, pardoned him, and interchanged kindnesses with him, giving him advice very much to his comfort and advantage. Great now was the demand for indulgences amongst the bystanders, and not an individual would go from church without one, neither man woman nor child.

The news soon spread, and people came flocking from all parts, so that no sermons were necessary in the church to convince them of the benefits likely to result to the purchasers. The inn where we resided was crowded with applicants, and wherever we went in that district, thousands of indulgences were sold without a single sermon being preached. I must confess that I, amongst many others, was deceived at the time, and thought my master a miracle of sanctity; but hearing the merriment which it

afforded to the holy commissary and the Alguazil, I began to suspect that it originated in the peculiarly fertile invention of my master, and although young, from that moment I ceased to be a child of grace; for I argued within myself, "If I, being an eye-witness to such an imposition, could almost believe it, how many more, amongst this poor innocent people, must be imposed on by these robbers."

I quitted my fifth master at the end of four months, during which I experienced some very fatiguing and unpleasant adventures.

HOW LAZARO AGREED TO SERVE A CHAPLAIN, AND HOW HE FARED.

I NEXT entered into arrangements with a certain chaplain whom I met in the great church, and who seeing in me a well-grown and conditioned youth, took me forthwith into his service, and put under my care a fine ass, and four narrow necked pitchers, along with a whip, with all which I commenced to cry one of the four elements, namely, pure water, through the city.

This was the first step which I had yet made towards attaining an easy life, for I had here a mouthful at will. Every day I delivered to my

master thirty maravedis, and on the Sabbaths I gained what I could for myself, amounting, with what I made in the week, to at least thirty more. Such was my success in this new office, that at the end of four years, by the use of some caution and address, I began to cut a very gentlemanlike appearance out of my master's wardrobe, by the sale of which I was enabled to buy a doublet of old fustian, a large coat with trimmed sleeves, and a cloak lined with silk, besides one of the old famous swords of Cuellar. I had no sooner beheld myself thus arrayed like a man of some note, than I requested of my master to take care of the ass himself, for that I had done with that particular office.

HOW LAZARO AGREED TO SERVE AN ALGUAZIL, AND OF WHAT ENSUED.

HAVING bidden the chaplain farewell, I joined the train of justice, and entered the service of an Alguazil. I did not, however, remain in it long, inasmuch as I found it a dangerous employment, and particularly on one night, when a party we were conducting set on and stoned us, treating my master, whom they killed, exceedingly ill, but fortunately stopping short of that with myself.

With this I threw up the trade, and considering in what mode I should next live with a little more safety and ease, as well as profit, to supply my old age, it pleased Heaven to enlighten and put me into a much better way, insomuch that I forgot all my past anxieties and pains in the favour of those friends and gentlemen who procured me—an office under the royal government; for I saw that no one so well thrived as he who held such a situation. This also I yet keep, and flourish in it, with the permission of God, and of every good customer. In fact, my charge is that of making public proclamation of the wine which is sold in these places, and at auctions, &c.; of bearing those company who suffer persecution for justice' sake, and publishing to the world, with a loud voice, their faults.

I have succeeded in the office so well, and with so much ease, that almost all matters relating to it are known to go through my hands, insomuch, that the man who has got wine or other thing to sell, begins to think it a losing concern if Lazaro de Tormes has not something to do with it.

About this time, perceiving my ability and my style of life, the arch-priest of Salvador, to whom I was introduced, and who was under obligation to me for crying his wine, shewed his sense of it by uniting me with one of his own domestics.

I conceived that nothing but a favourable influence

and patronage would accrue from this step, and from that hour I have never repented it; for besides being a good creature, diligent and useful, my wife has preserved the countenance of my lord arch-priest, and on holydays and festivals, he is sure to make her some solid present, either from his larder or his wardrobe, which really serves to keep us in good plight; and as to house rent, he engaged for us, and we live within a short distance of him. Many a good day, in fact, we celebrate at his own table; but evil tongues will be busy, and give out all kinds of reports, as to all this being done more out of compliment to my wife, than to myself. God give the world more grace to tell the truth; not that my wife disturbs herself for the wagging of a few tongues, and a little barking where they cannot bite. Our good priest, moreover, came one day, and thus addressed me: "Lazaro, my friend, whoever pays attention to the envious remarks of others, will never thrive. I say it, lest you should heed what they say respecting your wife's visits to see her old master: it is all kindly meant; and your honour is safe, that I can promise you. Dream not of honour then, but stick to profit, and conduct thyself like a wise man."

"My lord," I replied, "it is true, that some of my friends have touched upon this subject, and even dared to assert, that, before my marriage with your

maid, she had already been brought to bed three times, speaking with all reverence, by means of your lordship; such is the power of calumny in ill-disposed minds."

Upon hearing this, my wife, who was present, began to cross herself and appeal to all the saints, so that I feared the house would open under our feet; after this she burst into a loud weeping, and rapped out a thousand maledictions upon the head of him who had first joined her in wedlock with Lazaro de Tormes—my humble self. "Would," she said, "I had died, ere that fatal word had issued from these lips." But I on one side, and my lord on the other, soon succeeded in drying her tears, vowing, as I did, never to allude, in the slightest manner, to that delicate subject more, assuring her that such was my confidence, that I would be glad to see her going at all hours, either by night or day, into my good patron's house. In this way we all three soon became reconciled to ourselves and to each other. Never to this day has a hint escaped me relative to the matter; and if I hear any one so much as approach the most distant confines of it, I seize him by the button, and exclaim, "If you be a friend of mine, do not utter what you know will give me pain; for I do not hold him a true one who wishes to excite mischief, and more especially between me and my wife—the object to whom I am most attached in life, and who, by the grace of

God, confers on me greater benefit than I can ever deserve. I would swear to you, by the Holy Host, she is as good a wife as lives within the walls of Toledo; and let my worst enemy say no, and I will fight him on that theme to the death."

All this happened the same year that our victorious Emperor Charles made his entry into this celebrated city of Toledo, and there held his court, bringing with him a season of feast and jubilee, of which all must have heard.

LAZARO'S ACCOUNT OF THE FRIENDSHIP HE FORMED IN TOLEDO WITH SOME GERMANS, AND OF WHAT PASSED BETWEEN THEM.

At this time I had reached my most prosperous "and palmy state." I was at the top of the ladder, and enjoyed all kind of good fortune. Wherever I went I was accompanied by a good assortment of fruits and other rarities, such as are produced and cried in this our favoured land, samples of all which I displayed to view; and thus obtained such a connection, both among natives and foreigners, that I found open house wheresoever I chose to direct my steps. I was, in short, such a favourite, that, I believe, had I wished to kill a man out of mere

whim, or chanced to fall into any horrible scrape, I should have found every body upon my side, and got clear off by means of noble friends and connections in high life. I never left them empty-handed; they always took from me some of the most choice articles in the city—a city in which we spent so glorious a life. When in their company, they never permitted us to put our hands into our pockets or expend the least item, declaring that, both on my wife's account and my own, they should take it as an affront. I could not find words to express the pleasure I felt in their society; and not only this—but they crowded our table with every delicacy of the season; so that every day we had a store by us enough to last a whole family for a week. In this land of plenty I often recalled to mind my days of fast and penance, and gave thanks to the Lord that things, both in general and in particular, went so well.

But as the old proverb has it:—

"Quien bien te harà,
O se te irá ó se morirà."

So indeed it happened to me, for the grand court changed its residence; and though my great friends wished me to go along with them, and promised me fine things, I bethought me again of the old saying, that a "bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," and so we took leave of them with many expressions of sorrow and regret.

Of a truth, had I not been married I could have gone along with them,—so much was their society agreeable to my taste, and their life, moreover, being one every way worthy of imitation; abounding in all that is good and pleasing, and suffering none within its happy sphere to feel any wish unsatisfied.

But the love of my wife and of my country prevailed; and I remained in this city, although well known to its inhabitants, apart from the pleasures of a court and the society of such friends. My satisfaction was shortly afterwards increased by the birth of a daughter; a little beauty, which my wife declared by all the saints she believed to be my own. This happy state I now conceived would continue; but fortune soon began to show another aspect, and a fresh series of miseries and difficulties of every kind followed her altered looks, which ended in death, and which it would be too cruel and severe a task for me to pretend to recount.

MATEO ALEMAN.

MATEO ALEMAN.

MATEO ALEMAN was a writer of considerable eminence in the reign of Philip II., although the particulars of his life are few. We learn from Nicholas Antonio, that he was a native of Seville, and was employed under the government; but having a distaste for such occupation, he threw up his situation, and crossed the sea to Mexico, in which city he was some time a resident, and published there, in the year 1609, his "*Ortografia Castellana;*" likewise a life of San Antonio de Padua, with an eulogium on the life of that saint, written in very good Latin. He was also the author of a Latin dialogue called "*Prometheus,*" in imitation of Lucian.

But the work which has gained for him the title of novelist, and classed him amongst that school, so humorously and happily conceived and brought into popular regard by Mendoza,—is his "*Vita del Picaro Guzman d'Alfarache;*" of which that honoured plagiarist, *Le Sage*, knew so well how to

avail himself in after times, accommodating his literary larceny to the habits and taste of his own countrymen.

The work has been translated into every European language; and a book well deserves the honour which has, since the year 1599, six years before Cervantes gained immortal renown by his Don Quixote, preserved its national popularity unimpaired, and which pourtrays with the most vivid exactitude, the most pure morality, chastened and correct language, and an easy and natural style, the manners of the Spanish *serviles*, the wretched and destitute, an important class in a nation so subjected to the privileged orders. He has moreover mixed and contrasted the picture with that of the more exclusive orders which influenced European society at that period.

That corruption of literary taste which originated in excessive refinement, had not then shewn itself; but the work is not free from other defects, which may be attributed to the nature of the composition, and the age in which it was written.

Desirous of pourtraying the actual state of things, the author sometimes represents them worse than they were; and aiming at the familiar and colloquial, he sometimes quits a graceful irony for low satire and buffoonery.

But, with all these defects, it ranks higher than

any works of the class which had been previously written; and infinitely superior to that which appeared from the pen of his imitator, *Lopez de Ubeda*, called "*La Picara Justina*," a book richly deserving the contempt with which it is treated by the critical curate who passes judgment on Don Quixote's library.

GUZMAN D'ALFARACHE'S ADVENTURE

WITH

AN INNKEEPER AT CANTILLANA.

WHEN we arrived at Cantillana, our companions, whose conversation had helped to beguile our time on the road, left us to seek their respective places of entertainment: and I then enquired of my friend the carrier, where he intended that we should pass the night? "O," said he, "never fear; I know a capital inn, where we shall be well treated." He then took me to a house, which I afterwards found to belong to one of the greatest knaves in the district, where there was as little appearance of good cheer as of amusement; and which, in comparison with the place I had left, was at much about the same rate of exchange as "leaping from the frying-pan into the fire."

There is an inviolable law in Andalusia, which forbids the breeding of mules under the heaviest penalties. Now it happened, that our innkeeper had

a little mare, which proved to be with foal; a result which had been undutifully effected without the knowledge or consent of her master. When the time arrived, as though bent on her owner's ruin, the mare brought forth a mule; which circumstance however was fortunately only known to the innkeeper himself, who had placed her in a stable by herself, and had taken the earliest opportunity of ascertaining the result. Frightened to death at the first sight of the little animal which seemed born to ruin him, he vowed its instant destruction; but like a provident person of his class, he reflected, that if not known the occurrence might yet be turned to his advantage. At night, therefore, when every one was asleep, he arose and slaughtered the little beast; but instead of carefully burying the carcase, he determined on a more advantageous disposal of it; so he cut it up and put it into pickle.

It was at this period we arrived at the inn: the evening was not far advanced; so that our host had plenty of time to arrange our beds and supper. My companion immediately began to count his gains; but I, worn out with fatigue, threw myself at full length on the floor, and was some time before I could stir. My legs and thighs were quite sore, and my feet swollen with riding so far without stirrups; my buttocks were completely scarified; my sides aching with pain; my whole person, in fact, was more or

less injured, and, to crown all, I was ravenously hungry.

When my companion had finished his calculation, turning to me, "Well, friend," said he, "what think you of supper?" I replied, "that I thought it quite time we should have it; for that it would be necessary to rise early in the morning if we wished to get to Caculla in good time to make our bargains." We then called the landlord, and asked him if he had anything for supper?"

"Aye, that I have," said he, "and of the best too, I'll warrant ye." He seemed to be a bustling, sharp, clever sort of person, and moreover such a specious talker, that the knave completely imposed on me. I took what he said in good part, and returned a thousand thanks to Providence, that, after such labour and fatigue, and after all my past affliction, I was at last fixed in a place, where I should at least be sure of good treatment. I am not sure whether I have ever related a story of a certain labouring man whom I knew at Olias, a village near Toledo. I do not repeat it with any irreverent notion, for I believe I am as good a Christian as most people;—but this labourer was playing at a game of cards called *primera*, with some others of his acquaintance,—"Thanks be to God for this game," cried the rejoiced bumpkin with whom he was playing, "for he has given me *primera*." "You have not so much

occasion to thank him this turn," returned the other, laughing at his own better luck, "for, praised be his holy name, he has given me a *flush*." And so it happened with me, as I shall presently recount.

"Pray what have you for supper?" asked my companion, of our host. The rogue replied, "Yesterday I killed a beautiful calf; for not having good pasture for the cow, who was getting out of flesh, I was obliged to kill the calf at eight days' old. The veal is all ready and untouched, therefore you may choose what part you like best." On hearing this piece of good fortune we threw up our caps in the air, and, forgetting our fatigue, performed a thousand antic tricks for joy, which having subsided a little, we returned to the subject of the veal, the bare mention of which made my mouth water. We left it to the host to choose for us, trusting to his good taste for our satisfaction; and presently we saw a clean cloth laid,—some bread, better than I had been accustomed to,—very good wine, and a dish of fresh sallad. This, however, was of little moment to a stomach possessing such space as mine, and therefore I reserved my force for the veal; but as appearances often deceive the best judges, there is no great marvel if a hungry man should for once be mistaken.

The Tuscan reasons well, when he warns you never to place confidence in the promises of women,

travellers, or innkeepers, and, least of all, those who praise themselves; for the greater part of all those, he says, are but little scrupulous about the truth. After the salad, were brought two small plates, on each of which was placed a small piece of roast meat. I say small piece, for the cunning rogue was aware that abundance would speedily satisfy our appetites, and that with a full belly the cheat would be easily detected. As it was, we eat with relish what was set before us; and finding ourselves still hungry, desired something more. In regard to my companion, it was not to be wondered at, seeing that he was born amongst savages, of parents little better than brutes, and eating every thing, as it were, with a garlic tooth, for these low people have but little taste to distinguish good from bad. There are few of them in whom the senses arrive at any perfection. Although they see, yet they are blind to what they ought to see; and if they hear, they can never hear rightly. They are like dogs, that devour the meat without tasting; or like the ostrich, that can swallow a red-hot horse-shoe. Indeed, we might go a little further, and say, that a double-soled boot which had seen the service of three winters in Madrid, would not come amiss to them; for I swear to you, that I have actually seen one of these fellows, in a fit of hunger, pluck a cap from the head of a page, and devour it entire!

But even I, brought up amongst genteel and well-bred people, did not discover the cheat, so great was my hunger. This fact must alone plead my excuse, for my appetite was large, too large, for my eyes to see clearly what I was about. The treacherous landlord gave his meat sparingly; it is not surprising, therefore, that, with such slender opportunities of judging, the quality of the feast contented me. Have you never heard, that no bread comes amiss to a hungry man? Then I repeat, that I found it delicious, and left it unwillingly. I enquired of the host whether he had any thing more. He asked whether we should like some of the brains fried in butter; and we no sooner signified our assent, than they were dressed without loss of time. In the interim we were furnished with a little dish of tripe, which, not appearing to me to smell very savoury, I left to my companion, who dispatched it without further ceremony. I rather rejoiced at the avidity with which my companion devoured the tripe, thinking that I should have a better share of the brains; but in this I deceived myself; it did not in the slightest degree impair his capabilities for further execution, for on their appearance he set to work again with as much good will as though he had not touched a morsel the whole day. When they placed the eggs and brains on the table, at the sight of the omelet my

companion burst out into a violent fit of laughter, at which I was not a little amazed, thinking that he intended to spare my appetite by recalling to memory my late adventure. The landlord, who had been watching us both very narrowly, and was doubtless on thorns to hear what we had to say, hearing this exuberance of mirth, which appeared to him so strange and unseasonable, he began to be disturbed, thinking we suspected his cheat. Not giving himself time to consider whether any thing else was capable of provoking our mirth, and as the guilty man is always afraid of his own shadow, supposing every movement is against him, and that the very wind will make known his delinquency; so this poor scoundrel, although hardened in roguery, was this time trembling with apprehension.

In fact, rogues of all descriptions are generally cowards; like thieving dogs, if you only look at them, they run away. Our landlord was frightened enough, I can tell you, as it was but natural he should be, in common with all those who live by similar means. He lost his stirrups without knowing how to regain them, saying, "I swear to you it is nothing else but veal; there is no occasion to laugh; I could give you a hundred proofs if necessary." In saying these words his countenance became as red as fire; the blood seemed ready to start from his cheeks, and sparks to flash from his eyes. My

friend, the carrier, looking up very coolly at this ebullition of the host—" And pray what is the matter with you, my friend?" said he, " no one asked you how old you were. Is there any law in this inn to prevent any body from laughing without asking your leave? Or is there any thing to pay for such a liberty? Just leave people to laugh or cry as they please, and attend to your own business. For my part, if I could find anything to amuse me at your expense, I am just the sort of man to laugh most heartily. As to these eggs, they remind me of some which my companion ate at an inn three leagues from this place." He then recounted the story of my mishap, during which recital, our landlord, relieved from his alarm, did not fail to bless himself heartily, exclaiming against the villany of the world, apostrophizing the sacred name a thousand times, and lifting up his eyes to heaven with a most pious fervour, he exclaimed, " Our lady bless and save us; did any one ever hear the like? Bad luck to those who perform their office badly, say I;" and I believe he verily meant what he said, the malediction in no way applying to him; for although a professed rogue, he was as expert at his office as any one who ever took to the trade. He seemed to be quite uneasy at the recital of such scandalous conduct in an innkeeper, exclaiming with the utmost apparent indignation, " Why is such a vile inn

allowed to continue? How can such an infamous woman pass without the chastisement of Providence? A barefaced hag, to practice such infamy and the earth not to swallow her up! All innkeepers ought to rise against her, for it is such people that bring an honest calling into disrepute. It always seems strange how rogues can go on from day to day, and practice the same iniquity with impunity, or what the Alguazils can be about to permit it; but I suppose that they will not see what is not convenient, as the proverb says, 'One man may steal a horse, while another may not look over the hedge.' For my part, I am of opinion, as the proverb says, 'That every little makes mickle,' and therefore, would rather lay by an honest penny now and then, trusting to the future for a little competency, than get rich in a hurry by roguery."

I was about to reply to this honest effusion of the host, but he was warm and eloquent on the subject of honesty, and only having stopped to take breath, proceeded: "'Evil to him who acts evilly,' as the saying is, is my motto. No, my masters, thanks be to the Virgin Mary, that with all my poverty, no one shall be dissatisfied with his treatment in my house. Every thing here is sold for what it really is,—no cat for hare, no old ewe for young mutton. Honesty of conscience is what I desire, and a clear countenance before all the world." Here his breath

failing, he was obliged to cease, and being tired himself, thought he would give us as little labour as possible, by bringing us, for our dessert after supper, a few walnuts and olives, about as big as nuts. We desired our host to let us have, in the morning, a little more of the meat for breakfast, which he promised; and looking out for the softest part of the floor, we spread our mattrasses, and composed ourselves to sleep.

When I awoke in the morning, if I had placed myself in the middle of the Square at Seville, or at the door of my own mother, I question whether I should have been recognized, so covered was I with fleas, who appeared to be indemnifying themselves for a year of abstinence, on my unfortunate carcass. I arose just as though I had the measles, so completely was my body covered with the marks of these little vermin. But fortune was favourable to me in this particular, for what with the fatigue of my journey the day before, and having drank a little more wine than ordinary, my bed was a perfect paradise, from which I should not have risen, had not my companion roused me, by suggesting the propriety of having early mass, and reminded me that we had seven good leagues to travel to our journey's end.

It was but just daylight when we were dressed and ready for our breakfast, which was speedily brought us by that paragon of honest innkeepers, our

landlord. My companion attacked it with his accustomed appetite; every mouthful seemed to him as tender as the breast of a turkey, and he praised the meat, as though he had never eaten anything so good in his life. For my part I was obliged to take its excellency solely on his word, and falsely transferred the original sin of its parental ass, to my want of good taste. But to speak seriously, it was bad, and told plainly of itself it was not veal. It tasted hard and unsavoury, and the little I ate at supper, remained still on my stomach. Although with some degree of apprehension and reproval from my comrade, yet I could not avoid complaining to the host. "This meat is so tough, and of such little relish, that I declare I can hardly get my teeth into it," said I. "Don't you see," he replied, "that it is fresh, and has not yet taken the salt?" "It not only wants the salt," remarked the carrier to the host, "but this gentleman has been reared on sweetmeats and fresh eggs; therefore, all you could bring him he would think hard and unsavoury." At this reproof I shrugged my shoulders and held my tongue, although I was but ill satisfied, yet without exactly knowing why. Then I began to recollect the prodigious taking of our host the night before, when he swore the meat was really veal. This seemed strange; and, solely because he swore to the truth of what he avowed, I thought he lied; because, in common

cases, there is no necessity to *swear* to the truth. I can hardly say whether I actually suspected evil; but, to say the least, my opinion of our host was now none of the best.

I called for the account; but my companion insisted on paying it: therefore, not wishing to disoblige him, conceiving it to be an act of pure friendship, I left it to him. I could not help rejoicing inwardly at the good feeling of the carrier towards me, paying for every thing on the road, and allowing me to go free, and hoped from my heart that I might continue to meet with such obliging persons, who would have a like consideration for my youth and slender equipment. And because the carrier should not say with respect to me that the infernal abode was choked with ingrates, seeing that he paid for me, I began to think how I could best assist him, and set to work to water his asses, untying them from the manger, that they might finish their corn while they were loading, and rubbing their ears and heads.

While I was engaged in this employment, I placed my cloak in a recess of the wall, when, in the twinkling of an eye, it disappeared, without my knowing where or by what means. I immediately suspected that the host or my companion had secreted it for a joke; however, it became past a joke when they declared seriously that they knew

nothing of it. I was very much astonished; for, on looking towards the door, I saw that it had not been opened, and I knew that the host and our two selves were the only occupants of the place. Thinking that I must have made a mistake and have left it somewhere else, without saying a word more, I began to search the house. As I passed from room to room, I happened to look by chance into a small back yard, and there I saw a great quantity of blood on the ground; and, looking further, I beheld the skin of a young mule stretched out, and near it the head, which only wanted the tongue and brains. This point confirmed my doubts; and, while the host was busy, I called my companion, and showed him from what larder we had been indebted for our breakfast and supper.

"Now, my friend," said I, "it appears to me that one does not always feed on sweetmeats and fresh eggs. This is the veal which you praised with so much gravity, and this the inn where you promised such fine entertainment. What do you think of your landlord now? and of the supper and breakfast he has given you? The honest man who never gives cat for hare, or old ewe for young mutton? The worthy whose utmost desire it is to have a clear countenance before the whole world?"

Although I suffered from the discovery, as may easily be imagined by any one who has by chance

encountered a similar misfortune, yet I could hardly repress a certain feeling of merriment which the scene excited, and which served in some measure to subdue the unpleasantness of the recollection.

Thinking that, possessing the secret, I could make my host produce my cloak, I took courage and began to call lustily about me. I plainly challenged him with the theft, and he as resolutely denied it. I threatened to bring the justice to his house, though without saying a word of what I had seen; but he, seeing that I was a poor boy, treated me with the utmost contempt, threatened me with the whip, and made use of language peculiar to cowards when they impose on persons weaker than themselves. But as the weakest thing will turn when trodden on, so, with my slender strength, on a repetition of the insult, did I seize on a brick, and hurled it at him with such force, that, had he not avoided the blow, I should have had little occasion for further justice. But he escaped me; and, running quickly into his room, sallied from thence with a naked sword. He came against me; and I, already beginning to quake for my life, took up two large pebble stones with which the floor was paved, and stood on my defence; which, when the rascal saw, his courage seemed to be checked.

During this scene, the uproar became so great, that the people of the place grew alarmed, and the

neighbours came rushing towards us, together with the justice and lawyers. Two alcaldes arrived together, for the purpose of accommodating both parties; and the lawyers instantly proceeded to business, by endeavouring all in their power to incense one party against the other.

In answer to their enquiries into the matter, I told them frankly all that had passed with respect to the cloak; but, taking the magistrates aside, I made them acquainted with the circumstance of our finding the mule, and the manner in which we had been treated. These worthies wished first to assure themselves of this fact; but, thinking they had time for all things, commenced by ordering the innkeeper to prison, who, under the supposition that the charge against him related entirely to the cloak, and knowing the little evidence I had respecting it, behaved with the utmost effrontery, making it all a matter of jest, and disputing with the carrier whether I had ever had one.

His vaunting was, however, but of short duration; for, seeing his pickle-tubs brought out by my direction, and, after that, the skin and refuse of the mule, he seemed actually petrified with fear; so much so, that, falling on his knees, he confessed his delinquency, without attempting to conceal a single circumstance; thus proving, as I before said, that the greatest rogues are always the greatest cowards.

Fearful of being put to the torture, he then confessed his numerous villanies, which, it appeared, were not limited to the plunder of passengers at his inn, but occasionally on the highway. I lent an attentive ear to his confession, hoping that some light might have been thrown on the disappearance of my cloak; but in vain—he owed me too much good will to let me be a gainer by his downfall.

Our honest friend was then sent to prison, and we were detained some time to give our evidence against him, after which we were allowed to pursue our journey. We rejoined our companion of the night before, with whom we made merry with our adventure. Coming away so quickly, we forgot to attend mass, which I lamented much, and it struck me then, as I found it afterwards, that a bad beginning has generally an indifferent close.

OF THE PLEASANT LIFE WHICH GUZMAN LED AMONG HIS BRETHREN; AND AN ACCOUNT OF HIS JOURNEY TO GAETA; WITH THE HISTORY OF A CELEBRATED MENDICANT WHO DIED AT FLORENCE.

In spite of the article contained in the tenth statute of the common law promulgated concerning the state of mendicity, I considered it would be imprudent to make open avowal of the secret I had

learnt from Corduan for the benefit of all. We nevertheless lived in perfect harmony together. In the evenings we used to assemble, some ten or twelve of us, and amused ourselves with discussing the different kind of new exclamations we had hit upon, to rouse public sympathy in our behalf. Such was the skill of a few, that they had invented forms of benediction from which they derived considerable profit by the sale of them to other less ingenious heads than their own; so great was their novelty and efficacy with all classes.

On every festival we went early in the morning to church, where plenary indulgence was always granted us. We placed ourselves in the most convenient stations; we continued there the whole morning; and towards evening we issued forth into the neighbouring villages, calling at the country seats and farm-houses on our road. From these we usually brought away some slices of bacon, bread and cheese, eggs, and sometimes old clothes and other articles; so successfully did we work upon the charity of the good people. Did a person above the common rank happen to make his appearance, we instantly united in setting up a loud lamentation, even at a distance, giving him time to put his hand into his pocket, and vociferating louder and louder the nearer he came, so as to compel him in a manner to be charitable.

If we met a number of good citizens together, and had leisure to prepare to accost them in due form, each played his own part,—one the *blind*, another the *halt*, a third the *dumb*, a fourth the *paralytic*, a fifth the *idiotic*, and some with crutches, making altogether a complication of human misery and distortion, which, with the most able at our head, was sure to penetrate into the pockets even of the callous. Could you but have heard the concord of sweet sounds we made at the crisis that decided the balance in our favour. We beseeched the Lord to bless them with lovely children,—to return their bounty a hundred fold,—and long to preserve their precious health. Not a party of pleasure could be got up, not a single festival pass but we had some share in it; so that however much others expended we gained by them; and so acute was our scent that we could smell the preparation for them at an enormous distance.

In the same way, the mansions of the cardinals, the bishops, and ambassadors, with all kind of open houses, were successfully besieged and occupied by us. Thus we might truly be said to possess all, levying as we did a tax upon all, though really having nothing. I know not how my comrades felt inclined on receiving charity from the hands of a pretty lady; but, for my part, miserable sinner, when I accosted a young creature, enchanting both in face and figure, I looked her steadily in the face

while I asked with my eyes fixed upon hers. If she gave me any thing, I caught her hand, pressed it affectionately, and imprinted upon it a kiss in the fervour of my gratitude, before she had time to withdraw it. Yet so respectfully, or rather, hypocritically was this done, that the lady, not being previously alarmed, took the whole in good part, as a transport of grateful joy.

What are called the pleasures of life,—erroneously supposed to be monopolized by the great and the wealthy of this best of worlds,—are, in fact, the chief property of us mendicants, who feel no drawback, but taste their flavour with a double relish, without a tithe of their anxiety and trouble to obtain them. Had the happy fellows no other privilege than that of asking freely, and receiving without the least touch of shame or pain, it is such a one as the rest of mankind cannot boast; if we only except monarchs and their royal families, who, without a blush, can demand what they please from their good people, while the sole difference between them and other beggars is, that they always wring out silver and gold even from the poorest people, while we require nothing but a mere trifle from the most proud and wealthy. There is no condition, therefore, more happy and respectable than that of the mendicant, but all do not know their own happiness:—"beati si sua bona norint."

The most part of us,—wholly sunk in the enjoyment of mere animal life; insensible of the true pleasure of living independently, free from strife, from all speculative losses, all intrigues of state, eternal business; in short, from the infernal embarrassment in which the great are involved,—to the day of their death have the folly to envy what they ought to avoid. The first man who embraced our kind of life, must, from his very nature, have been much better than the great—I mean a great philosopher.

I had been led to think that this noble fraternity was safe from the usual shocks of fortune, but the malicious goddess made them occasionally feel the effects of her ire,—throwing little stumbling-blocks in their way, much like the one I broke my shins over, when on a visit at Gaeta, whither I had gone out of curiosity, and in the idea that a man, already able in the profession, would only need to enter the town to feel a revivifying shower of alms poured upon him from all sides. No sooner was I there, than, having assumed a new complexion, I placed myself at the entrance into a church. As luck would have it, the governor of the place was then passing, and after looking at me very earnestly for a few moments, he gave me alms. A number of the natives immediately followed his example, and it acted as a continued benediction for me during more

than a week; but there is a medium in all things, and I did not observe the golden rule. On the next festival, my complexion appearing no longer ingenious enough, I changed it for a huge ulcer on my leg, and for this purpose, I put in practice one of the choicest secrets given me by Corduan.

After having put my leg into this elegant case, I took an advantageous station at the entrance to a well frequented church. There, setting up a sorrowful howl, caused by the new pain I felt from the ulcer, I caught the eye of almost every one that passed. I thought I excited the compassion of all who looked on me, but unluckily my rubicond complexion, which I had neglected to sicken over with white, seemed to give the lie to my lamentations, and might well excite suspicion; but good people are not over suspicious, and I heard the golden shower dropping sweetly and plentifully, as they went into the house of prayer. In short, I got more than all the rest of my brethren put together, and they wished me at the devil, with my ulcer, that brought the capital into one bank.

As the stars at last would have it, there came the governor to hear mass at this very church,—surely for my sins,—and he recognized my voice in a moment, surveying me intently from head to foot. Yes, it was my voice, for elsewhere I was impenetrable; my whole person being disguised in the most effectual

manner, with a huge napkin round my head, reaching down to my nose. Alas! he was a man of strong natural penetration, and suspicious as the devil; for, as he fixed me with his eyes, he seemed to be saying within himself, "For these several days past, I have heard, I have seen, this odd-looking fish; is it possible he has got so dreadful an ulcer—all at once! Let us examine a little farther." "Friend," he observed, "you seem in a sad plight; your case truly deserves compassion; come, follow me, I will at least give you a shirt to your back."

I had the indiscretion to obey, for I suspected nothing. Had I so done, spite of all the people at his heels, I vow I would have given him the slip, and saved my unfortunate carcass. He had no sooner got me safely housed, than he assumed a cold and severe aspect, from which I augured nothing pleasant. He then asked me sharply, if I were not the person he had seen at the door of a church, with a complexion as pale as death? I grew pale enough indeed, at this, and lost all presence of mind; I could not deny it: and when he asked me how I had got so speedily cured of my scalded head, and other infirmities, I was still more puzzled than before. "Besides," he continued, "I cannot comprehend how, with that ruddy complexion of thine, thou hast got such a terrible ulcer in the leg." "My Lord," replied I, quite disconcerted, and trembling

every limb, "I know not how it is, except that it is the will of God."

But what was my anxiety, when I heard the governor direct one of his messengers to go and call in a surgeon. I saw what was coming, and would have made an attempt to save myself, had not the doors been already closed upon me. Not a chance was left me; the dreaded surgeon came, he examined my leg; but with all his ability and experience, he would, perhaps, have been deceived, had not the cruel governor privately communicated the reasons he had to believe me an impostor. Of course, he had little merit after that, of probing the thing to the bottom: he unbundled it all anew, and putting on a knowing face; "I verily believe," he said, "the rogue has nothing amiss with his leg, any more than I have with my eyes; I see through it; bring me some warm water;" which being done, he proceeded to restore it to its natural form and colour. I had not a word to say in my defence, and held my tongue.

The governor then ordered me to be presented with a shirt, as he had promised, and this was nothing but a most severe flagellation, administered by a stout fellow, who laid on at the governor's special order with right good will on my bare carcase. After thirty lashes he stopped; I was dressed by the same surgeon, and told to take myself off, spite of my

smarting, at double quick time, under a more terrible penalty were I again found in the same territories. This advice was quite superfluous. I hastened from the accursed spot, shrugging up my shoulders, and marched as quickly as possible to reach the milder government of the Pope. I uttered a thousand benedictions at the sight of my well-loved Rome once more; I wept for joy as I entered it; and wished that I had arms long enough to embrace it with the devoted love of some returning prodigal son, or happy pilgrim.

I rejoined my comrades, and took care not to say a word of the new marks of honour I had brought back with me: there would have been no end to their raillery, and I should never have heard the last of it. I merely said I had been making a little excursion to the adjacent villages, but, with the exception of Rome, there was no place on which our profession could fairly rely, either for profit or safety. I had, indeed, been a great ass to leave such a city at all. Our plan now was, when we had got some money together, to convert it into gold, which we sewed up in our clothes; and which, old as they were, covered wherewithal to buy many a costly suit. It might fairly be said of us, indeed, that we were edged with gold. A few of the more experienced veterans among us, were like treasure ships, escorted by a convoy of other less valuable but not less

formidable vessels, armed well with cudgels instead of guns. The poor are always avaricious and cruel, and they possess these two qualities in a supreme degree. I can give a very singular and satisfactory example in the history of one of the profession whom I knew; it is really altogether too curious to omit. He was of Genoa, named Pantoloni Castelleto, married at Florence, and had a son, whom he proposed to provide for without the usual difficulty of labour, or giving the *quid pro quo*. The villain, knowing the suppleness of an infant's joints, actually broke and distorted them in a manner to make a perfect object of the poor little wretch; though you will say, perhaps, this is not very extraordinary in a beggar. To be sure, the members of that profession in all nations are subjected to this treatment, for the purpose of exciting compassion; but as a Genoese, our Pantoloon had an ambition to excel all his generation therein; he disfigured his own child in so horrible a way, as to reverse his whole system, if we except his tongue and his arms. He was borne about the streets in a kind of cage, fixed on the back of an ass, which the little hunchback guided well enough with his hands.

If his body, however, were deprived of human shape, his intellect seemed proportionably to have grown keener. His wit improved as he grew older. In this way, his hits were so hard and his replies so

comical and caustic, that he levied upon every one he met; his humour being seconded by his appearance. This satire upon nature and mankind survived withal to his seventy-second year, at which period he fell sick, and, feeling his latter end approach, he became more serious, sent for a confessor, a clever fellow whom he knew, and, having conversed with him upon his affairs, both spiritual and temporal, he made him call a notary, and dictated his will in the following terms:—"1stly, I commit my soul to God who created it—my body to the earth—and wish to be buried in my own parish. 2dly, I order that my ass shall be sold and the proceeds be applied to defray my funeral expenses. As to my pack-saddle, I leave it, as by right, to my lord, the grand duke, whom I name also for my executor and residuary heir."

The old mendicant died a few days afterwards, and his will being made public, became the general topic of Florence. Having very generally possessed the reputation of a sarcastic and eccentric genius, it was thought that this last trait of burlesque had been thrown out to make us laugh after he was gone; but the duke thought different: he had heard of his habits, and he suspected there was some mystery hung about the will.

To ascertain this, he ordered the pack-saddle which had been left him to be brought into his palace, and examined in presence of all his court. Not a little

to their surprise, there tumbled out a lot of gold pieces, which continued to shower down till they reached the sum of three thousand six hundred crowns, each of the value of four hundred maravedis. It afterwards appeared, that it was by the advice of the confessor that he had thus disposed of his fortune; a gift of which the grand duke made a most pious use, inasmuch as he applied the whole to a charitable foundation—that of saying masses, in perpetuity, for the benefit of the testator's soul.

HOW GUZMAN EXCITED THE COMPASSION OF MY LORD CARDINAL, AND WHAT ENSUED.

HAVING roused myself early one fine morning, according to custom, I went and seated myself at the door of a cardinal, concerning whom I had heard an excellent character, being one of the most charitably disposed in Rome. I had taken the trouble of getting one of my legs swelled, on which, notwithstanding what had passed, was to be seen a new ulcer, one that might set at defiance the most penetrating eye or probe of a surgeon. I had not this time omitted to have my face as pale as death; and thus, filling the air with horrible lamentations while I was asking alms, I moved the souls of the different domestics who came in and out to take pity

upon me. They gave me something; but I was yet only beating up for game—it was their master I wanted. He at length made his appearance—I redoubled my cries and groans—I writhed in anguish; —and I then accosted him in these terms:—"Oh! most noble Christian; thou friend of Christ and his afflicted ones! have pity upon me, a poor wretched sinner. Behold me cut down in the flower of my days;—may your Excellency be touched with my extreme misery, for the sake of the sufferings of our dear Redeemer." The cardinal, who was really a pious man, stopped; and, after looking at me earnestly, turned to his attendants. "In the name of Christ, take this unhappy being, and bear him into my own apartments! let the rags that cover him be exchanged for fine linen; put him into a good bed—nay into my own—and I will go into another room. I will tend on him; for in him do I verily see what must have been the sufferings of our Saviour." He was obeyed; and, oh charity! how didst thou shame those lordly prelates who think Heaven in debt to them, if they do but look down on some poor wretch; while my good cardinal, not content with what he had done, ordered two surgeons to attend, recommending them to do all in their power to ease my agony, and to examine and cure my leg; after which they should be well recompensed. He then, bidding me be of good cheer, left me, to pursue his affairs; and the surgeons,

to make the best of my case. They declared at once that it was useless, and that gangrene had already commenced. So seriously did they pronounce this, that, though I knew the effect was solely produced by staining my leg with a certain herb, I almost felt alarmed for the consequence. They then took out their case of instruments, called for a cauldron of hot water, for some fine linen, and a poultice. While these were in preparation, they questioned me as to the origin of my disease, how long I had it, &c. &c.?—moreover, whether I drank wine, and what was my usual diet? To these, and to a hundred such interrogatories, I replied not a word; so great was my alarm at the terrific processes that appeared to be going on, in order to restore me to my pristine health and soundness. I was infinitely perplexed, not knowing to what saint to have recourse; for I was apprehensive there might not be a single one in heaven inclined to interfere in behalf of so thorough-paced a rascal. I recalled to mind the lesson I had so lately been taught at Gaeta, and had my misgivings that I might not escape even on such good terms as I had done there. The surgeons ranked high in their profession; and, after having curiously turned round my leg about twenty times, retired into another room to discuss the result of their observations. I remained in a state of horror not to be described; for it had got into my head that they would decide upon ampu-

tation; to learn which I crept softly towards the door to listen, fully resolved to reveal the imposture in so dreadful an alternative. "Sir," said one, "we may consult here for ever, to little purport; he has got St. Anthony's fire." "No such thing," replied the other, "he has no more fire in his leg than I have in my hand: we might easily remove it in a couple of days." "You cannot be serious," said the first speaker. "By St. Comus, I know something of ulcers; and here, I maintain it, we have a gangrene." "No, no, friend," replied the second, "we have no ulcer—we have a rogue to deal with—nothing is the matter with him. I know the whole history of his ulcer, and how it was made. It is by no means very rare; for I know the herbs with which the impostor has prepared it, and the ingenious method in which they have been applied. The other seemed quite confounded at this assertion; but, ashamed of owning himself a dupe, he persisted in his former opinion: on which a pretty warm colloquy would have ensued, had not the more ingenious of the two had the sense to recommend first to examine the leg, and to end the dispute afterwards. "Look a little deeper into the matter," said he, "and you will see the fellow's knavery." "With all my heart. I will confess you are right, when I see there is no ulcer, or rather gangrene." "That is not enough," replied his colleague. "In acknowledging your error, you must also admit I am entitled

to at least a third more fees than yourself." "By no means," retorted the other. "I have eyes to detect imposture as well as you; and I am of opinion we ought to divide the good cardinal's fees fairly between us. The dispute now waxed warm, and, rather than give up his point, each declared that he would make the cardinal acquainted with the whole business.

In this dilemma I did not hesitate a moment,—there was no time to lose,—escape was impossible. I rushed into the presence of the faculty, and threw myself at their feet. With well-dissembled grief I thus addressed them:—"Alas! my dear Sirs, take pity upon an unfortunate fellow-creature. Think, gentlemen, 'homo sum; nihil humani,' &c.: I am mortal like yourselves,—you know the hard-heartedness of the great, and how the poor and forlorn are compelled to assume the most horrible shapes in order to soften their hardness; and in doing this what risks and sufferings do we not encounter, and all for so small a remuneration. Besides, what advantage will you get by exposing such a poor miserable sinner? You will certainly lose your fees, which you need not do if you will let us understand each other. You may rely on my discretion; the fear of consequences will keep me silent, and we may each benefit in our respective professions."

Upon this the men of physic again consulted, and

at length came to the resolution of pocketing their fees, "secundum artem." Being all of one mind, we now begged to be ushered into the presence of the cardinal, and the surgeons then ordered me to be placed upon a couch, at the side of which they made an immense display of chirurgical instruments, dressings, &c.—again consulted, and after wrapping my leg in a great number of bandages, they desired that I might be put into a warm bed. His excellency, meanwhile, was full of anxiety to learn the state of my health, and whether there were any hopes of recovery? "My Lord," replied one of the surgeons, "the patient is in a deplorable situation, gangrene has already begun; still, with time and care, there is a chance that he might recover, please God, but it will be a long affair." "And he is fortunate," said his coadjutor, "in having fallen into our hands; another day, and he was lost for ever; but no doubt Providence must have directed him to the door of your excellency."

This account seemed to please the cardinal; it gave him occasion to display the truest Christian charity, and he desired that neither time nor skill might be spared in the endeavour to restore me to health. He also directed that I should be supplied with every thing; and the surgeons on their part pledged themselves to do all that art could effect, and each of them to pay me a visit at least twice in the

day; it being necessary to detect the slightest change that might occur in my present condition. They then withdrew, not a little to my consolation; for I could not but regard them while present, in the light of two executioners, who might fall upon me at any moment, or publish my imposition to the world. So far from this, however, they made me keep my apartment for three months, which to me seemed like so many ages, so difficult is it to give up the habit of gambling—or begging, with the tone of freedom they seem to include. In vain was I daintily lodged and fed, like his excellency himself; the *ennui* I felt was intolerable. I was incessantly beseeching the doctors to take pity on me, and bring the farce to a close, until they were at length compelled to yield to my importunity.

They left off dressing my leg, and, on its being reduced to its natural size, they acquainted the good cardinal with the fact, who was in raptures at the performance, under his auspices, of so great a cure. He rewarded them handsomely, and came to congratulate me on the miraculous event; and having acquitted myself well in his frequent visits to me, in regard both to my opinions and my principles, he imbibed a real kindness for me; and to give me a farther proof of it, he gave me the situation of one of his confidential attendants,—a species of honour I was too deeply sensible of to be able to refuse.

HE BECOMES PAGE TO THE LORD CARDINAL, AND PLAYS OFF SOME CURIOUS JOKES.

BEHOLD me at once in the character assigned me, of favourite page to his eminence, an enormous step in life for me; though from that of rogue to private domestic, with the exception of the livery, there is not so great a distance as might be supposed. But to turn me from habits of idleness, and living by my wits, was something like trying to make a fish live out of water, for such was my element. The tavern was my province,—the primum mobile—the centre on which I moved. But here every thing seemed to go by clock-work; order and sobriety were general rules; and I was either employed in showing people up and down stairs, or placed sentinel in an ante-room, standing like a long-necked heron in a fish-pond, upon one melancholy leg. In short, I was at every body's beck and call; sometimes behind my master's chair, at others behind his carriage; and always expected to be in twenty different places at once, without any respite from the first of January to the last day of December. "Wretched slave that I am," I exclaimed, "what boots it to put up with this unhappy life from week to week, and year to year. Alas! it will kill me, I must fly for it; once I was lacquey to all the world, and now my genius pines under a single master. I wear his livery; and what are

my perquisites but candles' ends! Here too I run risk; unhappy Guzman! should I be detected, assuredly I should not escape under fifty lashes!" And in this way I went on bemoaning my unfortunate condition. Besides the candles' ends, we used occasionally to help ourselves to any of the delicacies of the season; but this required more address than many of my companions could lay claim to; and one day I remember there occurred a disagreeable affair in consequence. A fool of a waiter, happening to be fond of sweets, laid hands upon some fine honeycomb, which he thought he had cunningly hidden in his pocket handkerchief. The weather was excessively hot; and the honey was soon running down the white stockings of the thief. As his fate would have it, the cardinal's eye came in contact with the phenomenon, and, suspecting what was the case, he burst into a violent fit of laughing. "See, my good fellow," he cried, "the blood is running down your leg, you have wounded yourself, what is it?" At this inquiry the attention of the whole company was directed the same way; his fellow-servants stared; and the wretched culprit stood before them with all the evidence of detected guilt glowing in his face. Yet too happy had he got rid of the affair with this exposure, for he paid far more dear for his whistle, so as to make it the bitterest honey he ever tasted.

The greater part of his companions were as little

experienced in the light-fingered art as himself, while I, agreeably to my old custom, undertook to instruct them, by laying my hands on every thing belonging to them, that came in my way. His eminence, in an adjoining cabinet, kept a large box of dried sweets, confectionary, and fruit of all kind, to which he was extremely partial. Among other articles, he had a choice store of Bergamot pears, Genoese plums, Granada melons, Seville lemons, oranges from Placentia, lemons from Murcia, cucumbers from Valencia, love-apples from Toledo, peaches from Aragon, and raisons from Malaga; indeed, every thing most exquisite and alluring were to be found in this fragrant chest. My mouth watered every time I went near it; and much more, when the cardinal ordered me to take the key and bring him a dish, after he had dined. But I longed in vain, for, as if suspecting my object, his eminence took care to be present, while I opened the precious deposit;—a want of confidence which sounded to me like a challenge of skill, and made me resolve, if possible, to outwit him, and taste "the forbidden fruit," in spite of him. I now thought of nothing but how to accomplish my favourite scheme. The box was an ell and a half broad, two and a half long, and had a good lock in the middle. Yet to work I went; and first, I took a flat stick, which I introduced in a corner of the chest, and used as a lever. After this,

I took more of the same kind, so as gradually to raise the top till I could introduce my little hand, and filch what came nearest to me; but lest this should appear, I got a little hook to draw the fruit from the other side, so as to make an even surface. By this plan I became master of this sweet little storehouse, without keeping a key.

Unluckily, however, I made such frequent applications to the same treasury, that the deficiency became apparent. The cardinal saw enough to make him think—the dilapidations were terrible—and, one day, taking a fancy to a beautiful lemon which he remarked the evening before, it was found to be no longer *in esse*. Greatly astonished, the dignitary called his chief attendants: he wished to know who of all had the impertinence to open his sweet-box without his permission. He charged his major-domo, a priest of a severe, forbidding countenance, to make minute inquiry, and let him know the author of so bold and wicked an attack. The surly priest fixed his eye upon the pages: he commanded us all instantly to appear in the great hall, and to undergo a strict search; but examinations and threats were alike useless—he was just as wise as before—the fruit was already eaten.

The affair blew over; nothing more was said, but his eminence had not forgotten it. On my side, too, I was on my guard: for three days I did not so much

as look at the box, though I felt such forbearance extremely painful to me. I was only reserving my ingenuity for an occasion of indulging it with a greater degree of impunity. It presented itself, I thought, one day after dinner, when my master was engaged in play with some other dignitaries. While thus occupied, I concluded I should have full leisure to return to the charge. I glided, with my genius all on the alert, into the secret cabinet; no one had seen me; I was already in the act of drawing forth some precious specimens, when I heard a foot approaching quickly; in my hurry to get my hand out, one of my levers gave way, the lid closed, and I remained fairly caught, like a rat in a trap; when, on looking round, I beheld the cardinal at the door, with an expression of malicious triumph in his countenance. "Ah, ah, my friend Guzman," he exclaimed, "it is you, is it, to whom I am indebted for the loss of my sweetest fruit?" I could not reply; but the horrible grimaces I made, and my excessive vexation at being thus surprised, gave me so ludicrous an appearance, that his eminence could not avoid laughing. He then called his visitors to enjoy the sight, pointing me out as the little delinquent he had long been in search of; and the whole of them appeared to be infinitely amused at my expense, the cardinal declaring, that, as it would be long ere I appeared in a similar situation, he must make the best of a bad example. He next

called his steward, the man with the hard, gloomy countenance, and, pointing me out, ordered me to receive five and twenty lashes of the sharpest and severest he could give. The cardinal's guests upon this ventured to interfere in my behalf; but all they could do was to get the sentence commuted for half the number of lashes, which they agreed I had well merited. What was worse, Domine Niccolo, my mortal enemy, was the arm fixed upon to inflict the horrible stripes, in his own apartments, and acquitted himself so well of the charge intrusted to him, that I felt the effects of it for more than a month afterwards.

But, if he here indulged his ill-will, I was determined not to be behind-hand with him, and I accomplished my vengeance in the following manner. It was then the season for gnats, which could bite as well as Master Niccolo, and shewed as little respect to his stewardship as to other people. He complained bitterly of their disturbing his rest. "Sir," said I, "you may be rid of them whenever you please; in Spain we have an admirable secret for keeping them at a distance, and I will communicate it to you if you wish it." "You will do me a favour," returned the major-domo, "if you can tell me how to keep these vile beasts away." "Then you have only to hang at the head of your bed a large bunch of parsley well steeped in vinegar; the gnats will no

sooner smell it, than they will all settle upon it, and, the next moment, fall down dead. This has always succeeded." He believed me, and was resolved to try the experiment even on the ensuing night; but he never repeated it; for, instead of killing the vicious little devils, it made them ten times more vigorous and alert, and they assaulted the unfortunate Messer Niccolo more cruelly than ever; they nearly bit his eyes out, and his nose swelled to the size of a pumpkin. In his attempts to keep them off, he smote himself as many blows, and almost as hard as he had hit upon my rear quarters; so that, considering the much greater time and torture to which he was subjected, I found that I had been well avenged. In the morning I went early to his bed side; his eyes were closed and swelled, his face, hands, and neck so well peppered with bites and red blotches, that few of his best acquaintance could have recognized him. He assured me in a hoarse voice, for his throat seemed sore also, that my receipt was of no value whatever. "Then that was owing," I replied, "to your not steeping the parsley long enough in vinegar, or perhaps the vinegar was not good; for it is a fact, that I have tried the same means these many nights, and never once knew it to fail." The simple steward thought this was all gospel, and prepared fresh bunches, which he allowed to steep in new vinegar for upwards of six hours.

The next night he strewed his whole chamber as well as his bed with the preparation; the consequence of which was, that the gnats of all the vicinity swarmed into the apartment, and he was nearly eaten up alive.

The ensuing day he looked more like a leper than a human being; and such were his sufferings and his rage, that he would assuredly have immolated me to the manes of his departed peace had he encountered me alone.

I was, in fact, compelled to throw myself upon the consideration of the cardinal, who called us both into his presence, and after giving me a severe rebuke, cautioned Messer Niccolo, with a smile, against proceeding to extremities; and insisted, like an excellent christian, upon our keeping the peace. "Yet why, Guzman," he concluded, "have you played off such a wicked trick upon this good man; what demon instigated you?" "The demon of twelve lashes, my Lord," replied I, "and not only of twelve, as he had orders from you to do, but of more than twenty, which he gave me out of his own good will. I have only returned him what he lent with interest." In this way did the affair blow over. However, I was no longer a page of the chamber; I was degraded from my rank, and driven to serve among the menials of the establishment. Still I did not despair: the chamberlain was

a man of honour, and could see to reward merit, though a little over scrupulous, and even visionary in his notions. He had some poor relatives, whom he used to assist with at least half of his salary; and sometimes he went to dine or sup with them; a circumstance which afforded the old major-domo a subject of mirth and raillery before the other officers of the household, and even in the presence of his eminence.

One evening, the chamberlain, having returned from a visit to his relations, rather indisposed, went to repose himself in his own room. The cardinal, seeing him absent at supper, made inquiries respecting him; in answer to which, he was informed that the good chamberlain was indisposed. "What is the matter with him? go instantly and bring me back word," said the cardinal; "he must not be neglected." The messenger soon returned with an answer, that the patient's complaint was so trivial as only to require a little rest to restore him to health. All was so far well, had it not been for the malice borne the poor man by Messer Niccolo, who, having learnt the next morning that he found himself much better, yet failed to make his appearance, was resolved to rouse him. With this view he disguised one of the pages, who was in his confidence, in women's clothes, and directed him to conceal himself in a recess of the chamberlain's apartments; in which he

succeeded without the occupant's knowledge. Meanwhile, the cardinal inquired after the health of his chamberlain, to which Messer Niccolo replied, "My Lord, I am informed that he has had but a poor night, but that he is now better." The cardinal, who was truly attached to all who surrounded him, said he would go and make a visit to the patient, and the major-domo forthwith ordered him to be awakened, and made acquainted with the honour which his excellency had in store for him.

The cardinal accordingly entered the chamber, and took his station by the side of the patient's bed; but in the same moment, what was his surprise, to behold a lady issue from her place of concealment, and, with evident marks of embarrassment, run across the room, as if eager to avoid the dignitary's presence. "I am lost! I am ruined!" she exclaimed, as she made her escape. "What will his excellency think of me?" Not in the least prepared for such a scene, and believing his chamberlain to be little worse than a saint, the good cardinal was at a loss to express his horror and astonishment; while the patient, as if he had set eyes on some terrific vision, cried out to all the saints to protect him, for that the great devil, as in the case of St. Antony, had assuredly cast out his snare for him. Such was his agitation, that he had nearly leaped out of bed in presence of the good cardinal, in order to effect his escape from the polluted

spot. The rest of the domestics had, by this time, gathered round, and being in possession of the secret, could not conceal their extreme mirth on the occasion, which led to the discovery of the plot; for his excellency, taking compassion on the unhappy man, charged the parties present with an attempt to bring him into disrepute; and assuring him that he saw through the whole scheme, bade him good cheer; and with a smile he could not conceal, took his leave of us.

This occurred just at the moment I was returning from the discharge of a commission, with which I had been entrusted early in the morning. I found the good chamberlain still looking dejected and unhappy, on which I entreated him to acquaint me with the cause of his trouble. He told me all; at the same time more than insinuating his conjecture of the author—no other than Messer Niccolo himself. "It is so, my dear Guzman," he replied, to my condolence; "and I would give either my last eye, or my tooth, to bring it home to him, and avenge myself on his extreme duplicity and baseness. To do this, I am in need of your advice: a master of the art, like you, will enable me, after what you have done, to give him a good Roland for his Oliver." "Why truly," replied I, "if I were in your place, I would not sit down quietly under the insult; he should never get absolution for such a piece of

indecent wickedness as that; no, he should do penance for it to the last day he had to live. He is my superior, I know; and I have no business to meddle in the affairs of those above me. To be sure, I was pardoned for taking vengeance on the same gentleman, because it is natural for even the least animals to turn and sting the foot that tramples on them; and he had, moreover, treated me in the most brutal and shocking manner. But here I dare not interfere."

It was in vain, however, I represented my inability and disinclination to enter into the question; his repeated intreaties, and the friendship I felt for him, added to my dislike of Messer Niccolo, to say nothing of my natural love of mischief, had too powerful a hold upon me; and I gave him my hand. "Rely upon me," I observed; "I will put my best foot foremost in this affair, and redeem the good opinion you seem to entertain of me. But you must be most cautious not to let him suspect any thing; be on the same friendly footing with him as before,—he must not know we are acquainted with the author of the bitter jest, for that would spoil all." He promised compliance; and, in fact, played his part so well, that not a single soul of the establishment imagined what was going forward. Every body thought, from his easy manner, that he had ceased even to remember the occurrence at all.

Meanwhile, the scheme I had in view was secretly approaching to maturity. I bought the ingredients I wanted; namely, powdered rosin, mastic, and incense. I mixed it all together, and put it, wrapped in a paper, in my pocket, to be ready at any moment. Nor was it long before an opportunity offered. One day, as the post was on the point of setting out for Spain, and the Cardinal's head man mightily engaged, I entered early in the morning into his quarters, and found his valet waiting in his dressing room. "Friend Giacomo," I observed, "I am going to breakfast; I have got a nice ham, bread, honey, &c., all I want to add is a bottle of wine; if you can provide one and come and partake, well; if not, I must seek one who will." "Go no farther," replied my friend, "you have found your man,—I will get a bottle of excellent wine,—stop where you are; I will be with you in a moment." He went; and looking about for what I wanted,—being left master of the wardrobe,—I saw a pair of inexpressibles, in which he was accustomed to wait on state occasions. Turning them inside out, I gave them a good sprinkling with the powder I had brought with me, after which I carefully replaced them in the same spot. Giacomo returned with the wine; but we had hardly begun breakfast, when his master called him to dress, and kept him so long in assisting him, that I was obliged to empty the whole bottle

by myself, in patient expectation, at the same time, of hearing something of the operation of my powder.

It produced its effect during a dinner, to which a great number of guests had been invited. It was in the middle of summer; the heat was frightful, and Messer Niccolo was busy in the hall superintending the other domestics. I observed by his gestures that he was far from being quite at his ease, though for the life of him he dare not give expression to the extreme irritation he suffered. He knew not how to move, or how to look; and, as fate would have it, the more he stirred the greater became his torment.

The tenacious powder, coming to still closer contact, at last irritated him to such a degree, that he stood like some wretch under a severe bastinado of nettle-rods, or whips tipped with the points of needles. Nor was this all; the cardinal beckoned him, and speaking to him softly in the ear, he all at once caught a whiff of the fragrant powder, which made him put his hand to his nose, and enquire what kind of new incense he bore about him. The major-domo's face grew all colours, and he took himself to a greater distance, while a long smothered laugh among the rest of the domestics, led all to direct their eyes towards the unhappy Niccolo, and then with a look of suspicion upon me. I stood close to him, enjoying my triumph, but with a serious countenance, listening to all his ejaculations, and secret

complaints. "Guzman, my friend," he observed, what means the tittering of yon idle rogues?" "It is all," I replied aloud, "because our worthy major-domo has thought proper to take a dose of Spanish flies, to produce a gentle motion." The cardinal burst into a loud laugh, and the whole of his guests followed his example. Niccolo saw at once he had been made the martyr of some mad freak, and unable to stand out against the redoubled peals that resounded on every side, he fairly ran for it, followed by the inhuman jeers of us all. He was no sooner gone, than his excellency, addressing himself to the chamberlain, enquired into the merits of the case, and was informed of every thing relative to it. This put the seal to my character, both as a very deep and a very dangerous man to have any business with, except upon an amicable footing.

In short, ere two months, I was restored to my situation of page, and resumed my usual functions. I conducted myself just as if nothing derogatory to me had occurred; having once lost the sense of shame, my self-possession and presumption were really extraordinary. If ever, I was only ashamed of being taken in the fact. Such indeed, was my predilection for mischief, that to serve some roguish end, I believe I should have taken a leap from the top of St. Angelo, to seize on my prey.

The good cardinal being extremely fond also of

preserves, he was never without some jars brought from the choicest places in the world. As the jars were emptied, they became the property of the first valet who laid his hands on them. I had got one in this way, in which I preserved my cards, dice, and silk handkerchiefs, with similar kind of property belonging to a poor page. His excellency was one day told that twelve little barrels were just arrived at a merchant's for him; and the major-domo was forthwith dispatched to procure them. I said to myself, "it will be strange if I cannot get possession of a single barrel;" and I retired to my chamber, to think over the best means of obtaining my object. At last I hit upon this plan:—I emptied the little barrel of my perquisites, and then, having filled it with earth and straw, closed it carefully up, so as to make it appear newly arrived. After this I went to wait the arrival of the others that were about to appear under the escort of our major-domo, who commanded us to carry them forthwith into the cardinal's private cabinet appropriated for the purpose.

Each of my fellow servants took one; I modestly pretended to be the last, for which I had my own reasons, for we all passed by my chamber, and following the others, I had a good opportunity of slipping in without being perceived, and, quickly exchanging the boxes, I carried that filled with earth and boldly laid it down along with the rest in the presence of

the cardinal himself. Being all safely deposited in a row, the cardinal, with an air of complacency, addressed me as I came in last: "Well, Guzman! what think you of these? methinks it would be difficult to get a hand in here, or to force open the lids." "There are many ways, please your excellency," I replied, "for arriving at the same end." "But here I defy you, friend Guzman; all is made fast here." "May I request of your excellency not to say too much," said I, with an appealing look, "for the devil is very busy, and he might suggest something to deceive you." "He is very welcome, then, boy; let him help you to steal from one of these boxes if he can; I give you a full week to prepare your plans. If you succeed, I will not only give you what you catch, but more; it being always understood, that, in case of failure, you pay the penalty in person; for your ingenuity, I suspect, will be no match here for the difficulty of the enterprize." "That is but fair," replied I; "and with your excellency's permission I will gladly venture on the stake. What is more, I will submit to as many lashes as Master Niccolo in his wisdom may think proper to inflict, if I fail to effect in the next twenty-four hours the little object for which you have given me a full week; and you may judge, after what has passed between Master Niccolo and myself, whether I am impartial or not in selecting him for

my judge." The good cardinal smiled, and it was finally arranged between us, that the ensuing day should witness either my triumph or my most painful disgrace.

What a variety of precautions did not the excellent prelate put into practice to keep my fingers from coming into contact with his precious sweets! Not relying only on the power of key and lock, he placed sentinels at the entrance, selected from among those domestics in whom he had the greatest confidence; with what success we shall shew.

The next day at dinner, observing me somewhat thoughtful, my excellent master addressed me with a good natured smile: "Guzman, my poor boy, I guess well the subject of your reverie; you seem already to feel the heavy hand of Master Niccolo applied, as it soon will be, to the patience and fortitude of your disposition." "I am thinking very little about that," retorted I, "inasmuch as I have the sweetmeats already safe in my hands."

Aware that no one could possibly have penetrated through so many precautions as he had adopted, the good prelate seemed perfectly astounded at the impudent confidence of my reply. He rallied me more than before on the severity of the discipline he said I was about to receive, and on the satisfaction he should derive from the exhibition—so justly my due. I let him run on in this strain, but when the

dessert appeared, I stole quietly out of the room, and betook myself to my own chamber. There I took from my own stock a quantity of the finest fruit, with which I covered a splendid plate I had brought with me, and returning, placed it with a most respectful air before his excellency, who could hardly believe the evidence of his senses. Beckoning to his chamberlain, he gave him the keys, and bade him go examine, and bring an account of the number of barrels in his cabinet, as it was too evident there must be one or other missing. He did as he was ordered, and soon returned to say, that the whole were there in perfect safety.

"Ah," exclaimed the prelate, "I see through your trick, Master Guzman; not being able to reach my fruit, you have purchased some at a high price as like mine as possible. No, no; this will not do; you must contrive to overreach me, or submit to be flagellated at Master Niccolo's good pleasure. Seize him, and give it him smartly, as long as you please." "I am ready," returned I, "if you will only first let me show you one of the twelve barrels which came yesterday, and which I have now safe in my room." "Take care what you say, young sir," observed the chamberlain in a grave voice; for I have just counted twelve in his excellency's cabinet." "That is very probable," I replied, "but did you never see a sheep-skin without the sheep?" The

prelate laughed, declaring he would respite me till a full examination had been made; and with that view he invited his noble guests to go along with him, to see, he said, that we had both fair play. To judge by the confident air I had assumed, few there conceived that the thing could possibly fall out to my discomfiture and pain. The good cardinal himself examined the barrels, each separately, and finding them all right in number, he enquired what I had to say. "They are all there, my Lord," returned I, "but does it follow that they are all full of what you think?" Losing all patience, he was about to turn them inside out, when I declared that I would spare him the trouble; at the same time taking the one which I had filled with earth and straw, and strewing the contents upon the floor. After doing this, I ran to my own chamber, and brought back with me the real box, about half emptied of its contents, and gave a true account as to how it had fallen into my hands. Every one present began to applaud my ingenuity, though at the expense of my character, and laughed heartily indeed at the adventure. His excellency, in fulfilment of the promise given, ordered me to be presented with one of the barrels, which I generously gave up to my less distinguished fellow-pages, as if to show that what I had performed was done simply for the diversion of my good master. At length, however, his excellency,

not quite satisfied with other proofs of my dexterity, and the general example held up to his household, would assuredly have rid himself of my services, had not his humanity been aware that it would be exposing me to run my neck straight into a halter, such being my inveterate love of living by my wits.

For this reason he still retained me near him, spite of all the little specks in my character, in order that I might, thus well situated, have no motive for committing any great or grievous crimes.

GUZMAN D'ALFARACHE.

EPISODE.

In the celebrated city of Seville, the capital of Andalusia, resided a foreign merchant named Micer Jacobo. He was of an excellent family, possessed of considerable wealth, and highly respected in his profession. He had been married in early life to a lady of a noble family in Seville, who died a few years after their marriage, leaving him the parent of three children. The two elder were boys, and were educated with all the care which became their rank in life; the youngest, being a girl, was brought up in a convent of nuns, where she was taught every thing

that was deemed in those days necessary to form an accomplished female.

The favours of fortune are held by a most uncertain tenure; and no class of persons experience her mutability more than merchants, whose possessions are estimated by the size of their purses, and the nature of the times, and who seldom know the medium between abundance and poverty.

It happened that the two sons of the merchant, who had been on a voyage to the Indies, were on their return with the produce of their negotiation, amounting to a large sum in gold and silver. They were already within sight of the bar of San Lucar; almost, as it were, on the threshold of their home, when a violent tempest arose, which drove them from the port; and the vessel, becoming unmanageable, foundered upon a reef of rocks, and every body on board perished.

The unfortunate father, overwhelmed with the afflicting intelligence of the death of his children, and the total wreck of his fortunes, was not able to bear up against the calamity, and survived his misfortunes but a few days, leaving his orphan child destitute on the world.

At the period of this terrible bereavement, Dorothea (such was her name) was still under the maternal protection of the nuns. She found herself in so short a space of time deprived of friends and fortune;

and was doomed thus early in life to experience all the vicissitudes attendant on affluence and poverty. Seeing herself so utterly destitute, the first idea that suggested itself to her was, to embrace a religious life. Those employments which had hitherto been followed as amusement, were now to be considered as necessary occupation; and the little elegancies which she had fabricated as presents, were in future to be the only means by which she could gain an honourable subsistence.

The good nuns with whom she had so long resided, conceiving a great regard for her, and pitying her forlorn condition, were anxious that she should still continue with them; but as their will was regulated by their Superior, it was ordered otherwise; for in a few days the poor girl received intimation, that she must either pay a certain sum to be admitted amongst the sisterhood, or quit the convent. Not having the means of complying with the former, she took the latter course, and in company with some young persons of respectability, though almost in an equally destitute condition with herself, she engaged some humble apartment, with the resolution of gaining a subsistence by labour. She was dextrous with her needle, and her talent was so excellent in embroidery, that her work had already gained her some reputation in the city.

Her extreme beauty and misfortunes—her virtue

and amiability, were likewise so well known, that there was but little doubt of her finding sufficient employment. Her patience under misfortune, and the cheerfulness with which she passed from a life of ease to that of labour, were considered as a rare example to all young persons of her time.

The Archbishop, having occasion to order some work in embroidery, and finding that none could do it so well as Dorothea, employed her, and promised that she should be well recompensed. It was necessary, in consequence of the extreme fineness of the work, that the gold of which it was partly constructed, should be of a better quality than any she possessed; she was therefore obliged to go among the shops in the city, though accompanied by some of her companions, to choose some for her purpose.

They were recommended to the shop of a young man who had not long been in business, but who had already contrived, by the fairness of his dealings and the quality of his merchandise, to establish a good reputation. Dorothea wished to purchase enough to finish the work, to save time and the inconvenience of going from home, but finding that the money paid to her in advance would not be sufficient to pay for the gold she required, she intimated to the dealer her intention of returning for the remainder when her work should be in a state of forwardness.

The young man, however, struck with the beauty and manner of his fair customer, and seeing that want of money alone prevented her from completing the purchase, would on no account allow her to be disappointed by any such consideration. "My dear young lady," he said, "if the gold is such as suits your purpose, I beg you will take as much as is necessary without troubling yourself about immediate payment: I am in the habit of giving credit for sums of much greater consequence, and without half the satisfaction that this would afford me." They were all charmed with such unexpected courtesy; and Dorothea, taking the quantity she originally intended, paid what money she had brought, and left her name and address with the young man as security for the remainder.

Dorothea, in taking away the young man's gold, had, though without the slightest design on her part, likewise deprived him of his heart; and after the departure of his fair customer, poor Bonifacio discovered, to his cost, that the return of his merchandise would hardly repay his loss. His mind was so engrossed by the charming image he had beheld, that he could think of nothing else; and considering from what he could judge of her circumstances, that an offer of marriage from a respectable man would not be treated lightly, he determined to make enquiries respecting her.

He found no difficulty in making himself acquainted with all the particulars of her misfortune and of her present situation, with which he remained exceedingly afflicted, seeing, as he thought, an insurmountable objection in the inferiority of his own condition in life. It was true that she was poor; but she might, nevertheless, be imbued with all the prejudices of birth, and consider an alliance with him, although in superior circumstances to herself, to be incompatible with her former ideas of situation and rank. When he thought of her beauty, her good qualities, and the reputation she enjoyed throughout the city, he could not but consider her as a treasure too far removed from him to hope to gain; and he despaired, when reflecting on his own unworthiness and slender pretensions, of creating a sufficiently favourable impression to counterbalance his deficiencies.

But, as true love is not easily disheartened by difficulties, Bonifacio, relying on the correctness of his intentions, determined to neglect no means which opportunity might afford him of acquiring the esteem of his mistress. He found no difficulty, from the pretexts which his business afforded him, of introducing himself to the little *coterie* of which Dorothea was a member; and as his conversation was always marked by cheerfulness and good humour, he soon became a welcome visitor. He proceeded with great

caution; and by a variety of little attentions, without bearing the appearance of officioussnes, he ingratiated himself into the good opinion of all.

Amongst the companions of Dorothea was one, who, from her greater age and experience, was entrusted with the direction of their little establishment, and she was treated by them with the greatest respect. It was to her that Bonifacio more particularly directed his attention; and having gradually and with great prudence made known to her his intentions, he solicited her assistance in his behalf. The good old lady, having a high opinion of Bonifacio, readily promised to assist his views with her young friend; and choosing a favourable opportunity, communicated to her the young man's proposal, respecting which she now urged her favourable consideration.

Her companions, likewise, with whom Bonifacio was a great favourite, praised his good qualities, and did all in their power to forward his suit. Dorothea listened to the reasons by which the old lady supported her opinion, and in the end committed herself entirely to her guidance. Great was the joy of Bonifacio when he heard of the successful commencement of his hopes; and in fine, to cut matters short, the marriage was celebrated amidst the general congratulation of their friends. They lived happy and contented in their new condition, to which they were still more endeared by the affectionate regard

they entertained for each other, founded on their mutual virtues and good qualities.

The evil one, though he sometimes closes his eyes, never sleeps, and is more especially on the watch to interrupt the peace and harmony which is generally expected from the union of well-regulated minds. He invokes every power of which he is master to his aid; and uses so much more secrecy and diligence in the accomplishment of this evil intention than is ever employed in good purposes, that he not unfrequently succeeds. This poor young lady, therefore, did not escape his treacherous wiles; and even though her virtue seemed proof against his machinations, he did not on that account relax in his endeavours. He assailed her when visiting her friends, at church, and during the most solemn ordinances; even at the communion, he caused her inquietude by presenting her continually with the most nefarious instruments of his wickedness, disguised under the appearance of young men, handsome, noble, generous, and gallant; who, whenever she made her appearance, never failed to testify their admiration and solicit her regard.

But little advantage did they gain from these importunities; the virtue and good conduct of Dorothea was proof against such ineffectual attacks; and she determined in future to expose herself as little as possible to such inconvenience by remaining more closely at home. When this resolution became

known by her continued absence, the street in which she lived became a favourite resort, each seeking by any means an opportunity of seeing her, though without effect.

Amongst the gallants who sought to attract her attention, and who were all of the principal families of the city, was the Lieutenant thereof, a young man, unmarried and wealthy. He lived in the house opposite to that of Dorothea, in the upper and principal stories, so that he could at any time overlook the more humble habitation of his neighbours, from his windows and balconies; indeed, in so complete a manner, that Dorothea and her husband could hardly retire at night, or rise in the morning, without being observed.

With this advantage, the Lieutenant made his advances with great facility, though without having any result to boast over his more fortunate rivals,—Dorothea still remained without reproach, and even without suspicion.

Amongst the number who composed this goodly brotherhood, thus seeking to undermine the virtue of an humble, but innocent female, was a cavalier of Burgos, who was remarkable for his handsome appearance, was of good family, and possessed a handsome estate; qualifications which, favoured by a certain frankness and liberality of disposition, were con-

sidered sufficient to make an impression on the most obdurate heart.

But the virtuous resolution of Dorothea was so well grounded, that she might have laughed at all the little contrivances made use of to win her from her duty, had not the wary fowler, seeing the inefficacy of common art, resorted to the most subtle deceit, though in the most innocent guise, to entrap the simple dove.

This cavalier, who was called Claudio, had in his possession a white female slave, who, though born in Spain, was of Moorish parentage. She was remarkably graceful in her person, and was moreover exceedingly clever, and of good address. Claudio sent for her one day, and having told her how he was situated with regard to Dorothea, asked her advice how he should proceed. The slave, having made herself acquainted with all the circumstances, replied to her master, laughing all the while, "What, my dear Señor—what mountain do you wish to remove, what sea to agitate, or what dead person to re-animate, that you should thus afflict yourself, and make so little of me.

"The difficulties which seem to discourage you, do not dishearten me—with a little trouble and patience I will conquer them. Do not despond, therefore, and trust me, that within a few days I will deliver the pretty bird into your hands, or my name is not

Sabina." From that moment she took the negotiation in hand, and commenced her play with as much circumspection and ability, as one who begins a game of chess with the determination to give check-mate. She collected a quantity of the choicest flowers that could be procured, and weaving them with great care and ability into a chain garland, she went to Bonifacio's shop, where she stated herself to be the servant to a lady abbess of a convent of nuns, who, having occasion for some gold of a superior quality to finish some ornament for the day of Saint John, and hearing the good repute of the article manufactured by Bonifacio, requested two pounds of the very best he could procure, and sent him the nosegay as a present. She likewise hinted to the trader, that she took the present quantity merely to prove it, and that she should return every week for a supply, if the quality answered their purpose.

Bonifacio was delighted with such a liberal customer, and was no less pleased with his present, from the choice flowers with which it was composed, and the taste with which it was fabricated.

Immediately when the girl was gone with the gold, Bonifacio flew to his wife with the beautiful nosegay, which was received by her with as much delight as was evinced by her husband in presenting it. When she was informed, too, whence it came, it gave her still greater pleasure; for she recollected

the happy days of her childhood, when her time was employed in occupations of a similar nature, amongst those of the same class, whom she still loved and respected. She requested of her husband, that when the servant should again visit his shop, he would invite her within, as she had a great desire to converse with her of the convent.

On the following week, Sabina again visited the trader, and said that the gold was so good that she required the same quantity as before, and had brought another present from her lady to him, together with a little image of the virgin and a rosary, so exquisitely worked, that it was quite a curiosity. When Bonifacio saw it, he declared that his wife would not accept it, unless presented by the bearer; to which Sabina gladly consented, and congratulated herself that her plot had succeeded so well, at the same time feigning extreme surprise to find that he was a married man.

"Ah! you wag," she cried, "you are joking: it was but the other day that my lady was saying, that she knew a young person that would just suit you for a wife; very handsome and rich." "Many thanks," returned Bonifacio; "but if you will do me the favour to go up stairs, you will find that my wife is both handsome and rich; and, moreover, that we live as happily as possible."

"If I thought you were not deceiving me," said Sabina, "I would go."

"Of that you may rest perfectly assured," replied Bonifacio; "come, let me lead the way."

Sabina, pretending no longer to doubt his assertion, followed him to his wife's apartments, where she no sooner beheld her, than, changing her surprise into admiration, she praised her beauty with such grace, and offered her services and friendship so warmly, that any one who heard might have supposed her language to be dictated by the most sincere and kindly feeling. The embroidery, and the different works with which Dorothea was employed, excited her attention, and elicited her praise. "Oh! how beautiful are these works," she exclaimed; "how sorry I am that my mistress is not here to admire them; I foresee that it would require but little to make you friends: when I relate to her what I have seen, how she will envy me! I declare it will be quite a sin not to make you acquainted. However, now I know you, I shall come and see you very often." With these words, and other expressions of good will, she took leave of Dorothea; and, paying Bonifacio for his gold, she departed.

From that time forth she continued every day to repeat her visits: sometimes she called for gold, and at others saying to Bonifacio, that it would be a sin to pass his door without calling to see his beautiful wife. Occasionally she called with some present, and artfully endeavoured to excite in Dorothea a wish to visit the convent of her assumed mistress.

When, at length, it appeared to Sabina that the time had arrived when she might venture to realize her plans, she arose early one morning, and taking two small baskets, she filled one with sweetmeats, and the other with fruit of the earliest and choicest description she could procure. With these she repaired to the house of Bonifacio, and presenting them to Dorothea, told her they were the earliest gathered fruits of the season, and that the Abbess, her mistress, thought they could not be more worthily offered than to her.

After receiving the thanks of Dorothea, she added, " that her mistress was desirous that she should oblige her in two things,—the first and principal was, that the following Monday, eight days from that time, was the feast of the blessed St. John the Baptist, and that on the Sunday evening, his holy vesper, she should go to the convent and do penance, and pass a day or two with the nuns, who would, on that occasion, amuse themselves in a variety of ways, which could not fail to be agreeable to her."

She further informed the wife of Bonifacio, " That several female relations of the nuns were about to visit the convent at the same time, to join their innocent festivities; and that they would call for her and conduct her thither in their company." The second request was merely " That she should give, as an offering to the saint, two pounds of gold thread to work on an ornament for the altar."

" As to the gold," replied Dorothea, " I will give it with all my heart; and, indeed, I should be happy to comply with the wish of my lady the Abbess, if I were my own mistress. You know, Sabina, that there is another whose will must be consulted before I can pronounce, YES, or NO."

" And I promise him," returned Sabina playfully, " that it will be an unlucky word if he should say NO; I would not stir hence for these eight days that are wanting to the feast, without taking you with me. Indeed, my mistress will take no refusal; and it would be hard to deny her first request, particularly when her expectation has been so much raised by the accounts I have given of your beauty and understanding."

" Nonsense, Sabina," said Dorothea, " how could you say so much of an elderly dame like me?"

" Old, do you say," said Sabina laughing; " you had better tell me that spring is the end of the year, or that May is December; I should be just as likely to believe you. Ah! you wicked thing, you have not lost your vanity yet, I see." Bonifacio and his wife both laughed at her pleasantry; and the good-natured husband, without suspecting there was a snake in the grass, immediately gave his consent.

" On my life, Sabina," said he, " you have pleaded irresistibly; and as our lady the Abbess has done

us the honour to request my wife's company, I cannot think of refusing her. Should the ladies of whom you spoke pass this way, and will call for her, they can go to the convent together."

Sabina was almost beside herself with joy at these words, as much from the secret pleasure she took in mischief, as from the gratification of having successfully achieved her undertaking. She lost no time in returning home, and hastily throwing off her mantle, ran to inform her master of the success of her negotiation. Claudio was obliged to guess at the meaning of her incoherent declarations; for so rejoiced was she, that her exclamations were more those of an insane person than of one celebrated for acuteness of understanding. Claudio was no less delighted to think that the stratagem had succeeded, and for the whole week could only speak of his anticipations; while his confidant, Sabina, was never weary of discussing an affair which redounded so much to the credit of her own talent and dexterity.

Sunday at last arrived, the day on which they had appointed to put their notable scheme into execution.

Sabina had engaged a few females subservient to her master's interest to assist her in the plot, and dressing some as married women, and others as duennas, she set off for Bonifacio's house. On their arrival, he answered the door himself, and seeing

such an apparently respectable company, after paying his compliments, called down his wife, who was already waiting for them. She came gaily down to meet them, quite delighted at the anticipation of the amusement promised her, and at the pleasure of making so many amiable acquaintances.

After accosting them with much good nature and affability, she took leave of her husband, and, encircled by her new friends, departed for the convent.

When they were at some distance from the house, proceeding, as Dorothea supposed, to visit the worthy Abbess, and amusing themselves by the way with lively and innocent conversation, one of the ladies suddenly stopped, and exclaimed with evident chagrin, "Mercy on me, how came we to forget Doña Beatrice, whom we invited, and who, I dare say, is now waiting at home expecting us!"

"God bless me," cried another, with well affected surprise, "how could we be so negligent! I vow by the bones of my mother, that I no more recollected her than I do the first dress in which I ever appeared. However, we cannot go without her, and so, if we turn down this street, we shall not lose much time in calling for her."

With that, one of the ladies who was the most in advance, and who, with amply folded petticoats, and a rosary of a most portentous appearance suspended from her neck, seemed the most devout and matron-

like of the party, immediately led the way directed, and was followed by the rest.

As it may be supposed, the house of Doña Beatrice was no other than that of Claudio, at the door of which they knocked for admittance. The summons was answered by a servant, who, opening a window, demanded their business, and whom they wanted. The elderly and respectable matron immediately replied, "Go and tell thy mistress that she must hasten and descend quickly, for her friends are waiting." The servant retired, as though to give the message, and shortly returning, opened the door and said, "My mistress hopes you will excuse her for detaining you a little longer; but requests you will take seats in the parlour, and she will be with you as quickly as possible."

The ladies then entered a very elegant room, and seated themselves to await the arrival of Doña Beatrice, but the two who accompanied Dorothea, passed with her into an adjoining apartment. It was very splendidly furnished; the hangings were of blue and silver; and in a recess was an elegant bed, very richly ornamented. There was a smaller chamber or boudoir adjoining, in which the three ladies seated themselves; and Dorothea was sufficiently amused with the objects of art and costly workmanship which surrounded her, not to notice any strangeness in the proceedings.

They had been there but a short time, when one of the ladies rising, exclaimed, "This is more than mortal patience can endure. I'd bet a trifle Doña Beatrice is not yet out of bed; let us go and see what she is about, sister," and taking her feigned sister by the arm, the pair hurried out of the apartment, leaving Dorothea alone.

The wife of Bonifacio having satisfied her curiosity, now finding herself alone, and in a house of which she did not even know the owner, began to feel rather uneasy; but her fear increased with her astonishment, when, on the door opening, she saw Claudio enter, to whose person and pretensions she was by no means a stranger. He advanced towards her with an easy air, and smiling demeanour, and saluted her respectfully, yet not without a certain air of tenderness and confidence, that spoke a certainty to her heart, that her fears were far from groundless. Claudio, thinking it useless to conceal what he intended so soon to make her understand, at once told her of his love, and pleaded forgiveness for the daring measures he had taken to secure an interview with the object of his adoration.

It would be vain to describe the scene that followed; the protestations on one side; the prayers and reproaches on the other. Suffice it to say, that Claudio, after exhausting all the eloquence of which he was so perfect a master, left his fair captive an

opportunity of revolving in her own mind the circumstances of her untoward situation. From the female slave who attended she could gain nothing but praises of her master's generosity, and every other source of information or escape was denied her.

In this manner the day passed, and the hour of supper arrived. The twilight of a beautiful day was succeeded by as calm and delicious an evening as ever graced the happy climate of Andalusia. The window of the apartment opened on a terrace overlooking a garden, from which the odour of the orange, plum, and jessamine, was wafted on the cool, refreshing air of evening, and the plash of the streaming fountains was heard, as the waters fell into their marble basins with a tinkling, silvery sound. Claudio drew a chair for Dorothea on the terrace, and taking his guitar, sang one of those tender and pathetic sequidillas which never fail to rouse the emotions of the heart. Every thing around reminded Dorothea of the elegance of her former life; and the air she had just heard was one of those to which she had formerly listened, when among the number of the noble and the gay. But never before had she heard it so exquisitely sung—never, even in her father's costly home, had she seen greater elegance and refinement of taste than were conspicuous in the mansion of which she was then a tenant. The whole delight of her former life, her lost family and happy home, rushed

back on her memory, and she burst into tears. Claudio did not let the moment pass unimproved: he knew the chord which was awakened in her heart, and, before supper was announced, his tender and endearing consolation had almost reconciled her to his deceit.

The room in which their meal was served was illumined with a splendour which left the light of day little to be regretted; yet the glare of the lamps was exhausted by glasses of a pale rose colour, which, without detracting from the brilliancy, cast a subdued and voluptuous tinge on every object around. The supper consisted of the most delicate viands, and the wines and liquors of the choicest and most costly description; the coronetted plate glittered upon her eyes as gorgeous and costly as in her early days of magnificence; why then shall we blame her, if comparisons unwittingly forced themselves on her imagination, between her present humble lot, and the time when such a display as she now beheld she could herself command? Let us not be too harsh on poor Dorothea, if, as her recollection glanced at the utter hopelessness of her present situation with regard to Claudio,—in a house surrounded by his own people, of whom indeed none knew her predicament besides Sabina and the attendant,—she should contemplate her own feeble means of resistance,—a resistance which, if sufficiently successful

to raise an alarm, of which however she saw no probability, could only end in the certain ruin of her reputation. Her husband was reconciled to her absence for two days, after which time she could return without suspicion; in compassion therefore to his feelings, she was inclined to be silent in the affair; and if we add to these reflections the scene around her, the impassioned love of the most handsome and accomplished nobleman in Seville, the feeling still lingering in her heart for the elegancies of nobility and wealth, the early associations of which her short time of probation could not wholly subdue,—why shall we wonder that Claudio was spared the sin of increasing his already flagrant transgression.

By this time the brilliancy of Claudio's mansion waxed fainter and fainter; the individuals of his household had caroused to their satisfaction, and it was not long before everything seemed to be hushed in repose. But it so happened that their rest this night was destined to be but of short duration, for under no circumstance does the devil ever give a feast without devouring the greater part himself, and in this instance he did not depart from his universal rule.

It is a very common custom with him to construct a sort of tent or pavilion, wherein he invites a number of his particular friends. Here, by means

of opportunity, temptation, and specious suggestion, which he is never at a loss to invent, he succeeds in throwing them completely off their guard; and having lulled them into complete security, he suddenly draws aside the covering, and exhibits them to the public gaze in all the deformity of the vicious career into which they have been seduced. Not satisfied with this partial exposure, he takes his drum and trumpet, and raises such a disturbance, that every body, far and near, be they never so little gifted with curiosity, immediately repair to the scene to ascertain the cause of such an outcry.

It just happened thus to those of whom we have related this little history—and yet, who could have foreseen that any disastrous consequences could have terminated a scheme so well laid, and apparently so well secured?—but who ought to feel surprised when we recollect who it was planned the entertainment, and who paid the cost?

During that day, as may be supposed, very little order was kept in Claudio's house. The servants, while the master was so completely entranced, felt they had a right to act as they pleased, and were restrained by no consideration; so that when night came, Claudio's cellars had been so thoroughly searched, that very few were in a condition to assist themselves. The consequence was, the fires were badly extinguished, and some combustible matter

lying in the kitchen, was kindled by a spark from the chimney, which, extending to some pieces of furniture, shortly spread with uncontrolled and alarming fury, to other parts of the building. The fire continued to gain ground in the inner part of the house, without any one being aware of the danger; for, overcome by the wine they had drunk, they were quite insensible to the peril that awaited them.

The flames had now forced their way through the casements, and it so happened that the Lieutenant of the city, of whom we had heretofore occasion to speak, was making his circuit of the place, and seeing an unusual glare at a distance, instantly rode to the spot, and found Claudio's house in flames. The alarm was instantly given—crowds of the police and neighbours rushed to the spot; no answer being returned to their thundering salutations, the gate was forced, and a confused mob rushed in, some to save the inhabitants, others to assist in extinguishing the fire, and not a few to appropriate to themselves what little the flames would relinquish.

Claudio and Dorothea, who were at some distance from the household, received the first intimation of their danger by hearing the doors of the ante-chamber forced open, and the confused sound of voices approaching. Claudio, suspecting the house was beset by thieves, instantly threw a cloak round him, and seizing his rapier, started forth to meet the aggressors;

and Dorothea, alarmed beyond measure, hastily threw some garments over her; but before either could reach the door, it was thrown open, and the Lieutenant himself entered, bearing a blazing torch, and followed by a crowd of soldiery.

To paint the horror of Dorothea and the astonishment of the Lieutenant is impossible; surprise and fear prevented her from using any caution in concealing her countenance until it was too late. The Lieutenant's surprise, however, was quickly changed into the most violent anger; to think that his long suit had been treated with contempt and indifference, and that one of such late pretensions should have succeeded as his rival, apparently with her own consent, and doubtless with the knowledge of her husband, was more than he could endure; and without heeding the consequences to himself, in the anticipation of revenge, he ordered them both to prison, that a public exposure might ensue on the morrow.

In vain Claudio threatened the direst retribution—in vain he pleaded his nobility, and protested against the outrage; the Lieutenant was inexorable; and the soldiers, not knowing the person of either, obeyed the command of their officer.

Covered with cloaks to avoid the recognition of the crowd, Claudio and the terrified Dorothea were conducted by the guard through the burning house, and conveyed to prison. The fire was with difficulty

extinguished; the Lieutenant retired to his house, not to sleep, but to think of his revenge in the exposure which the morning would not fail to produce. He even endeavoured to contrive some manner of implicating Bonifacio, who he did not doubt had consented to the absence of his wife, for some consideration.

However, leaving the worthy officer to gratify his motive by anticipation, we must return to our friends, whom we left in a pitiable plight on their way to prison. Sabina, who slept in an adjoining apartment to that of her master, seeing how matters went, immediately invented a plan to defeat the intentions of the Lieutenant, who, she was well aware, intended nothing less than the destruction of Dorothea's reputation. It is said, and very justly, that the ready wit of women is more available in critical junctures, than all the wisdom and foresight of the wisest. Without further hesitation, therefore, she provided herself with the remains of a roasted capon, some nice ham, and a flask of wine; then taking a small mattrass and coverlid on her head, and a few reals in her purse, she betook herself to the guard house, where her master and Dorothea were detained. She told the porter, that a servant of her master had been sent there by the Lieutenant, for not being sufficiently prompt in supplying the necessary vessels to obtain water to check the fire, and that with his leave she had brought her a bed and supper.

The trifling nature of the fault, and the efficacious nature of a few reals, quickly opened the door; and Dorothea, who was more dead than alive, quickly exchanged her garments for those of Sabina, whose face being concealed by the mattrass, was not known to the porter. Immediately this was effected, Dorothan called to the functionary, and told him that her friend refused to have any supper, and begged his acceptance of it, for which the man seemed very grateful, and accompanied her to the door with every mark of respect, leaving Sabina in her place with Claudio.

Dorothea, following the instruction of Sabina, flew to the house of one of Claudio's relations, who had been an actor in the scene of the day previous, and relating the circumstance to her, remained there the rest of the night; and early on the following morning, accompanied by her and another female, returned to her husband, saying, that as she did not feel quite well, the Abbess advised her to go home.

Bonifacio was much pleased to find his wife return earlier than he expected, and was profuse in his acknowledgments to the ladies who had done him and his wife so much honour. Meanwhile the Lieutenant, delighting in the prospect before him, dispatched one of his assistants to his friend the mayor, giving him an account of the case, and begging that he would repair to the council chamber as quickly as

possible, with as many friends as he could collect, in order that the case might be made as public as possible.

He then went over to Bonifacio for the purpose of upbraiding him, and commanding his attendance at the council chamber. Dorothea, who expected some visit of the kind, no sooner heard the voice of the Lieutenant, and speaking of herself in the most opprobrious terms, than she ran down stairs in the morning dress she usually wore, and confronted the gallant officer before he could enter into particulars. Her appearance was like the effect of an apparition on the lieutenant, who seemed utterly confounded, as though doubting the evidence of his senses. His evident confusion aroused the wrath of Bonifacio, who thinking that what he had said proceeded from an ill feeling, the cause of which he conjectured, and which the appearance of his wife had caused him to be ashamed of—forgetting the respect due to his superior, and only alive to his insulted honour, with the assistance of his men, he thrust the gallant officer with his myrmidons out of doors. He then returned, happy and delighted, to his wife, to whom he repeatedly expressed his pleasure at her returning even earlier than he had expected.

DORIDO AND CLORINIA.

EPISODE.

I MUST not here omit to give you an account of a singular and appalling event, which took place at Rome, on the eve of my departure from that city, although in no way connected with my own adventures. The ambassador had just finished supper, when a Neapolitan gentleman, who often came to that hotel, suddenly entered our room. He had all the appearance of a man who had met with some unpleasant occurrence, and addressing his excellency—"I am come, my Lord, to acquaint you with a very extraordinary incident, which I have only just heard, and which, as you may see, has really affected me not a little." "I am anxious to hear what it can be," replied my master; "hand the gentleman a chair, Guzman:" and the Neapolitan, being seated, began the narrative that follows:—

A gentleman, a native of this city,—as high-born and accomplished as he is brave and handsome, and of whom, I dare say, you have heard,—named Dorido, fell in love with a lady, the fair Clorinia, not more than sixteen or seventeen—beautiful, virtuous, and also of a good family. She received an excellent education, and her charms, both of person and of

mind, shone with redoubled lustre, by the extreme care and polish bestowed upon her manners and her attainments of every kind. Her surpassing beauty, which none could gaze on with impunity, made her parents cautious how they permitted her to appear in public, lest some quarrel might arise among those eager to win her regard; for which reason either her father or brother was seldom seen absent from her side.

Already, for some months, had young Dorido seen and loved her; and such was the passion he entertained for her, as wholly to absorb his mind, and lead him, by seeking every occasion for looks and signs—all by which he was permitted to address her—to convince her of its reality. These soft and voiceless witnesses of his love were not always fortunate enough to be regarded; but when they were, they seemed to produce a favourable effect upon the object of them. Clorinia took pleasure in secretly observing him—far more than she let it appear that she did; but soon, without knowing exactly why, she felt equally interested in attracting his regard, till, by degrees returning his silent advances, she caught the sweet contagion she had before communicated to him, and, for the first time, felt the young emotions of love and jealousy, as he had done.

It was impossible Dorido could be long ignorant of the conquest he had meditated, and for a period

he gave himself up to the delighted assurance of being beloved. But soon sighing for more substantial proofs of his success, he sought for the means; he contracted an acquaintance with her brother, Valerio, and so far won his confidence as seldom to be seen out of his company. They continually visited each other, and Dorido had now ample opportunity to contemplate the charms he so much admired, and even to speak to and to hear her speak. Still he could not declare his feelings; and their eyes were the sole interpreters of their secret wishes.

Things, however, did not long remain in this position. Clorinia could not conceal her love from her favourite maid, a girl of some experience, and one who wished to shew her devotion to her young mistress. With this view she went of her own accord to find the lover, and said to him: "Señor Dorido, you are very handsome, and it would be foolish in me to conceal what it would be still more foolish in you to conceal from me. I see into your heart; you are in love with Clorinia, and you are not the only one that loves. You are both dying to be left alone together, and I truly pity your case. I shall have no rest till I invent some expedient to give you this happiness. The lover, enraptured to hear these words, thanked the kind creature from the bottom of his heart, declaring, that if she succeeded in what she promised, she would find him

any thing but ungrateful for the boon. He then sat down, wrote an impassioned letter, full of love and gratitude, which he conjured her to deliver safe into the hands of her fair mistress.

Scintilla returned home, and holding the billet in her hand, told her lady the object of her embassy; for which, though she received a sharp chiding, she was soon with no great difficulty pardoned. How and where the lovers were to meet became the next question. The young lady, declaring it to be impossible, wished to give up the idea; but her ingenious maid hit upon a method which she could not but agree was extremely deserving of a trial. Scintilla was in the habit of occupying a little low apartment, adjoining another set apart chiefly for the lumber of the house, and which received light only through a small grated window, through which a person was barely able to insert his hand. It opened upon a very lonely unfrequented quarter, which seemed to have been made expressly for the rendezvous of two lovers on some quiet night.

When the duenna found her young lady inclined to put her new theory into practice by means of this little grated window, she went and acquainted the gentle lover, who, that very same evening, about eleven o'clock, found himself close to the place. He saw the window, he saw the good duenna, and she preached patience to him—at least till the rest of

the domestics should have retired. Yet he did not sigh there long; the delightful moment was at hand; Clorinia appeared in all her beauty, though trembling in every accent and in every nerve. Her lover, too, could not utter a word. They came to tell their love, and the excess of their joy prevented it; but love has more than one language; the lady's hand was extended through the envious bars, was grasped, and instantly covered with a thousand kisses.

By degrees they recovered the power of speech; they gave full vent to the emotions by which they were governed—the delight of hearing each other speak, and being together. The morning would thus have found, without interrupting them, had not the watchful guardian of their love informed them of the lapse of time. Before bidding adieu, Dorido conjured his mistress to permit him to return on the ensuing evening, at the same hour, to the same spot; and this she had not either the courage or inclination to refuse him.

Both were equally enraptured with their meeting, and sighed with equal ardour to repeat it. Dorido was in a state of impatience and agitation which would not permit him a moment's repose; and he counted each minute until the promised one arrived that was to restore his Clorinia to his sight. The lady was equally true to it, and this night, with less timidity and alarm, their mutual joy seemed to be

more intense. A lively conversation ensued; in which each, as eager to display the superior charm of a well adorned and accomplished mind, as well as of person, exerted themselves to the utmost, and not a few were the sprightly and happy allusions, and more delicate compliments they made and returned each other. The interview continued more than three hours, and you may suppose was not unmingled with vows and innocent caresses. Such was the charm of this meeting, as to render it again imperative on the prudent attendant to remind them of the hour; and it was some time before she succeeded in rousing them to a sense of their danger, and tearing them from each other's sight.

The only other person acquainted with Dorido's passion was a Roman gentleman, named Horazio, who, unknown to his friend, was extremely attached to the same lady. Perceiving, however, that he made no progress in her affections, he conjectured that there was somewhere a rival, perhaps more fortunate than himself; and it was not long before his suspicions were directed towards Dorido, from the circumstance of his being seen so frequently in the company of the brother. To ascertain at once how far he was correct in his supposition, Horazio went directly to Dorido, with whom he was in daily habit of intercourse, and addressed him in these terms:—
"I am come, my dear friend, to ask you a particular

favour, such as I trust you will not refuse; for my peace of mind depends upon it. I see you continually with Valerio,—you are very often at his house,—and I suspect that you are smitten with the beauty of his lovely sister. Let me appeal to your candour and kindness,—if it be as I think, reveal the fact, for you are too worthy and noble for me to dispute with you the affections of this enchanting and accomplished girl."

"You are then yourself in love with Clorinia?" enquired Dorido, with an anxious air.

"I am most certainly charmed with her," replied Horazio; "but I am just and sensible enough to allow that you better deserve to obtain her regard."

"In that I should feel myself especially honoured," said Dorido; "but, all flattery apart, I will tell you candidly that it is not my intention to solicit the hand of the fair Clorinia."

"Is that possible!" exclaimed Horazio, quickly; is it not your object to become the husband of Valerio's sister? Ah, my friend, how different do we feel then,—how I long to unite my fate for ever with hers! And, indeed, if such are your ideas, I think you ought to resign any other views or intentions you may have formed, in favour of my more lasting—more honourable claims. As my friend, you will do as much, I know." "And as the friend of your Clorinia's family, you might have

added," rejoined Dorido, "in that point of view I assuredly ought. Yes, I will leave the field open to you; and if Valerio's sister consent to bestow her hand upon you, I, for one, will not oppose your success. Nay, I will do more, I will speak to her in your favour; and, as far as it may depend on me, my embassy shall not be a bootless one."

So delighted was Horazio with this frank and generous conduct on the part of his friend, that he was at a loss for words to express his gratitude; not reflecting that the promise given was conditional, and made to depend upon the lady's own choice. In short, such was the illusion of his joy, that he repeatedly pressed his friend to urge his cause as if it were his own; and with so much earnestness, and tenderness of manner, as really to interest the feelings and pique the generosity of his more favoured rival. He felt the power of virtuous love; and, doing justice to the purer motives of his friend, Dorido resolved to sacrifice his more licentious passion, to accomplish the lasting happiness not only of Horazio, but of the lady's family and of herself.

In pursuance of this object, on their next interview, Dorido thus addressed the lady to whom he had before made so many professions of unalterable love:—"You are doubtless not ignorant, Madam, that you rank in your long list of conquests, a gentleman named Horazio; but I am very doubtful

if you are aware to what an extreme degree he is captivated with you. He actually idolises you, and the bare idea of ever becoming your husband is the sole and sweetest dream of his existence; without which, he declares that life has for him no charm."

"I am delighted at what you tell me," replied Clorinia, "for now I shall have an opportunity of shewing you what little regard I pay to the adoration of all the lovers in the world—except—except one."

"I feel," replied Dorido, "all the value of such an acknowledgment, every way so noble; but at the same time, I should be undeserving of this exceeding goodness, were I not in a manner to take up arms against myself, in defence of one of the best, and most amiable and generous of friends. Horazio's merit is great, and when you come to appreciate it rightly, you would probably not much regret it if your parents were desirous of bestowing you upon so excellent a man!"

"How then," exclaimed the beauty, with a look of extreme surprise, and even terror, "do you wish to yield—to destroy me? Can you be in earnest that you wish me to return Horazio's passion?"

"No, truly," replied Dorido, "that is not my idea; I only wished you to understand, that if you bore him any affection, and your parents had resolved to give him your hand, it would have been bootless

in me to complain; I would then make a sacrifice to the happiness of my rival, in order to show how truly devoted I am to all your wishes;—do you comprehend me?"

"Do I?" replied the lady bitterly; "I know that I would not fall a victim so submissively as you appear to think; or, or your attachment has lost much of the fidelity—the ardour which I believed it to possess. But," she continued, "I wish not to put you to this proof. Dorido has been the first, and will be the last of the lovers I wish to have;—on that at least you may depend. Let Horazio persist or not, as he feels disposed in his pursuit of me—he will not gain any more in my esteem; and I wish you to understand that as my fixed determination. I was before aware of his views; and I have ever since conceived an aversion for him, amounting to absolute horror; and for which I can hardly account."

Dorido no longer ventured to say a word in his friend's favour; he saw that it was worse than useless to press the subject upon her attention. He changed the conversation, which took an interest of another kind, exhausting itself in the most tender and passionate exclamations on the side of Clorinia, which renewed all Dorido's ardour, and no fewer protestations on his. On the ensuing morning, Horazio called upon his friend: "You have seen

Clorinia?" he exclaimed, "and spoken in my favour; and how did she receive it?" was the breathless inquiry he made.

"In very ill part, indeed," replied the other, "and you must not continue to flatter yourself with the least hope. I said all I could to raise your merit in her eyes; your person, wealth, family—but all in vain. I described to her the excess of your attachment, greater, most likely, than it is; but the cruel creature stopped my mouth, vowing, that though you loved till the day of doom, you should never be united in marriage bands with her."

On hearing these words, Horazio grew deadly pale, and seemed lost in profound thought; while, struck with the extreme pain he appeared to suffer, Dorido, softening his tone, beseeched him to summon more resolution, and desist from a vain and fruitless pursuit; adding, that in Rome there were many as lovely girls as Clorinia, who would not require to be compelled to return his love. "Besides, my dear Horazio," he continued, "I am sure you have not the slightest cause to complain of me; I would have yielded her to you, I swear, had I seen the least probability of her indulging an inclination for you. I would have made this noble sacrifice to our friendship; and will you, on your part, refuse to relinquish an anxious, painful undertaking, and which, in the remote case of succeeding, must be at the expense of your best friend."

It was now for the first time Horazio broke silence, and fixing his eyes on his friend,—"I am very far," he said, "from reproaching you. You have rendered me a sad and useless service; you have spoken for me, and I thank you for it. It is only just, I agree, that I should renounce the pursuit of what I cannot obtain: her heart is yours,—and so let it be. Farewell! and I will try to attend to your advice about attaching myself to some other more attainable object."

With these words he left his friend Dorido in the persuasion, that, struck with the justice of what he had said, he would leave nothing untried to banish the thought of Clorinia from his mind. It was not so; he had set down his friend Dorido as a traitor, a false, malicious, selfish hypocrite, who had betrayed him; drawn a hateful portrait of him before the lady he adored; and he now resolved to take the matter into his own hands. "By heavens!" he exclaimed, "I will ask her; I will have her in marriage from her father; he will plead for me better than a rival." He proceeded forthwith to act upon this suggestion; he declared his wishes, and they were accepted and approved. He also obtained his own father's consent, and the two old gentlemen soon sat in council upon the business, the result of which was, that the marriage should take place, provided the inclination of the lady could be brought to accord with their own views.

On the first mention, however, of the affair, such was the extreme repugnance and even horror manifested by the beautiful Clorinia, that the design was as quickly abandoned as it had been formed, as a thing wholly impossible.

How lamentable the folly and weakness of man! to let a single passion obtain mastery over his mind, until he becomes no longer the same being; and, yielding up the helm of reason, is borne, like a lost vessel, upon the rocks. Horazio imagined he saw his passion treated with scorn,—his rival happy and triumphant; and in an instant, the love which before animated his soul became changed into bitter hatred. He now regarded Clorinia as an object of horror, and brooded over thoughts of revenge. He next began to study the means, and how he could strike most surely and deeply at the hearts of both,—and at a single blow. He set a vigilant guard upon their proceedings, a wretch hired to dog their steps whithersoever they went; and having thus discovered the place of their stolen interviews, with every circumstance attending them, there remained little else requisite to supply him with the most strange, cruel, and heartless method of revenge that ever entered into the human breast. Actuated by his infernal hatred, he one night, anticipating the arrival of Dorido, hastened to the place where they met, and approached the little window, at which he

already beheld looking forth, the object in pursuit of which he had come. In the obscurity of the evening he knew that the sister of Valerio would easily mistake him for her lover; and, in fact, she addressed him in the most affectionate language—in words that made Horazio's blood boil within him, and impelled him to deep revenge.

In perfect silence the treacherous friend approached: he stretched out his hand, he clasped that of the lady eagerly meeting his, and holding it with a ferocious and gigantic grasp, he had the heart, with a sharp instrument prepared for the purpose, to separate the lovely limb from its arm. The act was momentary; vain were her shrieks; the villain had fled. He already sat in the gloom of his secret chamber, and in the deeper gloom of his soul madly exulting in the thought of his triumphant revenge.

But what were the horror-struck feelings of the family and friends of that fair girl, when, roused by her cries, they found her deprived of consciousness, and bathed in her blood. Her faithful attendant hung over her, still filling the house with her shrieks. On beholding the deed, her parents both fell unconscious at her side; while the unhappy brother and the servants were busily endeavouring to staunch the bleeding wound. It was no time to doubt, to inquire, or to accuse; the most eminent surgeons were summoned to the spot, to attempt, if possible,

to arrest the unhappy lady's fleeting breath. The aged father, being meanwhile recovered, besought his domestics, for the ends of justice, to reveal nothing without orders; while he sighed over the lost honour and happiness of his house. Her brother, Valerio, having armed himself, now issued into the street, attended by his valets; and what was his grief, at being enabled for some distance to track the murderous villain by the drops of his dear sister's blood; for the wretch had borne along with him the bleeding hand as a trophy of his secret crime. While thus employed, he met his friend Dorido, who was hastening to his accustomed interview with an air of visible joy. In faltering accents Valerio called to him, "Alas! my dear friend, whither are you going? Help us, for God's sake help to find the murderer; for I see by your looks you know nothing of the horrid deed. Our poor Clorinia—my sister"—but words failed him, and he could not go on. "Gracious God!" cried Dorido, "what has happened—quick—answer me—what of Clorinia?' "That," replied Valerio, in a voice of solemn anguish, "that we ought to conceal from every human ear and eye, but to you it shall be told, because I know as my friend that you will unite with me in hunting down, whithersoever he flee, the cruel assassin of my poor sister."

Pierced to the heart by these words, Dorido nearly

sunk under sudden terror and surprise. Then, trembling and faint, he begged Valerio to explain every thing; which he did; and Valerio would then have conducted him to the surgeon, had he not resolutely resisted, exclaiming, "It is no time now for aught but revenge. She will be lost to me! but I will drag forth the unheard-of villain to light—monster as he is!" "Leave me to deal with him, for I feel this visitation as bitterly as you can. It is impossible to think of it without shuddering: but, heavens! with what delight shall I inflict upon him a punishment, as near as may be commensurate with his fatal crime."

The two friends then separated, Dorido returning to his own house, in the resolution of taking some immediate step to avenge his outraged love, and full of indignation against Horazio, whom he more than suspected to have committed the atrocious deed. He first shut himself up in his room, where he gave free vent to his feelings on so severe a loss; for he had now become more deeply attached to the fair Clorinia than before. "My lost, my beauteous one!" he exclaimed, "my envious, hated rival hath indeed succeeded! hath snatched thee from my arms for ever! Alas! you mistook him for your Dorido; and I—I am the sad cause of the calamity that has befallen you. But for me, you had been happy and beautiful as ever!—in all thy sweet innocence and

tranquillity of soul. Yes, it is I who have been thy assassin! Yet will I not long survive thee,—when once I shall have immolated thy wretched destroyer to thy dear and sacred shade! Would only that thou mightest survive, to enjoy the only consolation left us now—to hear of the memorable doom to be inflicted by this right hand upon the body of the traitor!"

The next morning found him still absorbed in grief and tears; but then, rousing himself, he hastened to the house of Clorinia's father, where sorrow and consternation sat on every countenance. The father and the brother seemed to feel fresh grief on his appearance. The old man, as he welcomed him, observed, "Alas! Dorido, my friend, my sweet girl is even now in the agonies of death. She has lost so much blood, that alone it is enough to forbid every hope. Was there ever a more unfortunate father! What can have been the motive, think you, for the commission of so accursed a deed. It was no man—it was a horrid monster,—and what punishment can be imagined adequate to reach it?"

"Sir," replied Dorido, "try to assuage your grief; and feel quite at rest on that head,—to avenge her is the object of us all. I have undertaken to chastise him;—he will perish. But ere that, give me a legal title to become her avenger; I love Clorinia as my own soul; unite our hands ere she breathe her last

sigh. Thus, too, will her reputation not suffer; and you will not owe to a stranger that satisfaction to which you are entitled."

Without hesitation, the father as well as the son accepted the proposal; they extolled his honourable feeling, and expressed gratitude for the noble manner in which he had stepped forward to obviate all unpleasant remarks that might affect the poor girl's reputation. The old man, weeping, took his way to his daughter's bedside; and a delightful smile played over her countenance when she heard what was requested. She signified her assent amidst tears of mingled bitterness and joy. She declared that she should die contented as the wife of Dorido; she inquired eagerly if he were at the house, and if she might be permitted to see and speak to him. This, as the fever appeared to have left her, it was conceived might not prove injurious to her; he approached; but so great was the sudden joy she experienced on beholding him, that she fell into a swoon, from which it was some time before she recovered. The surgeon upon this, gave strict injunctions that the lovers should not be permitted to speak to each other; but their looks sufficiently told what they felt and suffered. Observing that his presence appeared to afford her relief, he did not leave her during the remainder of the day. In the evening, a priest and a notary were called in, and the marriage

ceremony was performed before the assembled and weeping family.

For the two ensuing days, feeble hopes were entertained of her life. She seemed to rally, and even the surgeon no longer despaired; but all were disappointed. On the third day, a fresh access of fever, of a more rapid and violent character, seized on the patient, and left not the remotest chance. As her last hour drew nigh, Dorido, perceiving that the event must occur, secretly withdrew, and set about the means of his premeditated revenge. He sought Horazio in every spot; and at length meeting with him, he took him cordially by the hand, and as if quite unsuspicious of any crime attaching to him, he carelessly asked if he would come and sup with him that evening, to which Horazio consented, conceiving that as he had heard no public notice made of the atrocious deed, the lady was either recovering, or his friend unacquainted with her misfortune. At the appointed hour, Horazio went, as he had been accustomed, to join his friend—and both were soon seated opposite each other at the table. Dorido had however taken care that the wine should be well drugged; and such was its potent effect, that in a very little time Horazio found himself overpowered, and fell into a deep slumber.

It was now that Dorido, assisted by his two valets, wholly devoted to his interest, bound the sleeper

both hand and foot; they next slipped a cord round his neck, and with this and another passed round his body they fastened him up to a pillar which stood in the apartment. Having before closed all the doors in the house, they now proceeded to administer antidotes to his lethargy, which speedily recalled the unhappy wretch to a sense of his situation.

The moment he found himself awake did the dreadful truth flash conviction and horror to the soul of the assassin,—he knew in a moment wherefore he was there, and what he had to expect. He did more—he confessed his heinous crime, while he implored compassion and mercy in accents of bitter sincerity, such as only the love of life even in a convict can inspire. But here they were all in vain; steeled to the heart's core, the lover and the husband,—bereaved so barbarously of his charming mistress,—listened to his prayers and cries with mockery; his imagination being still haunted with the picture of his dying wife. Bent upon inflicting retributive justice, he proceeded to sever with an axe the hands of the wretched Horazio; and while still in all the agonies of approaching dissolution, he commanded his valets to strangle him with the rope that bound him to the fatal pillar. Then having hung the two dissevered members round the neck of the corpse, he directed them to bear it to the exact spot where the fatal deed had been committed, and

on the same fearful night, unable to support the idea of life in a place connected with so many horrors, he took his departure from Rome. Pursuit was vain,—it is not even known what route he took, to what country he has flown; but I have been assured that the unfortunate Clorinia breathed her last about three hours after he disappeared.

Here the Neapolitan gentleman paused;—no one spoke. A story altogether of so tragic a nature seemed to have made a deep impression upon the ambassador, no less than upon all present who had listened to it, and who most unfeignedly deplored the fate of the unhappy lady. They also blamed Dorido in no measured terms; while the whole agreed, on reflecting farther on the subject, that in the conduct of both these Spanish cavaliers there appeared a spirit of revenge, and a reckless daring, —a savage love of blood, in no way compatible with the character of the true knight, or of the true Christian.

CERVANTES.

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA.

As relates to the life of this celebrated writer, there is, fortunately, no want of materials, and none of that uncertainty so observable in the literature of Spain, in connexion with the memoirs of some other of the most distinguished ornaments of that nation. After the very ample and numerous accounts that have been given to the world of the prince of Spanish wits and novel-writers, we shall not here attempt more than a short sketch of his illustrious career; but rest satisfied with referring the more curious reader to the writings of Mayano Rios, Navarrete, and other biographers of the author of Don Quixote, who, besides several English and foreign translators, are loud in the novelist's praise.

Confining ourselves, therefore, to the more striking and important features of his strange and chequered destiny, and the high rank he subsequently assumed in the literary annals of his country and the world, little more than a brief eulogy on his lofty genius and worth, a tribute of admiration to his greatness of

mind and excellence of character, can be comprised in these pages.

Cervantes was born in the year 1547, at Alcala de Henares, of a respectable family. He completed his education at the university of his native city, ranking with the three most distinguished in the country—those of Salamanca, Valladolid, and Alcala. His early and decided inclination for literary pursuits deterred him from embracing any lucrative profession. The natural vigour and vivacity of his genius amply sufficed to raise him to the celebrity he attained: he failed to observe the usual academic rules and studies, or to reap the usual honours; it might be added, at the usual expense borne by the less wealthy sons of Apollo, at least in his country—namely, long poetic vigils and short commons, with numbers of jealous rivals, and a bigoted and ferocious government, eager to entrap its prey. To these was added what must have been doubly galling to a lofty spirit like his—dependence on the bounty of some lordly patron; and he quickly sought refuge, from a sense of indignity, in the toils and perils of military life.

While thus engaged, and during the intervals of war, Cervantes composed many of his immortal works, which he was compelled to dispose of for whatever pittance the booksellers, aware of his necessities, were disposed to give. Works like his must always confer reputation on the author during

life; but the satisfaction he thence derived formed a trivial compensation for the injurious attacks of his enemies, and the persecution to which they gave rise. They cast reflections upon him, both as a man and a scholar, taking advantage, in the latter respect, of his having assumed no academic rank, and they more especially railed against the mediocrity of his genius in poetry. The wickedness of his satire was reprobated; and he was even reproached with the defects of his person.

In addition to this injustice, the celebrated *Lope de Vega* wrote some verses, which, as a poetical production, and for the grossness and vulgarity of manner in which he assailed Cervantes, must ever be considered a disgrace to his works. But posterity, which judges of character, uninfluenced by the vindictive feeling of party, or the circumstances of the times, has done ample justice to the exalted, yet modest merit of Cervantes, and cites him as an illustrious example against the overweening pride and monopoly of the schools. It recognised in his poetical essays the true mode on which to form the national taste, suited to the genius and spirit of the people. It still admires in his novels the efficacy of their instruction, the vivacity, the justice and perception of character, displayed throughout, the freedom with which self-love is attacked, and, above all, the perfect moral combined with the fine wit, by which the whole is

distinguished,—a remarkable feature throughout the works of our author, and to which no other has so successfully directed his attention. His personal defects, on which his enemies did not fail to vent their malignant jests, consisted in the loss of a hand; but of which, far from entitling him to reproach, he might justly have been proud, for he was wounded while fighting bravely for his country against the Turks. But, if we throw into the balance the weight of his immortal Don Quixote, what advantage will his rivals then have to boast?

Posterity has compared Virgil with Homer—Cicero with Demosthenes—Horace with Pindar—Milton with Tasso—Shakspeare with Corneille; but to the author of Don Quixote was reserved the glory of having no rival of his work. Avellenada endeavoured to emulate him, and wrote a second part to Don Quixote, of such ability, that had not the first part been in existence, it was of itself of sufficient merit to obtain the palm for Spain in this species of composition; but Cervantes had already gained the triumph of setting his seal to its superiority.

This extraordinary man, who with equal justice and candour designated himself as *Regocijo de las Musas*, departed this world at Madrid, poor and in difficulties, but with serenity and a resigned spirit, in the year 1616, after having passed a chequered existence in the various and laborious duties of ser-

vant, soldier, slave, and a public functionary, of the most unpleasant and precarious class in the service.

His works are too well known to need description. Independently of his inimitable Don Quixote, he was the author of numerous other productions, especially in prose, of sufficient respectability to establish his reputation in the republic of letters. Through the whole of them may be traced the masterly genius which gave them birth, and the talent with which he availed himself of the power and scope of his native tongue. But this latter ability he displayed more in his *Novelas Exemplares*, than in any other of his works.

These, indeed, are among the most excellent of their kind; and I have selected from them two specimens, one of the humorous and satiric, or, as it is termed, the *novela picaresca;* and the other of a more serious and pathetic cast. In the story more recently published, several freedoms have been taken in order to render it fit for an English public.

RINCONETE AND CORTADILLO.

On the confines of Alcudia, between the provinces of Castille and Andalusia, might be seen a notable house of entertainment for travellers, called the *Little Windmill.* On one of the hottest days of summer, two boys were seen loitering about this place; one was about fourteen years of age, and the other might perhaps have attained his seventeenth year. They were both good looking, though in a sadly destitute condition; coats they had none; their trowsers were of coarse linen, and, for want of better stockings, they were obliged to be contented with their bare skin.

It is true that their feet were covered, those of one being carefully bound in straw or rushes, while the shoes of the other were of so peculiar a formation, that it would seem the utmost ingenuity of the wearer had been displayed, in rendering them more than usually accessible to the elements of air and water. The head of one was partly covered by a scanty cap; the other wore a hat, though without

seeming to trouble himself about its deficiency of crown and brim. The scanty remains of a shirt of the colour of chamois leather partly adorned the neck and shoulders of the younger; while his companion had remedied the inconvenience of such a deficiency by the waistband of an old pair of trowsers, covered with grease and completely in tatters, which hung suspended from his neck on his breast, and appeared to conceal a small bundle. In this repository of valuables was concealed a pack of cards of a different shape to those generally used; for by reason of their long service, the corners were so much worn, that they began to assume a circular shape, which had been rendered still more distinct by the application of the scissors, it being found that the circular form was the most durable. Both the youths were much sun-burnt; their nails were begrimed with dirt, and their skin could hardly be called clean. One was armed with a broken sword, and the other with a yellow-handled knife, which completed their costume.

They sallied from the inn and seated themselves opposite each other, under a sort of covering which serves for a viranda in houses of that description; and the elder, bowing very politely to the other, addressed him with all the air of a man of *ton*. "If I might take the liberty of addressing a gentleman of your distinguished appearance without the cere-

mony of introduction, I should enquire what part of the country has the honour of claiming you as a resident, and whither you intend to travel?"

"Señor Caballero," returned the other, with equal ceremony and politeness, "with respect to your first question, I am sorry that I am unable to satisfy your curiosity, being utterly ignorant of it myself; and, as to the second, I lament that I can afford you as little information, for I really don't know."

"Why, truly, Sir," said he without the shirt, "if I might give an opinion, you certainly don't look as though you had dropped from heaven; and if you had, I should not think you would choose this place for your descent,—consequently you must be going somewhere."

"That is very just," replied the one with the hat; "and yet I have told you the truth, for my country is no longer mine, my father having turned me out; and as to the future, I must trust to chance, which I dare say will put something in my way by which I may get an honest livelihood."

"And pray, may I ask whether you belong to any profession?" said the original querist.

"No other," replied the other, or younger, "than running like a hare, leaping like a deer, or using a pair of scissors very delicately, will fit me for."

"That is all very good and useful," said his companion, "for on next Holy Thursday you will find

good employment in cutting paper ornaments for the church." "Ah, but my abilities in cutting do not lie that way," said the younger gentleman. "My father, by the blessing of Providence, is a tailor and shoemaker, and he taught me to cut out *antiparas*, which, as I dare say you know, are buskins, used by men in harvest,—I obtained such a proficiency in the art, that I might have passed examination as a master, had not my bad fortune deprived me of my employment."

"That will happen to the best of us," remarked the elder cavalier, "and I have always heard that the best abilities have always the worst fortune. But I don't doubt a gentleman of your acquirements has some way of bettering his fortune; and, if my judgment don't deceive me, you possess some other accomplishments, which perhaps your modesty will not allow you to make public." "Why, that is very true," said he, of the shirt laughing, "but, as you say, Sir, they are not exactly for the public."

"Well, then," said the other, at the instant, "although I consider myself as discreet as most youth, yet, to give you some confidence in me, I will be open with you, and shall expect the same in return, for it is not without reason that fortune has thrown us together, and I am sure it will be to our loss if we do not become friends. You must know that my name is Pedro de Rincon, and I am a native

of Fuenfrida, a place of some note, where my father is a minister of the church, that is to say, he sells the pope's indulgences, being, as the vulgar call him, the Bulero. As I assisted him in his traffic, I acquired such dexterity in making bargains, that few could obtain any advantage over me; but observing one day that I was fonder of the money I received, than of my business, he put a purse of dollars into my hand, and packed me off to Madrid to seek my fortune.

"Amongst the temptations of the city, the contents of my purse soon vanished, and I found myself at last possessed of more wit than fortune. I applied for assistance to those who had assisted *me* to spend my money, but it was perfectly astounding to see the want of recollection evinced by these wretches directly I made known my distress; some positively denied my acquaintance, while others dismissed me with their advice to be more cautious in future. I shrugged my shoulders, but suffered my lot patiently; and turned out to seek my fortune with such readiness, that I did not think of providing myself with any luxuries. I took what I thought most necessary, from the things which remained to me, and amongst other, these cards—at the same time drawing them from their concealment—from which I have managed to derive an honourable subsistence amongst the inns frequented by travellers. I always play at

Vingt-un, which is a very excellent game for my purpose; and although you see the cards are somewhat the worse for wear, yet, I can assure you, they possess a marvellous virtue for those who understand them; indeed, they are become so familiar to me from long acquaintance, that I know them as well by the back as the front."

"Independently of these advantages, I learned of a certain ambassador a method of handling the cards, by which I am as much at home with their capabilities, as you are in the cutting of *antiparas*. So you see, my honourable Sir, that I am in no danger of starving, for let me be in what place I may, there are always persons to be found who are willing to divert themselves with an innocent game; and he who has the least experience, is generally the loser. Now, for example, let us look out for a pigeon amongst these carriers within; we will sit down and play as though in earnest, and if any one wishes to make a third, you will see that he will be the first to lay down his cash."

"With all my heart," returned the younger adventurer, "and I feel much indebted for your frankness, in return for which I can do no otherwise than relate, in a few words, what concerns myself. I am a native of that goodly country situated between Salamanca and Medina del Campo. My father is a tailor, and taught me such a good use of the scissors, that, instead of cutting clothes, I learned to cut purses.

My ambition, however, was not to be limited to the narrow precincts of a country village; and I was already disgusted with the treatment of a mother-in-law; leaving my home, therefore, I repaired to Toledo, where, giving a free scope to my abilities, I did wonders. There was no rosary, let it be hung ever so carefully, and no pocket however ingeniously contrived, that my fingers did not visit, or my scissors divide—even though they were guarded by the eyes of Argus. I can assure you, that, during the four months I resided in that city, I managed to escape all inconveniences. I was never caught between double doors; never taken off my guard; fell not into the hands of the constables, nor became the dupe of an informer.

"It is now, however, about eight days since, that a spy of the police gave notice of me to the corregidor, who, being a great admirer of people of talent, expressed an anxious desire to be acquainted with me; my extreme modesty, for which I am remarkable, prevented me that honour; for thinking myself neither by birth nor education qualified to move in such distinguished society, I was obliged to disappoint his worship, by withdrawing myself from Toledo. I effected my removal with such haste, that I actually did not allow myself time to procure a coach, to provide myself with linen, or indeed any of those conveniences with which gentlemen usually travel; and here I am as you see me."

"Really that was very amusing," said Rincon, grinning; "but now as we know each other, I think it is time to drop our gentility, and confess that we have not any thing in the world but what we stand in."

"There is no use in mincing the matter," quoth Diego Cortado, for by such name he called himself, "it is even as you say; and since our friendship ought to be lasting, Señor Rincon, I think we should commence it by a proper manifestation of our feelings:" and then rising, both the gentlemen embraced each other with great apparent cordiality and good will. This little ceremony completing their good understanding, they sat down to play with the above-mentioned cards, having cleaned them from dust and straw, though not from grease, and certain deceitful signs; and in a few hands Cortado became as clever at the game as his master Rincon.

At this time one of the carriers came out, when seeing the two boys at play, he asked them whether they had any objection to a third, to which they goodnaturedly consented. Fortune favoured the boys so well, that in less than half an hour the carrier lost twelve reals, and twenty-two maravedis, which in paying cost him just as many twinges of regret. The loser, however, seeing his adversaries were only boys, thought he could take his money from them again with impunity; but the one drew

his piece of a sword, and the other handled his knife so formidably, that had not the carrier's companions come to his succour, it was likely to have gone ill with him.

At this time a troop of people passed on horseback, who, seeing the disturbance between the boys and the carrier, parted them, and told the former they were going to pass the night about a league further, whither, if they pleased, they might accompany them. "We will go with pleasure," said Rincon, "and any thing we can do in return, we shall be most happy;" and, without further invitation, they jumped up on two of the mules and set forward with the party, leaving the carrier in no very enviable state of temper. The landlord could not help laughing at the dexterity of the young rogues; for he confessed he had overheard their conversation, and thus learnt that the cards were false. At this discovery, the carrier could hardly contain himself for rage. He swore the most formidable oaths, and declared his intention of following the young sharpers and reclaiming his lost pieces—not that he valued the money, as he said; but from pure shame to think that so great a man as he should be cheated by two such very little rogues. His companion, however, endeavoured to pacify him, saying, "It was much better to abide by the loss, than to get laughed at for his simplicity."

. The two companions now congratulated themselves on their good fortune, and made themselves so useful to their fellow-travellers, that they were allowed to mount behind them the best part of the way; and although many opportunities occurred of exercising their professional abilities with advantage, yet they desisted, from the consideration that they might endanger their journey to Seville, whither they were going. However, on entering the city by the Aduana gate, Cortado was not able to resist the temptation of cutting open the portmanteau of a Frenchman, behind whom he was mounted. His knife was handy on all occasions, and he inflicted so grievous a wound on the valise, that he presently discovered its contents, and selected from them two shirts, a small sun-dial, and a memorandum book. These things, it is true, were of little value; but they served to replenish their purse, which was now exhausted, with twenty reals.

Having secured this, they went to view the city, of which they had heard so much; the cathedral excited their admiration, and they were astonished at the great concourse of people on the river. The galleys, likewise, did not escape their observation, and an involuntary sigh escaped from each, as his thoughts naturally anticipated the time when he might have a closer view of them.

They were surprised to see such a number of boys

with baskets, plying for hire; and they took the opportunity of asking one the nature of his office—whether it was laborious—and what was the gain? It was an Asturian boy of whom he made the inquiry, and he replied, "That the business was easy enough—that they paid no duty—and that on some days they gained five reals, and on others six, as it might happen—with which they lived the life of a king—free to seek any master that payed them well—and then they enjoyed themselves after their own fashion."

This account of the Asturian pleased the two friends mightily; for the anticipation of carrying the goods of others seemed highly favourable to their peculiar abilities, and they forthwith determined to purchase the necessary equipment for their new profession. The Asturian told them it would be necessary to buy some small bags, and three baskets, for fish, flesh, and fruit—the bags to be used solely for bread; and that when provided with these necessaries, they were to attend in the mornings at the flesh-market, in the square of St. Salvador—on fast-days at the fish-market—and in the evening they were to look for employment at the river side. This instruction the two friends committed to memory; and having purchased what was necessary with the spoils of the Frenchman, they planted themselves the next morning in the square of San Salvador. They had not been there long, before their new

baskets attracted the attention of the other boys, who soon flocked round them, anxious to know whence they came, and everything concerning them; to all which the friends gave those answers which might have been expected from young persons of their talent and discretion.

At this time a soldier and a student came up: who liking the cleanliness of the baskets, the former called Rincon, and the student beckoned Cortado. Rincon, by way of commencing his office, bowed very humbly to his employer, and said, "I hope your honour will not forget that I am a beginner."

"Never fear," said the soldier, "your reward shall not be amiss, for I can afford to be liberal,—I am going to give a feast to-day to some friends of my mistress."

"Then pray load me as much as you please," returned the youth, "for I have both the will and the strength to carry the whole market; aye, and sugar to season it withal, if such be your honour's pleasure."

The soldier was so well pleased with the quickness of the youth, that he told him, if he desired to quit his present employment, he would take him into his service. Rincon replied with many thanks, saying,—"That as he was so newly entered on the office, he wished to see whether it would turn out well or ill; but, in case of failure, he should not have the honour of serving so respectable a gentleman,

because he had given his word to a priest." The soldier laughed, and gave him a good load, directing him to the house of his mistress, and desiring him to remember it well, as he would have occasion to go there often; he then gave him three quartos, and dismissed him. Rincon returned with the utmost speed to the square, lest he should lose an opportunity; for the Asturian had cautioned him to be diligent and trustworthy; although in carrying small fish, or such like commodity, there was no harm, he said, in taking a little from a quantity which could not be missed; but on no account to take it if there should be the least chance of detection, as credit was the soul of their trade.

Cortado returned just about the same time as Rincon, who, showing his companion the three quartos, asked him what luck he had met with? Cortado, putting his hand into his breast, drew out a purse which seemed to have been made in times past, but was nevertheless well stocked with money, and said,—"His reverence has done me the favour to pay me with this purse, and with these two quartos; but take the purse, Rincon, lest his worship may change his mind." Rincon had hardly secreted the purse, when back came the student, perspiring at every pore, and in the utmost agitation and perplexity; coming to Cortado, "My good boy," said he, "have you by chance seen a purse of

such and such marks, containing fifteen crowns of gold, three reals, and so many maravedis in quartos, only wanting the few pieces with which I paid for the meat which you carried?"

Cortado replied, without moving a muscle of his countenance, "All I can say to your reverence is, that your purse would not have been lost had you taken better care of it."

"That is but too true, sinner that I am," returned the student, "for had I taken better care of it, some rascal could never have robbed me."

"That is exactly what I think," said Cortado; "but as your reverence knows there is a remedy for all things but death, now I should advise your reverence to avail yourself of the first and principal, which is patience, for it is recommended by God. One day follows another; and he that gives takes away; so in like manner the time may arrive, that he who has stolen your purse may repent and restore it, even in better condition than he found it."

"That I will excuse," interrupted the student.

"For my part," continued Cortado, "I would not be the stealer of the purse for a trifle; for as your reverence is in sacred orders, it is neither more nor less than sacrilige."

"You say right," said the afflicted student, "for though I am no priest, but only the sacristan of a convent, the money I have lost is the third of a

chaplain's salary, which is left in my charge, and therefore it is blessed and holy coin."

"As you have made your bread so must you eat it," said Cortado, in a condoling manner; "but the day of judgment will arrive, and then we shall see the rogue who was hardened enough to steal the chaplain's salary. And pray what might the situation of your friend be worth per annum, with regard to salary, Señor Sacristan?" asked Cortado, innocently.

"Salary of the devil," returned the sacristan, incensed beyond measure at what appeared to be trifling with him. "Is this a time to talk about salary? Tell me, my friend, do you know any thing of the purse? if so, say; if not, God be with you; for I must go and have it cried."

"That is the best thing you can do," said Cortado, "and remember," he added, calling after him, "that you are very particular about the description of the purse, and the exact sum contained therein, for if you make the mistake of a single farthing, you will never see your purse again in this world; I only say this, Sir, by way of advice."

"There is no fear of that, my friend," returned the Sacristan, "I have it so truly in my memory that I shall not mistake a single thread." Saying this, he drew from his pocket a handkerchief to wipe the perspiration from his countenance; a moment

not lost on Cortado, who immediately seemed to take a more vivid interest in the poor man's loss, and suggested several expedients for its recovery. The advice of Cortado was given in so vague a manner, that the sacristan was tempted to ask a repetition; during which, Cortado, taking advantage of the sacristan's anxiety, contrived to beguile him of his handkerchief, when, with many expressions of condolence, he took his leave, recommending him to use all diligence in the recovery of his property; and then returned to Rincon.

"What have you been so busy about with the student?" enquired his companion.

"Why I have been listening to the poor gentleman's distress, which I protest has so affected me, that I was under the necessity of borrowing his handkerchief," replied the young wag, at the same time producing it, and applying it to his eyes.

The two young rogues then indulged in some merriment at the expense of the poor sacristan; but Cortado had not effected the latter transfer so secretly as to escape the observation of a lad who had been watching him. "Pray gentlemen," said he, advancing towards them, "may I ask of what profession you call yourselves?" "We don't understand you, Sir," replied Rincon." "I ask you, gentlemen, whether you are from Murcia," repeated the youth. "Neither from Murcia nor from Thebes," responded

Cortado, "and if you have nothing farther to say, I wish you a good morning."

"You don't choose to understand me, eh! my masters?" said the querist, "but I think I could soon make you understand,—aye, and teach you to eat pap out of a spoon. What I wish to ask of you, gentlemen, is merely whether your honours are thieves, or no? although it is a useless question, because I already see that you are; but I must inquire with more reason, whether you have paid your footing to the Señor Monipodio?"

"Do thieves pay taxes in this country, my fair Sir?" asked Rincon. "If they do not actually pay, at least they are registered by the Señor Monipodio, who is their father and their master; therefore I should counsel you to come with me for that purpose, or perhaps you will have cause to repent it."

"I always thought," said Cortado, "that thieving was a free trade, without any duty or impost; and if the professors paid at all, it was only at the stocks, or over the back and shoulders. But as every country has its own peculiar regulations, so we shall be happy to conform to yours, if we might make bold to ask a gentleman of your respectable appearance, to guide us to the abode of the worthy cavalier of whom you speak, where we will prove our proficiency in the science."

"That is well," said the other, "and you will see

how well qualified our master is for his situation. Why! during the four years he has had charge of us, not more than four have suffered the capital punishment. But come along, and on the road I will explain to you a little of our vocabulary, which it will be necessary for you to know." During this walk, which was not very short, their new acquaintance instructed them in the language of the craft, very much to the edification of the novice. "And pray, Sir," asked Rincon, "may I venture to inquire whether you are a thief yourself?" "Yes, Sir; that is to say, by the blessing of God and the prayers of good people, I hope I shall be, although I am not yet out of my noviciate."

"Well," said Cortado, "you will excuse me for the remark; but although I have seen and heard a good deal, I never yet heard of thieving by the grace of God and the prayers of good people."

"Sir," replied the guide, "I am no theologian, and therefore cannot argue on the subject; but this I know, that every body ought to praise God in the vocation to which Providence has been pleased to call him; and the more so as our master Monipodio has expressly ordered it."

"Doubtless that gentleman must be of a very religious turn," said Rincon, "since he makes his thieves praise God."

"He is the most exemplary man of our pro-

fession," returned the youth; "he orders that a part of every thing which is stolen, shall be set apart to buy oil for the lamp of an image in the city, which is possessed of marvellous virtue. Indeed we have all seen the good effects of it; for it was but the other day, when a friend of ours was condemned to punishment for stealing two asses, and he bore it without a single cry, as though it was nothing, which can only be attributed to our regular devotion. And you must know, that some of our club are so particular that they will not steal on a Friday, nor hold conversation with any woman on a Sabbath whose name is Mary."

"Indeed! this is most exemplary conduct,' said Cortado; "but pray do not the priests sometimes order these religious persons to make restitution or penance?"

"No," returned the other, "because they never go to confession; and if letters of excommunication are taken out against them, they are not likely to know it, because they never go to church during the time they are read; excepting, indeed, at the great holiday, when the crowd of people gathered there makes it a matter of business."

"Pious rogues!" ejaculated Rincon. "And what is the harm of it?" cried the other. "Is it not much worse to be a heretic? or to murder your father and mother?" "Why, that certainly

is very bad," said Rincon; "but as fortune is so kind as to allow us to be of this respectable fraternity, I must beg you, Sir, to quicken your pace, for I am dying to see our respectable friend Monipodio, of whose virtues you have said so much." "Your praiseworthy impatience shall soon be gratified, for we are already arrived; but you must wait awhile at the portal, while I go within to see whether he is at leisure; for this is the hour he usually gives audience." The companions had just time to survey the house, which was not of the most promising appearance, when their guide reappeared, and called them in. They entered a small court yard, paved with fanciful brickwork, of a bright red colour: on one side was a bench, with three legs; and on the other a broken jar, placed on a stand not in a much better condition. In another place was a rush mat, and in the middle was a space for flowers.

The boys observed every thing attentively; and as the Señor Monipodio did not make his appearance, they took the liberty of entering the lower room, which adjoined the court-yard. There they beheld two fencing swords, with two shields of cork, suspended on pegs; a large bow without any case, and three more rush mats on the floor. On the front wall was placed an image of the Virgin, of no great merit in its workmanship; under which was seen a small basket, and a white basin; serving, as

Rincon shrewdly conjectured, the former to receive alms, and the latter for holy water.

While they were waiting, there arrived two young men about twenty years of age, dressed as students; shortly afterwards came two of their brothers of the basket, and a blind man; who all walked about the open space without speaking a word to each other. Shortly after them came two elderly persons in spectacles; they looked grave and respectable; and carried in their hands good-sized rosaries. An old woman next arrived, who immediately on her entrance went to the image of the Virgin, and having taken the holy water with great devotion, prostrated herself before the image. Having indulged in this pious occupation some time, she arose, put a small offering into the basket, kissed the floor three times, lifted her hands and eyes to heaven, and then rejoined the others in the court-yard. Lastly appeared, to give additional grace to the company, two bravos, of most sinister aspect; with large whiskers, slouched hats, and ruffed collars. They were armed with enormous swords, several pistols, and targets hanging from their belts. The moment these worthies cast their eyes on the two friends, they came to them, and inquired whether they belonged to the fraternity? Rincon answered in the affirmative, making great demonstration of respect, which the formidable appearance of the querists seemed to demand. At

this moment arrived the long-expected Señor Monopodio, to the great joy of the respectable company assembled.

He seemed about forty-five years of age, tall of stature, his countenance of a sullen hue, with sunken eyes, eyebrows joined in the centre, and a black bushy beard. He was dressed in a shirt, and covered with a huge cloak reaching to his feet, on which were a pair of old shoes down at the heels. He wore loose trowsers of linen; and a hat used by the lowest vagabonds, bell shaped at the crown, and large in the brim. Across his shoulders was a belt, to which was suspended a short and stout sword. His hands were short, with fat fingers and long nails; and his feet were a pair, but not matched.

In short, the appearance of this gentleman, whose reputation had been so strenuously supported, was anything but favourable, he being, unfortunately, one of the most ill-looking, mishapen barbarians in the world. The youth who had acted as guide to Rincon and his friend, now led them forward, and presented them to the dignitary, saying, "These are the two gentlemen of whom I spoke to your worship. If you please, you can examine them, and see whether they are worthy to enter our brotherhood."

"That I will do with much pleasure, replied Monipodio, to whom, be it observed, the whole company bowed respectfully on his entrance, except the

two bravos, who, considering themselves artists of a higher order, merely saluted him by touching their hats.

Monipodio, having made the tour of the court yard to see his visitors, then asked the new comers their profession, name, and country. Rincon answered, that their profession did not need much explanation; and as to the rest, it was but of little importance, as such information was never expected from those who were to receive orders of distinction. "You are right, young man," returned the worthy, "it is always proper to conceal such truths;—for example, if business did not go well, it would not be very agreeable for your parents to see in the public book, that *so and so*, son of *so and so*, of such a place, stood in the pillory, or was flogged on such a day, for such a theft; no, no, you are right; and to prevent such inconveniences, every body ought to have a designation of his own choosing, therefore we only require your names." This was complied with by the two candidates, when Monipodio said,—"It is my pleasure, gentlemen, that henceforward you adopt the names of Rinconete and Cortadillo, for those which you at present bear, and which, I think, will be quite adapted to your pursuits. It is likewise necessary to make a private communication of the names of your parents, as it is a custom with us once a year to say masses for the souls of those that are no more,

which expense is defrayed from a common fund, appropriated for the benefit of the community, such as paying the lawyer who defends us, the priest who advises us, and to reward those our worthy friends who, when a hue and cry is raised after any of our members, appease the losers, by telling them that God will punish the wicked." "These are excellent regulations," said Rinconete, who had already accommodated himself to his new appellation; "I cannot sufficiently admire the sagacity of their compiler: but, Señor, our parents have no need of the pious assistance of the brotherhood, being still in the land of the living. If a change should happily occur, we will not fail to inform you."

"That is well," said Monipodio; who then beckoned the boy who had introduced them. "Ganchoso," said the great man, "are the centinels placed?" "Yes, Sir, there are three placed to prevent any surprise." "Very good," returned the professor, "and now let us proceed to business! Rinconete, let me hear what are your attainments."

"Sir," replied he, "I possess a little spice of art; I can handle cards well, know how to turn an ace to a king, and little manœuvres of that sort; I know the table of chances better than the ten commandments, and have learnt that a stolen guinea is better than a borrowed crown." "That is very good as a beginning," said Monipodio, "but, as you must be

aware, these are merely the groundwork of the art. However, with the assistance of a dozen lessons, by the blessing of God, I hope to make you a respectable artist." Rinconete bowed, and returned thanks to the master, who called on Cortadillo to state his qualifications.

"Sir," said Cortadillo, "I have learnt the rule of arithmetic, which says, 'put in two and take out five;' and I know how to dive into a pocket with ease and safety."

"Is that all?" said Monipodio. "That is all, to my misfortune," said Cortadillo.

"Never mind," said the professor, "you are in a good school, where, doubtless, you will soon improve, if you will follow my instructions."

"We have all the desire to improve in every thing that touches our art and occupation," replied Rinconete.

"Very good," said Monipodio, "but I should like to know how you could endure, upon occasion, a dozen lashes without opening your lips, even as much as to say, 'this mouth is mine.'"

"We are not so misinstructed," said Cortadillo, "as not to know, that what the tongue borrows sometimes the throat pays; and heaven have mercy on the poor devil who does not know it is as easy to say *no*, as *yes*."

"That is enough," said Monipodio, "I see you

are a youth of talent; I am quite satisfied with you, and shall enter you forthwith on our company as a full member, without serving any noviciate, or paying any duty." The company declared their full approbation of the award of their superior, and complimented the newly-elected brother; when one of the centinels came running in, saying, that the alguazil of vagabonds was coming towards the house at full speed.

"You need not disturb yourselves," said Monipodio to his friends, some of whom began to evidence signs of embarrassment, "this alguazil is a particular friend of mine, and never comes with any hostile intention; I will presently see what he wants." Every one was quieted with this intimation, and Monipodio went to the door to speak to his friend, with whom he was some little time in conversation. On his return, he asked who had occupied the square of San Salvador that morning.

"I was there," replied the guide. "Then how is it that you have not given notice of a purse, which you took there, containing fifteen gold crowns, two rials, and some quartos," asked Monipodio. "Why, Sir," replied the boy, "the fact is, that I have never seen the purse; I have not taken it—worse luck for me—and I cannot imagine who has."

"No nonsense with me, Sir," said Monipodio; "the purse must and shall be forthcoming; the

alguazil is an intimate friend, and has done us great service." The boy protested, in the strongest terms, that he had no knowledge of it; when Monipodio began to show symptoms of ire. "No one shall dare to play tricks with me," said he, his eyes sparkling with anger: "produce the purse, or take the consequences." The boy again asserted his innocence, which only increased the master's rage, and excited the feelings of the whole community against the delinquent who had offended against the laws; when Rinconete, finding it would be a serious disturbance, consulted a moment with Cortadillo, who thought with him it would be better to appease the anger of Monipodio: therefore, drawing forth the sacristan's purse, he said, "Calm yourselves, my worthy masters, for here is the purse which the alguazil requires, and likewise a handkerchief which my companion borrowed from the same worthy gentleman this morning." The countenance of the professor immediately brightened at this confession, and he exclaimed! "Cortadillo the Good, for by such distinction shall you henceforward be known—keep the hankerchief, and content yourself this time with having rendered us a signal service; for the sacristan, whose acquaintance you made this morning, is a relative of the alguazil, who is one of our best friends; therefore, we must comply with the proverb, which says, 'To him who gives you a fowl it is not much to send a

leg;' and the alguazil winks at more in a single day, than we could compass in a hundred." Much approbation was manifested by the company at this generous act; and they fully agreed in the justice of the encomium bestowed on Cortadillo, who remained as proud of his title as other worthy and distinguished men, who have acquired the like honour from their virtues or other qualities.

Before the return of Monipodio, two girls entered the apartment, who, from their address and manner, Rinconete easily guessed to belong to the community. They were welcomed very warmly by the two bravos, Chiquiznaque and Maniferro, the latter so called from having lost a hand by the course of law, and its place being supplied by one of iron. "Well, what news, my charmer?" said one, "what do you bring for the good of the club?" "You will see directly," replied one of the girls, called Gananciosa; Silvatillo is coming."

She had hardly spoken these words, when a boy entered, bearing a large basket covered with a sheet. The good people seemed all very much delighted with the appearance of Silvatillo; and Monipodio, taking one of the rush mats, placed it in the middle, and invited his friends to place themselves round it; then uncovering the basket, which contained abundance of eatables, he desired every one to carve for himself. There was no want of good-will in obeying this injunction, and the knives of the guests were

put in requisition; Cortadillo making use of his scanty sword in lieu of a better and more appropriate weapon. The contents of the basket were soon dispatched; and some elderly gentlemen who were of the party, obtained permission to leave, having, as they said, some important business to attend. These reverend members of the community, it appeared, were of the utmost utility; obtaining access by the respectability of their age to houses of consideration, and then ascertaining their value, and facilities for plunder, with which they did not fail to acquaint their worthy employer.

The meal was scarcely finished before a disturbance was heard within, and one of the scouts came running in to inform them that the justice, followed by a whole *posse comitatus*, was advancing to the house. In an instant all was confusion; the remains of the feast were scattered on all sides. Bravos and priests, old and young, lame and blind, instantly betook themselves to their different hiding-places for refuge; and in an instant, the scene of hilarity became as tranquil as though there had been no revellers there. Cortadillo and his friend remained, because they knew not whither to fly; and Monipodio, secure in conscious innocence, as master of the house awaited the coming storm.

It proved after all a groundless alarm. The justice passed on his way to some other quarter, and the

runaways were about to be recalled, when a cavalier was introduced, who seemed to be known to Monipodio, who ordered the bravos to be called down, but no others. "How is it," said the cavalier, "that you have not executed my commands?"

"I do not know what has been done in the business," replied Monipodio, "but hear the artist who had the affair in hand, and I will answer for it he can give you good reason." He then called Chiquiznaque to give an account of his commission.

"Is it of the merchant in the crossway?" asked the man of office.

"The same," said the cavalier.

"Ah! I watched for him last night at the very door of his house," rejoined the bravo, "and when he came I looked him full in the face, which I found to be so very small, that there was positively not space enough for the fourteen slashes that you ordered me to give him; therefore I could not complete your destruction."

"My destruction!" echoed the cavalier, crossing himself, "God forbid! My instructions, I suppose the gentleman means to say."

"Yes," said the imperturbed Chiquiznaque, "that is what I mean. But lest you should say I am not a man of honour, and have neglected my duty, I gave the required number of slashes on the face of his lacquey, who, I warrant, can shew the marks."

"What use is that to me," said the cavalier; "I had rather that the master had seven than the lacquey fourteen; however, you will have no more than the money I left, and I will bid you a good morning." Saying this, he took off his hat, and, bowing to the gentlemen, was about to leave, when Señor Monipodio caught him by the skirt. "Stay, Sir, if you please," said he, "and as we have acted honourably in this affair, we shall expect you will do so likewise; there are twenty ducats wanting, which we must have before you leave."

"What do you call acting honourably?" said the cavalier. "Is it giving the punishment to the man that was intended for the master?"

"His honour forgets the proverb that says, 'love me, love my dog,'" said Chiquiznaque. "And what the devil has that to do with the case?" asked the cavalier. "A great deal," replied the other, "for the same rule reversed must be equally true; therefore, 'hate me, hate my dog,' is applicable here, and our conditions are thus honourably fulfilled."

"Come, your honour must not split straws with your servants," observed the professor, "but take my advice, and pay what has been honestly earned; and if you are contented to give an order that can be executed on the master, it shall be punctually performed."

"If you will do that," said the Cavalier, "I'll

pay it willingly." "It shall be done as I am a christian," said the master, "I'll engage that Chiquiznaque shall make both master and man so like each other, that they shall not be known apart."

"Well, with this promise," said the cavalier, "take this chain for the twenty ducats owing, and forty on account of the business you have in hand. It is worth a thousand reals; but I shall require no change, as I think I shall have occasion shortly to send you to another friend of mine on the same errand.' He then took a handsome gold chain from his neck, which was received with the utmost politeness by Monipodio, and Chiquiznaque promised on that very night to wait on the merchant. The cavalier went away very well contented; and the professor then called the members who were absent, and placing himself in the centre, drew out his book of memorandums, and gave it to Rinconete to read aloud. The first part of the book was an account of the heavy business which had been paid for by their different employers, such as assassinations, slashing in the face with a poignard, maiming, &c. It began thus:—

"Memorandum of the serious business for the week.

"First, The merchant of the crossway to receive fourteen cuts across the face—value fifty crowns—thirty received on account; to be executed by

Chiquiznaque." "That is all for this week in that line," said Monipodio; "go on a few leaves farther, and see what is to be done under the article of cudgelling." Rinconete soon found the place, and found written "Memorandum for cudgelling."

"First, The master of the Clover-flower eating-house a dozen stripes of the very best quality, at the rate of one crown each—time allowed six days; to be executed by Maniferro." "You may soon rub that out," said Maniferro, "for this is the last night." "Is there any more, my boy?" asked Monipodio. "Yes, Sir," said Rinconete, "there is one more." The hunchbacked tailor, commonly called the Goldfinch, six stripes of the best quality, by order of the lady who left the necklace—to be executed by Desmochado (the cropper.)"

"I can't think how it is that Desmochado has not completed that order," said Monipodio, "the time has been up these two days." "I met him yesterday," said Maniferro, "and he told me the hunchback had been ill and was confined to his house." "Ah! I thought so;" returned the master, "for I always esteemed Desmochado a good artist and punctual in his obligations. There is no more, boy; pass on to common assaults." Rinconete found in another page as follows:—"Memorandum of common business," such as "blacking the face with a bottle of ink"—"nailing a horn over the doors of cuckolds"—"pre-

tences at assassination"—"false alarms." "That is enough," said Monipodio; "I undertake all that business, because I make it a rule to keep secret little affairs of delicacy; and would rather nail up twenty horns, than give intelligence of one." The business of the day being then concluded, the names of the new members were entered into the book, during which one of the old respectable-looking gentlemen returned, to inform the professor that he had seen the gentleman from Malaga, who informed him that he was so much improved in his art, that now he should not be afraid to play with the very devil, and would wager that he could cheat him with clean cards. He had been prevented from waiting on the master since his tour by illness; but should not fail to be at the general rendezvous on Sunday morning. "I always said that Lovillo would arrive at eminence in his profession," said Monipodio: "he has the best hands I ever saw; and to be a good artist we must have good tools." "I have likewise seen the Jew who acts the clergyman," said the venerable reporter: "he has taken lodgings in the same house with some people whom he hopes to tempt at play; but he will not fail to attend on Sunday." "Ah! the Jew is a great scoundrel," said Monipodio: "I have long had great doubts of his honesty, by his never coming near me. Unless he conducts himself more orderly, I shall strip him of his gown. Have you anything more to say?"

"Nothing more at present," returned the old gentleman."

"There, my children; take these fifty rials amongst you for the present," said the master, "and God bless and prosper you in your honest endeavours; and, on Sunday next, I shall expect every body present without fail, as I have a lecture to give you on the improvement of our art." He then embraced Rinconete and Cortadillo, giving them in charge to their former guide, to conduct them to the boundaries of the walks allotted to them, where they were to be accountable for every thing stolen from that district. The company then separated, and the two friends retired with their guide, highly edified and delighted with their visit.

THE PRETENDED AUNT.*

A STORY OF REAL LIFE, WHICH OCCURRED AT SALAMANCA IN THE YEAR 1575.

As two young law-students, natives of La Mancha, were one day passing along the streets of Salamanca, they happened to see over the window of a certain shopkeeper, a rich Persian blind, drawn closely down, —a novelty which attracted their attention. Fond of adventure, and more deeply read in the noble science of attack and defence, than the laws of Bartolus or Baldus, they felt a strong curiosity to know why the articles the shop contained were kept, being marked on sale, so studiously out of view. Why not exhibited in the window as well as at the door? To

* La Tia Fingida, the only novel, it is supposed, by the celebrated author of Don Quixote, that had not, till the present age, made its appearance. It was accidentally discovered at Madrid during the present century, and first published in a little collection, entitled "El Espiritu de Miguel de Cervantes y Saavedra." Madrid, 1814.

remove their perplexity, they proceeded to make inquiries—not at the shop, but at one some little distance off, where they observed a babbling old shopkeeper, busily serving his neighbours, and, at the same time, retailing the latest news and scandal of the place. In answer to their questions, he ran on with the same volubility. "My young gentlemen, you are very inquisitive; but if you must know, there is a foreign lady now resides in that house, at least half a saint, a very pattern of self-denial and austerity, and I wish you were under her direction. She has with her, also, a young lady of extraordinary fine appearance and great spirit, who is said to be her niece. She never goes out without an old squire, and two old duennas, young gentlemen; and, as I think, they are a family from Granada, rich, proud, and fond of retirement. At least, I have not seen a single soul in our city (and I have watched them well) once pay them a visit. Nor can I, for the life of me, learn from what place they last came hither. But what I do know is, that the young lady is very handsome and very respectable, to all appearance; and from the style of living and high bearing of the aunt, they belong to none of the common sort, of that I am sure."

From this account, pronounced with no little emphasis and authority, by the garrulous old gentleman, the students became more eager than ever to follow

up their adventure. Familiar as they were with the topographical position of the good citizens, the names of the different families and dwellings, and all the flying reports of the day, they were still in the dark as to the real quality of the fair strangers, and their connexions in the University. By dint of industry and perseverance, however, they hoped soon to clear up their doubts, and the first thing they ascertained was, that, though past the hour of noon, the door of the mansion was still closed, and there seemed no admittance, even upon business. From this they naturally inferred, that, if no tradesmen were admitted, the family could not well take their meals at home; and that if, like other mortals, they eat at all, they must soon make their appearance on their way to dinner.

In this conjecture they were not deceived, for shortly they saw a staid and reverend looking lady issue from the dwelling, arrayed all in white, with an immense surplice, wider than a Portuguese canon's, extending over her head, close bound round her temples, and leaving only just space enough for her to breathe. Her fan was in her hand, and a huge rosary with innumerable beads and bells about her neck—so large indeed, that, like those of Santinuflo, they reached down to her waist. Her mantle was of fine silk trimmed with furs; her gloves of the whitest and newest, without a fold; and she had a

walking-stick, or rather an Indian cane, delicately wrought and tipped with silver. A venerable old squire, who seemed to have belonged to the times of Count Fernan Gonzales, escorted his honoured mistress on the left hand. He was dressed in a large wide coat of velvet stuff, without any trimming—ancient scarlet breeches—moorish hose—a cloak trimmed with bands—and a cap of strong netted wool, which produced rather a quizzical effect, but which he wore because he was subject to cold and a dizziness in his upper story; add to which a large shoulder-belt and an old Navarrese sword.

These respectable-looking personages were preceded by another of very different exterior; namely, the lady's niece, apparently about eighteen, graceful in her deportment, and of a grave but gracious aspect. Her countenance was rather of the oval—beautiful and intelligent; her eyes were large and black as jet, not without a certain expression of tenderness and langour; arched and finely marked eyebrows, long dark eyelashes, and on her cheeks a delicate glow of carnation. Her tresses, of a bright auburn, flowed in graceful curls round brows of snowy whiteness, combined with a fine delicate complexion, &c. &c.; and she had on a sarsnett mantle; a bodice of Flemish stuff; her sandals were of black velvet, enriched with gilt fastenings and silver fringe; fine scented gloves, not only fragrant with common essence, but with the richest amber.

Though her demeanour was grave, her step was light and easy: in each particular she appeared to advantage, and in her *tout ensemble* still more attractive. In the eyes of the young scholars she appeared little less than a goddess, and, with half the dazzling charms she boasted, would have rivetted her fetters on the hearts of older and more experienced admirers. As it was, they were completely taken by surprise—astonished, stupified, overwhelmed, and enchanted. They stood gazing at so much elegance and beauty as if their wits had left them; it being one of the prerogatives of beauty, like the fascination of the serpent, first to deprive its victims of their senses, and then to devour them.

Behind this paragon of perfection walked two ugly old duennas (like maids of honour,) arrayed, if we only allow for their sex, much in the obsolete manner of their knight companion, the ancient squire.

With this formal and imposing escort, the venerable chaperon at length arrived at the house,—the good squire took his station at the door, and the whole party made their entrée. As they passed in, the young students doffed their caps with extraordinary alacrity and politeness; displaying in their air and manner, as much modesty and respect as they could muster for the occasion.

The ladies, however, took no notice of them,

shutting themselves in, and the young gentlemen out: who were left quite pensive and half in love, standing in the middle of the street. From this want of courtesy they ingeniously came to the conclusion, that these fair disturbers of their peace had not come to Salamanca for the purpose of studying the laws of politeness, but studying how to break them. In spite, however, of their ingratitude, they agreed to return good for evil, and to treat them on the following night to a little concert of music, in the form of a serenade,—for this is the first and only service which poor students have it in their power to offer at the windows of her who may have smitten them.

Seeking some solace, however, for their disappointment just at present, they repaired to a restaurateur's; and having partaken of what little they could get, they next betook themselves to the chambers of some of their friends. There they made a collection of all the instruments of musical torture they could find; such as old wire-worn guitars, broken violins, lutes, flutes, and castanets; for each of which they provided suitable performers, who had at least one eye, an arm, and a leg among them. Not content, however, with this, being determined to get every thing up in the most original style, they sent a deputation to a poet, with a request that he would forthwith compose a sonnet.

This sonnet was to be written for, and precisely upon, the name of *Esperanza;* such being the Christian appellation of the hope of their lives and loves; and it was to be sung aloud on that very same night. The poet undertook the serious charge; and in no little while, by dint of biting his lips and nails, and rubbing his forehead, he manufactured a sonnet, weaving with his wits just as an operative would weave a piece of cloth.

This he handed to the young lovers; they approved it, and took the author along with them to repeat it to the musicians as they sung it, there being no time to commit it to memory.

Meantime the eventful night approached—and at the due hour, there assembled for the solemn festival, nine knights of the cleaver, four vocal performers with their guitars, one psaltery, one harper, one fiddler, twelve bell-ringers, thirty shield-sounders, and numerous other practitioners, divided into several companies; all, however, better skilled in the music of the knife and fork than in any other instrument. In full concert they struck up, on entering the street, and a fresh peal on arriving at the lady's house; the last of which made so hideous a din as to rouse all within hearing from their quiet slumbers, and bring them to their windows half dead with wonder and alarm. This was continued some time just under the lady's window, till the

general concert ceased, to give room for the harp and the recital of the poet's sonnet. This was sung by one of those musicians who never wait to be invoked; nor was the poet less on the alert as prompter on the occasion. It was given with extreme sweetness and harmony of voice, and quite accorded with the rest of the performance.

Hardly had the recitation of this wonderful production ceased, when a cunning rogue, among the audience, turning to one of his companions, exclaimed in a loud, clear voice, "I vow to heaven I never heard a viler song worse sung, in all my born days! Did you note well the harmony of the lines, and that exquisite adaptation of the lady's name; that fine invocation to Cupid, and the pretty mention of the age of the adored object,—the contrast then between the giant and the dwarf—the malediction—the imprecation—the sonorous march of the whole poem. I vow to God, that if I had the pleasure of knowing the author, I would willingly, to-morrow morning, send him a dozen pork sausages, for I have this very day received some from the country." At the word sausages, the spectators were convinced that the person who had just pronounced the encomium, meant it in ridicule; and they were not mistaken; for they afterwards learnt that he came from a place famous for its practical jokers, which stamped him in the opinion of the bystanders for a great critic, well

qualified to pass judgment upon poets, as his witty analysis of this precious morsel had shewn.

Notwithstanding all their endeavours, the windows of the house they were serenading seemed the only ones that remained closed, a circumstance at which our young adventurers were not a little disappointed. Still, however, they persevered; the guitars were again heard, accompanied by three voices, in a romantic ballad chosen for the occasion. The musicians had not proceeded far, before they heard a window opened, and one of the duennas whom they had before seen, made her appearance. In a whining hypocritical tone, she addressed the serenaders: "Gentlemen, my mistress, the Lady Claudia di Astudillo y Quinones, requests that you will instantly repair to some other quarter, and not bring down scandal upon this respectable neighbourhood by such violent uproar; more particularly as there is now at her house a young lady, her niece, my young mistress, Lady Esperanza di Torralva Meneses y Pachico. It is very improper, therefore, to create such a disturbance among people of their quality. You must have recourse to other means, of a more gentlemanly kind, if you expect to meet with a favourable reception."

On hearing these words, one of the young gallants quickly retorted, "Do me the favour, most venerable mistress, to request your honoured Lady Donna Esperanza, to gladden our eyes by presenting herself

at the window. I wish to say a few words, which may prove of the greatest consequence." "Oh, shocking!" exclaimed the duenna, "is it the Lady Esperanza you mean? You must know, my good Sir, she is not thus lightly to be spoken of,—she is a most honourable, exemplary, discreet, modest young person, and would not comply with such an extravagant request, though you were to offer her all the pearls of the Indies."

During this colloquy with the ancient duenna, there came a number of people from the next street; and the musicians, thinking the alguazils were at hand, sounded a retreat, placing the baggage of the company in the centre; they then struck up some martial sounds with the help of their shields, in the hope that the captain would hardly like to accompany them with the sword dance, as is the custom at the holy feast of San Fernando at Seville; but would prefer passing on quietly to risking a defeat in the presence of his emissaries.

They therefore stood their ground, for the purpose of completing their night's adventure; but one of the two masters of the revels refused to give them any more music, unless the young lady would consent to appear at the window. But not even the old duenna again honoured them with her presence there, notwithstanding their repeated solicitations; a species of slight which threw the whole company into a rage, and

almost incited them to make an attack upon the Persian blinds, and bring their fair foes to terms. Mortified as they were, they still continued their serenade, and at length took their leave with such a volley of discordant sounds, as to make the very houses shake with their hideous din.

It was near dawn before the honourable company broke up, to the extreme annoyance and disappointment of the students, at the little effect their musical treat seemed to have produced. Almost at their wits end, they at last hit upon the expedient of referring their difficulties to the judgment of a certain cavalier, in whom they thought they could confide. He was one of that high spirited class termed in Salamanca *los generosos*.

He was young, rich, and extravagant, fond of music, gallant, and a great admirer of bold adventures; in short, the right sort of advocate in a cause like theirs. To him they recounted very minutely their prodigious exertions and their ill-success; the extreme beauty, grace, and attractions of the young, and the imposing and splendid deportment of the old lady; ending with the small hope they had of ever becoming better acquainted with them. Music, it was found, boasted no charm for them, "charmed they ever so wisely;" nay, they had been accused of bringing scandal upon the whole neighbourhood.

Now their friend, the cavalier, being one who never

blinked danger, began to reassure them, and promised that he would soon bring their uncourteous foes to conditions, COUTE QUI COUTE; and that, as he was himself armed against the keenest shafts of the little archer-god, he would gladly undertake the conquest of this proud beauty on their account.

Accordingly, that very day he dispatched a handsome and substantial present to the lady-aunt, with his best services; at the same time offering all he was worth—life, his person, his goods and chattels, and——his compliments. Such an offer not occurring every day, the elder duenna took on her the part of the Lady Claudia, and, in her mistress's name, was curious to hear from the page something of the rank, fortune, and qualifications of his master. She inquired especially as to his connections, his engagements, and the nature of his pursuits, just as if she were going to take him for a son in-law. The page told her every thing he knew, and the pretended aunt seemed tolerably well satisfied with his story.

It was not long ere she went, in person, in her mistress's name, as the old duenna, with an answer to the young cavalier, so full and precise, that it resembled an embassy rather than a letter of thanks. The duenna arrived, and proceeded to open the negotiation; she was received by the cavalier with great courtesy. He bade her be seated in a chair near his own; he took off her cloak with his own

hands, and handed her a fine embroidered handkerchief to wipe the perspiration from her brow, for she seemed a little fatigued with her walk. He did more; and before permitting her to say a single word on the nature of her errand, he ordered sweetmeats and other delicacies to be set before her, and helped her to them himself. He then poured out two glasses of exquisitely flavoured wine, one for her and one for himself. In short, so delicate and flattering were his attentions, that the venerable guardian of youthful virtue could not have received more genuine pleasure if she had been made a saint upon the spot.

She now opened the object of her embassy, with the most choice, demure, and hypocritical set of phrases she could command; though ending with a most flat falsehood to the following purport. "She was commissioned," she said, "by her excellent young mistress, Donna Esperanza di Torralva Meneses y Pachico, to present to his excellency her best compliments and thanks. That his excellency might depend, that, though a lady of the strictest virtue, Donna Esperanza would never refuse to receive so excellent and accomplished a gentleman upon an honourable footing, whenever he were inclined to honour her aunt's house with his presence." The cavalier replied, "that he had the most perfect faith in all he had heard respecting the

surpassing beauty, virtue, and accomplishments of her young mistress, qualities which made him only the more eager to enjoy the honour of an interview."

After an infinite variety of reservations and circumlocutions, this proposal was acceded to by the good duenna, who assured him there could be no possible objection on the part of either of the ladies; an assertion, than which, however, nothing could be farther from the truth. In short, desirous of discharging her duennal duty in the strictest manner, and not content with intercepting the cavalier's presents, and personating Donna Claudia, the wily old lady resolved to turn the affair to still further account. She ended the interview, therefore, with assuring him that she would, that very evening, introduce him to the ladies; and first, to the beautiful Esperanza, before her aunt should be informed of his arrival.

Delighted with his success, the young cavalier dismissed his obliging guest with every expression of esteem, and with the highest compliments to her fair mistress; at the same time putting a purse into the old duenna's hand, enough to purchase a whole wardrobe of fine clothes. "Simple young man," muttered the cunning old lady, as she left the house; "he thinks it is all finely managed now; but I must touch a little more of his money; he has certainly more than he knows what to do with. It is all right;

he shall be welcome to my lady's house, truly; but how will he go out again, I wonder. The officers will see him home, I dare say, but not till after he has paid me well again for being admitted; and my young lady has made me a present of some handsome gowns for introducing so pretty a young gentleman; and her foolish old aunt rewarded me well for discovering the secret."

Meantime, the young cavalier was impatiently expecting the appointed hour; and as there is none but sooner or later must arrive, he then took his hat and cloak, and proceeded where the ancient duenna was expecting him.

On his arrival she nodded to him out of a window, and having caught his eye, she threw him the empty purse he had presented her with, well filled in the morning. Don Felix was at no loss to take the hint, and on approaching the door, he found it only a little open, and the claws of the old beldame ready to clutch the offered bait before she granted him admittance. It was then opened wide, and she conducted him in silence up stairs, and through a suite of rooms into an elegant little boudoir, where she concealed him behind a Persian screen, in a very skilful and cautious manner. She bade him remain quite still; her young lady, Esperanza, was informed of his arrival, and from HER favourable representations of his high rank, fortune, and accomplishments,

she was prepared to give him an interview, even without consulting her aunt. Then giving her hand as a token of her fidelity, she left Don Felix couched behind the screen, in anxious expectation of the result.

Meanwhile, the artful old wretch, under the strictest promise of secresy, and a handsome present of new gowns, had communicated to the aunt the important intelligence of the discovery of so unpleasant an affair, relating to the unsullied reputation and high character of her niece. She then whispered her mistress in the ear that she had actually discovered a man concealed in the house, and what was worse, by appointment with her young lady, as she had learnt from a note she had intercepted; but that she dared not disturb the intruder, as he appeared armed at all points. She therefore intreated her mistress to make no noise, lest he should perpetrate some deadly deed, before the officers of justice, to whom she had sent notice, should arrive to secure him. Now the whole of this statement was a new tissue of lies, as the old beldame intended to let the cavalier very quietly out, and had never yet ventured to acquaint her young lady with his presence at a... Having thus carried her point with the old lady, she declared that if she would promise to stay without disturbing herself in that room, she would go in search of Esperanza, and conduct her to her aunt

immediately. This being agreed upon, the duenna proceeded to look for her young lady up stairs, and was not a little puzzled to find her seated in her boudoir, and Don Felix near her, with an expression of the utmost pleasure and surprise in his countenance. What had been his astonishment on Esperanza's entrance, to behold the beloved girl from whom he had been separated by her aunt's cruelty not many months before. What an extatic meeting for both; what a dilemma for the treacherous old duenna, should an explanation have already taken place! She had not been many weeks in the Lady Claudia's service, and she would certainly not be many more, if the lovers should be thus discovered together. What was to be done? Ere they could decide, her mistress's step was heard on the stairs; she was calling Esperanza, in those sharp, bitter tones to which her niece was too well accustomed, and she had already reached the anti-room ere Don Felix was safely ensconced behind the screen. Esperanza hastened towards her, and found her seated in an easy arm chair, in a sad flurry of mingled rage and alarm.

She cast ominous and perturbed glances towards the boudoir whence her niece had just issued, and then looked out of the window, impatient for the arrival of the police. She did not venture to allude to the cause of her dismay; bidding her niece sit

down, a portentous silence ensued. It was now late, the whole household, even their protector, the ancient squire, had retired to rest. Only the old duenna and her young mistress were wide awake, and the latter was particularly anxious for her aunt to retire. Though only nine, she declared she believed the clock had struck ten; she thought her aunt looked jaded and unwell; would she not like to go to bed? No reply; but dark, malignant glances, sufficiently attested what it would have been, had she dared to speak out. Though unable, however, to deal in particulars, she could not refrain from making some general observations which bore upon the case. In a low tone, therefore, she addressed her niece as follows:—"I have often enough warned you, Esperanza, not to lose sight of the exhortations I have invariably made it my business to give you. If you valued them as you ought, they would be of infinite use to you, as I fear time and experience will, ere long, sufficiently shew;" and here she again looked out of the window. "You must not flatter yourself we are now at Placentia, where you were born; nor yet at Zamora, where you were educated; no, nor at Toro, where you were first introduced. The people of those places are very different to what they are here; there is no scandal, no jealousies, no intriguing, my dear; and (in a still lower tone) no violence and uproar such as we heard in the street

last night. Heaven protect us from all violent and deceitful men; from all house-breaking, robbery, and assassinations. Yes, I say, I wish we were well out of Salamanca! You ought to be aware in what a place you are; they call it the mother of sciences, but I think it is the mother of all mischief; yes, of every thing bad, not excepting some people whom I know; but I mention no names just now," she added, with a look of suppressed malice and vexation; "though I could if I pleased. But the time will come!" and she here muttered some low unintelligible threats about grates and convents. "We must leave this place, my dear; you perhaps don't know there are ten or twelve thousand students here; young, impudent, abandoned, lost, predestined, shameless, graceless, diabolical, and mischievous wretches, the scum of all parts of the world, and addicted to all evil courses, as I think we had pretty good proofs only last night. Though avaricious as misers, when they set their eyes upon a young woman, my dear, they can be extravagant enough. The Lord protect us from all such, I say! Jesu Maria save us from them all!"

During this bitter moral lecture, Esperanza kept her eyes fixed upon the floor, without speaking a word, and apparently quite resigned and obedient, though without producing its due effect upon her aunt. "Hold up your head, child, and leave off

stirring the fire; hold up your head, and look me in the face, if you are not ashamed, and try to keep your eyes open, and attend to what I say. You require all the senses you have got, depend upon it, to make good use of my advice; I know you do." Esperanza here ventured to put in a word: "Pray, dear aunt, don't so fret yourself and me by troubling yourself to say any more. I know all you would say, and my head aches shockingly — do spare yourself, or I think my head will split with pain." "It would be broken with something else, perhaps, if you had your deserts, young miss, to answer your affectionate aunt in such a way as that! To say nothing of what I know—yes, what I know, and what others shall know, when somebody comes;" and she glanced very significantly towards the door.

Of this edifying conversation Don Felix had partly the benefit, as it occurred so near his place of concealment. The old duenna, meantime, being desirous, after the discovery that had taken place, of ingratiating herself with the lovers, and finding there was no hope of Donna Claudia retiring to rest till the arrival of the police, thought it high time to bring the young cavalier out of his dilemma. It was her object to get him safe out of the house, and yet preserve the good opinion of her venerable mistress, who might wait, she thought, till doomsday for the police. As it was impossible to speak to Don Felix,

she hit upon the following expedient to make him speak for himself, trusting to her own and her young lady's discretion for bringing him off safely. She took her snuff-box, and approaching his hiding-place very slyly, threw a good handful into his face, which taking almost immediate effect, he began to sneeze with such a tremendous noise, that he might be heard in the street. She then rushed, in apparent alarm, into the next room, crying out: "He is coming! he is here;—guns and pistols—pistols and guns—save yourselves, my dear ladies! Here, you go into this closet;" she pushed the old aunt into it, almost dead with fright, and closed the door. "You come with me," she continued to Esperanza, "and I will see you safe here." Saying which, she took the young lady with her, and joined her lover, who had already found his way down stairs.

Unluckily, however, to make the scene more complete, and to impose the better upon her old mistress, she opened the window, and began to call out, "Thieves! thieves! help! help!" though in as subdued a tone as possible. But at the very first cry, the corregidor, who happened to be walking close to the house, entered the door, followed by two of his myrmidons, just as Don Felix opened it to go out. They instantly pounced upon and secured him, before he had time either to explain or defend himself;

and, spite of the entreaties of Esperanza and the duenna, he was borne away.

They followed, however, to represent the affair to the chief alguazil; and they had gone only a little way when they were met by a strong party, headed by the identical two students, who came prepared for a fresh serenade, on the strength of their friend the cavalier's support and assistance. What was their surprise and dismay to behold him in such hands, and followed by the lovely Esperanza herself, the cause of all their anxiety and exertions. Love and honour at once fired their breasts, and their resolution was taken in a moment. Six friends, and an army of musicians, were behind them. Turning to them, out flew their own swords, as they called on them to draw in aid of honour and beauty, and rescue them from the hands of the vile alguazils. All united in the cry of rescue,—the musicians in the rear struck up the din of war; and a hideous peal it was,—while the rest rushed on with as much haste and spirit as if they had been going to a rich banquet. The combat was not long doubtful; the emissaries of justice were overpowered by the mere weight of the crowd which bore upon them; and unable to stir either hand or foot, they were mingled in the thick of the engagement, pressed on all sides by halt, and maimed, and blind, and stunned with the din of battle from the rear.

While this continued, Don Felix and his fair companion had been the especial care of the students and their friends, by whom they had been early drawn off into a place of comparative safety. Here a curious scene took place:—after the first congratulations upon their victory, the two students took their friend Don Felix by the hand, expressing the deep gratitude they both felt for the eternal obligation he had conferred upon them, having so nobly redeemed his pledge of bringing the lady to terms, and placing her in their hands. The speaker then continued, that *he* having had the good fortune to bear her away in safety from the crowd, was justly entitled to the prize, which he hoped would not be disputed, as he was then ready to meet any rival. The other instantly accepted the challenge, declaring he would die sooner than consent to any such arrangement. The fair object of their strife looked at Don Felix, uttering exclamations of mingled terror and surprise, while the young cavalier, just as the students were proceeding to unsheath their weapons, burst into a fit of uncontrollable mirth. "Oh, miracle of love! mighty power of Cupid!" he exclaimed, "What is it I behold? Two such sworn friends to be thus metamorphosed in a moment! Going to fight; after I have so nobly achieved the undertaking! Never,—I am the man you must both run through the body, for verily I am about to

forfeit my pledge. I too am in love with this lady; and with Heaven's permission and her own, to-morrow she will be mine—my own wedded wife; for, by Heaven! she returns no more to Aunt Claudia and her duennas. He then explained to the astonished students the story of their love; how, when, and wherefore they had wooed,—their separation and sufferings,—with the happy adventure that had crowned their hopes. Then imitating the language of the students, he took their hands, assuring them of his deep gratitude for the eternal obligation they had conferred upon him.

On the ensuing day, Esperanza gave her hand to Don Felix, and the venerable Aunt Claudia was released from her hiding place, and all further anxiety on her niece's account.

EL AMANTE LIBERAL.

"Ye lowly, melancholy ruins of the hapless Nicosia, yet red with the blood of your brave, but ill-fated defenders! Would that, in the depth of solitude which surrounds me, ye could join your voice with mine, that we could together bewail our calamities; for perhaps a mutual sympathy in one another's woes might something mitigate the severity of that destiny which has left us but the relics of what we once were. Grey monuments of time, one hope is still yours: a season may come round when you shall again lift your towers and battlements into the sky, though never can they stand a rampart in so just a cause as that in which you fell; but I—wretched as I am—what have I to expect in this extremity of human sorrows, even if I were to be restored to the same fortune which before fell to my share. For then, such is my wayward doom, I was nor happy nor free; and now, in captivity, ought I longer to beguile myself with hopes?"

Such was the language of a Christian captive,

as he gazed from a declivity upon the time-worn walls of the lost city of the brave, seeming, like Caius Marius, to feel a strange pleasure in comparing his own misery with its fallen state, as if the ruins themselves were conscious of their doom—a feeling peculiar to the deeply-afflicted, with whom imagination gives a deeper colouring to every object, and a wild and wandering tone to their words. As he spoke, there issued from a sort of tent, of which there appeared four upon that desert plain, a youth arrayed in Turkish costume, with a frank, good-natured aspect; and approaching the Christian he said, "I would wager well, Ricardo, what it is so continually absorbs your thoughts in these wild places!" "Yes, absorbs, indeed," replied Ricardo, for this was the poor captive's name; "yet what boots it, if in no part whither I can turn my steps I find either respite or rest? These ruins, I think, have rather afforded more matter for my thoughts than tended to compose them." "Do you mean those," inquired the young Turk, "which we see from hence,—the walls of Nicosia?" "What others," replied the captive, his eyes still fixed on them, "can we see here?" "You may well shed tears," observed the Turk, "if you indulge in contemplations like these; for those who, only two years gone, beheld this fertile and populous island (Cyprus), bosomed, as it were, in peace and enjoyment—abounding in all

that could give zest to life and its highest pleasures; if they were now to view it in its day of desolation, and walk amidst its broken and scattered treasures, with its possessors doomed to penury or slavery—how could they do other than grieve over its wide-spread calamity and solitary state? But, for this reason, let us leave such thoughts, which bring no remedy, and turn to your own fortunes, for which we may haply find some; which I the more entreat you to do, by the good will I have hitherto shewn you; because we belong to the same country, were brought up together; and also to tell me the real cause which leads you still to give way to this extreme sorrow and despair; for though captivity itself is enough to make the bravest and most merry heart many times sad, I cannot but believe there must be some old and deep-seated grievance to give rise to sighs and looks like yours. Bold, generous natures like yours will not bend before every day's misfortunes, but rather summon fresh spirit to oppose them; besides, what is stranger, I know that you want not the means, were you so inclined, to deliver you from this thraldom; you are not like the poor captives of rank in the forts of the Black Sea, who see little or no hope of being restored to freedom again. That hope is still left you, and yet day after day you go on complainin gand desponding, as one in whom no future event can produce the least sense of joy. You cannot then be surprised

I should suspect that you lament something more than your lost liberty; and I beseech you to inform me of it, giving my promise to do all I can to assist you; and perhaps it is for that purpose fortune hath now played me one of her changeful tricks, by which I appear before you in a dress which I so much abhor.

"You already know, Ricardo, that the cadi, or bishop of this city, is now my master. You are aware, also, of his great influence, no less than mine with him. Nor are you ignorant of my extreme desire not to close my days in the same condition in which I now appear; for if I can do no more, I ought to confess aloud my faith in the religion of Jesus, from which my immature age, and yet feebler judgment, unhappily separated me. Yes, though perilling life itself, it were better openly to declare the truth, well content to yield up this frail mortal tenement, provided I can secure the peace of my immortal soul. From all I have said, continued the young man, "I would wish you to infer that my friendship may be of some use to you; and to best ascertain how, it is quite requisite to know the extent of your misfortune, just as a sage physician obtains the confidence of his patient, and under a full assurance that I shall not betray yours."

Ricardo preserved a deep silence, and then, touched with the kind manner of the young man, he answered

him in these words:—"If you could only, my dear friend Mahomet, ascertain what kind of remedy could be applied, as easily as you have the existence of some misfortune, I should then hardly bewail the loss of my liberty, nor would I exchange it indeed for the most joyful event that could befall me; but do I not know such is its nature, that while all the world may be made acquainted with the cause, there is not one could take on himself even to alleviate—how much less to remove it. That you may moreover rest satisfied how far this is true, I will, as briefly as possible, entrust the affair to your ear; but before entering on the strange labyrinth of my woes, I could wish you to inform me why Hassan Pacha, my master, has caused these tents and pavilions to be raised here, previous to entering into Nicosia, of which he has been appointed viceroy, or pacha, as it is so termed by the Turks themselves?"

"That I will quickly explain," replied Mahomet; "it is a custom that whenever a viceroy goes to take command of any province, he never enters the city until his predecessor shall have taken his departure from it, so that he may have full liberty on his arrival; and while the new pacha assumes the reins of power, the former takes his station on the plain to await the results of his own offices, which are all settled without his influence or intervention, unless he should previously have employed them.

"The account of his government having been made out, it is then delivered to the retiring Pacha in a closed and sealed packet, and with this in his hand, he is compelled to make his appearance at the door of the Grand Signor—in other words, at the court before the grand council of the Turk. Being examined by the Vizier Pacha, and other four of a minor class, they either reward or chastise him according to the nature of the contents; and if he be inculpated, the method is to buy off his accusers by the weight of his purse, or other means. If nothing be brought forward, either to reward or blame him, he then, generally by force of bribes and gifts, attains the situation to which he most aspires; for offices in that government are not bestowed as the reward of merit, but for gold; every thing there is bought and sold. All public affairs are conducted on a system of mutual spoliation and corruption; brute power is the centre from which all lesser tyrannies diverge—a bad omen for the duration of any government. Yet, I believe, it may be longer perpetuated on account of our sins, and more especially such as, like mine, are calculated to offend the majesty of our God; and, though young, he will visit it on the head of the renegade, for the reasons I have said. Your master, Hassan Pacha, has pitched his tents on this campagna for four days, and if he of Nicosia hath not sallied forth, according to rule, it is because he is ill

in health. He is however better, and to-day, or to-morrow morning, he will come forth and sojourn in some tents at the back of this declivity, when your master will make his entry into the city, and this, I believe, is all that you required to know."

"Listen in your turn, then," replied Ricardo, "though I doubt if I shall be enabled to fulfil my promise of briefly describing a series of calamities, which set reason and calculation at defiance; yet I will do all that my time and ability will permit.

"In the first place, know you in our village of Trepana, a young lady, whom fame hath reported as the most beautiful creature in all Sicily; the theme, in short, of every tongue, not less for her intellectual accomplishments than for her extreme grace and loveliness of person,—equalled, it is supposed, neither in ancient nor in modern times?"

"She it is of whom the poet sang:—All radiant and glowing, with her golden tresses,—her sunny piercing eyes,—the finest rose-bloom upon her cheeks,—her teeth of whitest pearls,—rubies for her lips,—a throat of alabaster, and a step, which with the symmetry of her shape, made of her every gesture a wondrous harmony;—breathing nature all around her, combined with a sweetness of colour, so pure and perfect, that not Envy herself could point her finger at a single speck, and smile."

"How is it possible then, Mahomet, you should not yet have mentioned even her name? Of a truth, you either do not hear me, or were out of your wits when you were staying at Trepana."

"Why indeed, Ricardo, you have painted her in such lively colours, that if she be not the beautiful Leonisa, the daughter of Rodolfo the Florentine,—for she only answers to fame's report,—I am at a loss even to guess who she can be."

"You have guessed right," exclaimed Ricardo; "she it is, my dear friend,—she, the cause of all that I enjoy, and of all I suffer. She it is,—and not my lost liberty, for whose sight my eyes have poured and will pour, bitter, unceasing tears; for the sound of whose voice I sigh, till the air is burdened with the weight of my woe; and it is for her I have daily wearied heaven with my useless prayers; for whom you have often pronounced me mad, or a poor, weak captive, bending before the storm. Yes, this Leonisa,—to me a lioness, though gentle as a lamb to others,—is the sole cause of my wretched condition. From my earliest years,—at least, since I learnt to think at all, I have loved, adored, and served her with a care and tenderness so devoted, as if there had been no other idol on earth to divide with her my all perfect fealty and truth. Her guardians knew my wishes, nor did they ever oppose them, so clear was the honourable nature of my vows; so much so, that

I know they endeavoured to induce her to receive me as her future consort. But, oh heavens! she had seen and she loved Cornelio, the son of Ascanio Rotulo,—a young and dainty, courtier-like gentleman, whose crisped curls, white hands, and smooth tongue, decked out with all the aids that art or dress could bestow, won those smiles which my long and ardent love and devoted services could never do,—but, on the contrary, she treated them with disdain, and even aversion.

"To such an excess had my passion arrived, that I could willingly have fallen, a victim of her cruelty, at her feet; for witnessing her encouragement of my rival's wishes, threw me into those pangs of jealous love, that may be felt, but never can be described. Her relatives, believing his views to be honourable, and aware of his rank and wealth, secretly favoured his addresses, though in point of station, mind, and lofty enterprise, he did not—and I say it not in boast—he did not excel me.

"It happened, then, that while still following up my pretensions, I learnt that a day was fixed upon, (it was the month of May), now just a year ago, when the relatives of both parties, with a large train of attendants, were to take a rural excursion to the gardens of Ascanio, situated on the sea-side, and on the road of Las Salinas."

"I know it well," interrupted Mahomet. "I

spent some time there, and may do again, God willing; but hasten on with your story, Ricardo."

"I heard of it," continued Ricardo, "and the bitterest jealousy took possession of my soul; I was no longer myself, as you will soon see from the sequel. I followed them to the spot, and there, under the leafy canopy of trees, I beheld, surrounded by their merry friends and companions, the two beings whom I sought, sitting only a little apart from each other. I seemed to lose all consciousness of other objects. I stood fixed like a statue,—too rivetted and absorbed even to notice the effect which my appearance produced. It was not long, however, ere my sight and my senses returned; I gazed on them, my surprise turned to indignation, my rage sent the blood to my heart; and though my adoration of her beauty restrained my hands, it gave redoubled energy to my words. 'Happy as you look, delighting in the torments you inflict, and the tears you have condemned me incessantly to pour, cruel and ingrate as thou art, go, toy with thy vain trifling choice; wreathe his effeminate tresses with those fingers, crown his brows with myrtle leaves, smile with thy deadly and poisonous power, and let me look on, that I may die before you with the horror of such a sight. Yet, proud and ill-advised one, thinkest thou to break through all ties and laws most sacred, at thy pleasure? Thinkest thou yon smooth-faced idiot

boy, proud of his wealth, arrogant in his love and rank, silly and inexperienced, can know what true love, fidelity, and noble passion are; can he estimate thy beauties, like him of sounder soul and nerve, and of maturer years? Believe it not; he is the same tame, heartless being, whose conduct is sure to be applauded by the world, whose ignorance can deceive no one but himself. Inconstancy is the motto of youth, as pride of the rich, arrogance of the vain, disdain of beauty. And does the boy imagine that claims like his ought to supersede mine, buried as he is in the lap of sloth and luxury? No; let him first rise from that flowery couch, and meet the rival who abhors him from the soul; let him dare me to the challenge for thy love. See you not how unworthy he is of the treasure you would yield to him, since he dare not rise to defend it; afraid, it may be, of discomposing some portion of his lady-like attire. Had renowned Achilles, in his woman's dress, been seated as thou art, in vain would Ulysses have tempted him from his luxurious retreat by the sight of his resplendent arms and love of glorious enterprise. But thou, go join thy mother's maids; comb thy soft tresses, and decorate those delicate hands, better fitted to wield the distaff than the sword.' During the utterance of these bitter words, Cornelio never stirred from the spot; he seemed struck with wonder, his eyes intently fixed upon me.

"On hearing the angry sound of my voice, the whole of the company present directed their attention to what I said; and gathering round Cornelio, it seemed as if they inspired him with a little more courage. He gave some signs of rising, upon which I instantly attacked him, surrounded as he was by a whole tribe of relatives and friends. The moment the lovely Leonisa caught the flash of my sword, she fell into a swoon, at which sight my indignation rose to a pitch of fury no longer to be repressed.

"How it was that, surrounded by numbers who sought to wound and disarm me, in the idea that I was a madman, and whom I as fiercely attacked, I should have escaped with life, I am at a loss to comprehend, unless it were that Heaven reserved me for still greater misfortunes then before. Spite of my efforts to reach him, Cornelio escaped, though I wounded a number of his friends and attendants, being utterly careless of my own life; when suddenly an event occurred, far more fatal to me than if I had been left dead upon the ground. In the midst of the fray, a band of Turkish corsairs who had landed without being perceived, were observed rushing towards us,—my enemies took to flight, and I was left alone to encounter new dangers.

"The Turks, however, succeeded in capturing only three persons, of whom Leonisa, still lying insensible, was one, and I, who furiously withstood them to the

death, was another. After securing us, the pirates immediately set sail, not well satisfied with the loss I had made them suffer; and spreading their canvass, it was no long time ere we found ourselves anchored at Fabiana.

"There they first made inquiry as to the number they had lost, when they found that four of what they termed the Levantines, were missing, and these they accounted among the best of their crew. Bent upon revenge, the survivors came to the resolution of putting me to death; and the yard-arm was ordered to be lowered, and the rope to be prepared. Meantime, Leonisa had woke from her swoon, and seeing herself surrounded by the fierce faces of the corsairs, she burst into tears; she wrung her fair hands, and gave way to the most passionate ebullition of grief. At length, one of the men at the oars, a Christian, spoke to her in Italian, and told her that the commander had doomed her fellow captive—pointing towards me—to instant execution, on account of having killed so many of the best men of his galley.

"On hearing this, Leonisa for the first time betrayed some symptoms of concern for me, and told her informer to advise the captain by no means to put me to death; for by that he would lose an immense sum, which I should be able to pay for my ransom. Believing her, the pirates the next day raised the flag of peace, and returned to Trapana. I passed that

night in an agony of grief, you may well imagine; not for the sake of my captivity or my wounds, but from the horror I felt at my fair and cruel enemy being in the hands of barbarians and slaves.

"On reaching the city alluded to, one of the two gallies put into the port, while the other remained cruizing without; the whole shore was covered with the Christians, and among them the effeminate Cornelio, all eagerly observing what was passing in the gallies. Preparing to treat for ransom, I observed my own steward approaching with others for that purpose; but I directly informed him I would not be set at liberty, and that the amount should go for the ransom of Leonisa, ordering him forthwith to return to the shore, and acquaint the parents and friends of Leonisa with my resolution, and that they should make themselves perfectly easy on her account. Having done this, the commander, Isuf, a renegade Greek, required six thousand crowns for the captive beauty, and for me four thousand, swearing, at the same time, that he would not release the one without the other. The fact was, he insisted upon having this exorbitant amount from having become enamoured of the fair girl, and having arranged that, in the division of the whole spoil, he should, at a certain valuation, keep the person of Leonisa for himself. The relatives of Leonisa, meantime relying upon my promise, made no further exertions, and

the same in regard to Cornelio; so that, after many refusals, my steward agreed to give five thousand for Leonisa and three thousand for myself. Izuf accepted the terms, being driven to it by the influence of his comrade and that of the whole crew. As my steward, however, was not prepared with so large a sum, he asked three days to collect it, intending to mortgage my property to the amount we wanted. Izuf was delighted with this result, as it gave him time to bring about the entire failure of the plan; and returning to the island of Fabiana, he declared that he would return to receive the money in the lapse of three days. But my cruel fortune, not yet weary of persecuting me, contrived that, while a Turkish sentinel held watch on the loftiest part of the island, he descried six Italian sail, part of a squadron from Malta or the Sicilies, on which he instantly gave the signal, and the troops on land forthwith reimbarked with all the spoil they could suddenly collect together, steering direct for the Barbary coast. In less than two hours they lost sight of the galleys, and, under favour of the night, escaped the Christian armament unobserved. I will leave you to imagine, my friend, the torments I suffered in that voyage, so different from what I had hoped; suffice it to say, that, on arriving at the island of Pantanalea, the Turks again betook themselves to land, and proceeded to make partition of the booty, every word in regard to which

went like a dagger to my soul. When they came to the disposal of Leonisa and myself, Izuf proposed to give to his comrade six Christians, including me, upon condition of retaining Leonisa only for himself. The offer was accepted, and Fetala, approaching me, said in Italian:—'Thou art now mine, Christian, for the value of two thousand crowns, and if thou carest to have thy freedom, give me now four thousand for it, or prefer to die on the spot.'

"I enquired if the Christian lady, also, was given up to him; to which he replied, that Izuf retained her, being determined to convert her to the true faith, and to make her his wife.

"It was even so, as one of the captives at the oar farther assured me, who had overheard the whole of the agreement entered into between the two captains, Izuf and Fetala. I begged of my master that he would so arrange matters as to obtain the Christian lady, for that in that case he would be sure of having ten thousand gold crowns for her ransom. He answered it was impossible; but that he would acquaint Izuf with the offer, who might then think it advisable to change his views, and most likely accept it. He did so, and then gave orders for the whole of his galley to get on board, as he was resolved to steer for Tripoly. Izuf, on his part, determined to go to Viserta, and both embarked with all that precipitation, which either fear of suprise, or hopes of plunder,

are known to inspire. Signs also of a brooding storm gave additional briskness to their motions; and meantime I was unable to catch a sight of the fair Leonisa, except as we approached the sea-side to embark. Then, alas! I saw her led by the hand of her new master, and more recent lover; and just as she was crossing into the galley she turned her eyes upon me, while mine were rivetted on her with a passionate expression of ineffable grief, which seemed to deprive me of both sight and sense,—a mist came over my eyes, and I fell without consciousness to the earth. The same, I was afterwards informed, occurred to Leonisa; she had fallen from her footing into the water, and Izuf, plunging after her, with difficulty recovered her.

"With this I was made acquainted in the galley, on board of which I had been carried in a state of insensibility; but on awakening from my trance, what was my surprise to find myself alone, while the other vessel was seen steering in an opposite direction, bearing along with it the object of all my solicitude. The sight pierced me to the heart,—I execrated my ill fortune, and such was the excess of my grief and lamentation, that my new master, disturbed by my violence, threatened to punish me if I did not instantly cease. With proud disdain I repressed my feelings, hoping that by the violence I did to my indignation and despair, my heart might break asunder;

but fate had not yet done her worst; the tempest had now risen to a pitch of fury, and the pirates soon losing all command of the vessel, she scudded at will before the winds.

It was the captain's object to gain the refuge of the island, not far from us, but such was the violence of the tempest, as to bear us in little less than fourteen hours many leagues out to sea, so that in a short while we were borne back to the island we had left, and hurried, with the certainty of death before our eyes, upon a pile of horrid rocks that jutted out into the ocean. The other galley, driven in the same direction, was close to us, and terrible was the struggle on both sides by force of rowing to save ourselves from impending destruction. The men of the other galley appeared spent with fatigue; they soon ceased their efforts altogether, and the vessel was borne with a tremendous crash upon the unpitying rocks. She fairly opened into two; the night had just set in, and one universal cry which seemed to pierce all hearts, rose above the voice of the tempest. The hands on board us refused longer to listen to the Captain, but they still tugged hard at the oar, turning at the same time her prow to the wind, and throwing out her two anchors to find a bottom, by all which if possible, to retard the dreaded moment at hand. Others indeed, feared to die; they trembled; but not so with me; for the mere hope of meeting in another

sphere with the dear object that had just perished before my eyes, infused a wild and strange delight in meeting the tempest in all its horrors, and at every fresh shock I felt only disappointment and despair to find myself yet in existence. I watched with intense anxiety each revolving wave, in the idea that it might bring on its heaving bosom, the form of my lost Leonisa; but in vain I gazed on the terrific waters; it is impossible to describe to you the agonies of soul I endured that one long night; for I promised I would be brief, and volumes would not convey an adequate idea of what I suffered. Death came not to my relief, and another morning broke with more fearful presage, if possible, than the day that was gone by; our vessel had now drifted some way from the rocks, and being near doubling a point of the island, both Christians and Turks exerted themselves to the utmost, and in six hours succeeded in getting her clear; while the winds and waves becoming more calm, our men again took to their oars, till, gradually approaching the shore, the Turks went on land with the view of discovering if any thing remained from the wreck of the other vessel. Still heaven denied me the melancholy satisfaction of embracing the lifeless form of my Leonisa, that, if not in life, I might at least be united to all I held dear in death; and for this reason, I implored of a renegade Christian who was going on shore, to inquire if the rough

ocean surge had cast her delicate limbs on that fatal isle.

"Meantime, however, the wind rose, and our captain was once more compelled to hoist some sail, and put out to sea; he himself now took the helm, and, confident of no fresh interruption, we skimmed rapidly over the waves. Such, indeed, was the progress we made, that in the next three days we past in sight of Trapana, Melazo, and Palermo, and entered the mouth of the Bay of Messina, to the no small terror of those within, and those who regarded us from the shore. But here, though weary and hungry, we were not permitted to repose. Tripoly was our destination, and on our arrival there, my master, having made over to his Levantines their share of the booty, and paid a fifth, as is customary, to the Dey, was seized with a violent illness, which, in three days, carried him to another world. The Dey then took possession of the whole property, and the officer appointed by the grand Turk,—who, as you know, is the heir of all those who die without a will,—to survey the dead, made equal division of my master's effects, and I myself fell to the share of the viceroy of Tripoly, who shortly after went off to Cyprus, and I accompanied him hither, though without the intention of obtaining my ransom. He has often indeed urged me to do so, having heard from the captain's soldiers that I was a man of

property; but I endeavoured to convince him that he had been imposed upon, and declined his offers. And if you ask me, my friend, the reason, I will confess that I cannot indulge the idea of improving my lot; that I wish to add to the recollection of my lost Leonisa by suffering and captivity, in order the better to lose all relish of life. If it be true that continual grief must have a violent end, or end the sufferer, mine cannot fail to have a termination, for I think to give my troubles so free a vent as to put a speedy period to my existence which I so unwillingly bear. This then, O Mahomet, is the cause;—the sad consciousness of living, while she, who was the light of my path, the sole tie that bound me to earth, —my Leonisa, is dead. Alas! had she but survived —then, then," but here his voice failed him, and a flood of tears burst from the overcharged sources of his grief, which watered the very ground. Mahomet could not but sympathize with him; and when the paroxysm was somewhat past, he sought to console his friend in the best manner he was able; but the unhappy lover cut him short, exclaiming, that he would leave no means untried of exciting the anger and ill usage of his cruel task-masters, to provoke them to some act of vengeance that should bring his sufferings to a close.

Not the less, however, did the faithful Mahomet cease to inspire him with better hopes, and to con-

vince him of his watchful care, and increasing desire of not only alleviating his fate, but bringing some more important remedy, like a wise physician come, against the patient's will, to restore him to peace and freedom. He assured him of the great influence of his own master, the cadi, beyond that even of the viceroy, and also of the high favour in which he himself stood, and by which he might effect so much in his friend's behalf. "Besides," added he, "it will not be difficult to get you transferred to his service, when we shall be companions, and more easily enabled to devise further plans for your ultimate benefit and relief."

"I thank you, Mahomet," replied Ricardo, "for though you can effect nothing that brings me the most distant hope, your friendship for me is very great. I feel it is dear to me; but let us now repair to the tent, for I see a great throng of people coming out of the city; and doubtless it is the old viceroy about to take his position on the plain, while my master takes possession of his residence in the city." "You are right," replied his friend, "come with me, and see the ceremonies with which he is received; they will amuse you." "Let it be so, then," returned Ricardo, "for you may perhaps be of use to me in regard to the overseer of my master's slaves, none of the kindest of men."

They left the spot, and reached the tent just with

the old bashaw, as the new one was approaching the entrance that was to receive its new occupier. Ali Pacha was attended by his Janissaries, who are always on guard since the capture of the city by the Turks. They came in two files, about one thousand five-hundred strong, some armed with fire-arms, and some with scimetars. They marched to the gate of Hassan, the new pacha, and forming a circle round him, Ali, inclining his body, made his obeisance to Hassan, while the latter returned it, though in a less degree. Hassan then entered Ali's pavilion, and the Turks next mounted him upon a grand charger, richly caparisoned, and conducting him round the tent and over great part of the plain, they raised a prodigious clamour in their own tongue—"Long live the Sultan Solyman, and Hassan the Pacha, in his name." This they repeated with loud huzzas a great number of times, after which they returned to the tent wherein Ali Pacha had, during that time remained, and now with the cadi and Hassan he continued shut up in it, for the space of about an hour. Mahomet informed his friend that they were engaged in discussing what was to be done in regard to the city, especially such works as Ali had left unfinished.

In a little while, the cadi appeared at the door of the tent, and called aloud in Turkish, Arabic, and Greek, that all those who might wish to enter, and lay

any complaint against Ali Pacha, could then safely do so; for that Hassan Pacha was there deputed by the Grand Signor himself, as viceroy of Cyprus, and that he would protect them in all justice and reason. Upon this announcement, the Janissaries, widening their flanks, left open to the public the entrance into the tent, with free access for any individual to prefer his request in person. Mahomet now took his friend by the arm, who, as being the slave of Hassan, was not debarred the privilege, and walked quickly towards the gate. Greeks, Christians, and some Turks also followed their example, from whom most of the charges were of so trivial a nature as to call for little inquiry, and were dispatched by the cadi on the spot, with the exception of all matrimonial causes, more by individual judgment than by any existing law. The cadi is the competent judge in all cases, among these barbarians, and there is no appeal from him to any other tribunal. Meantime, there entered a chauz, a sort of alguazil, who stated, that at the door was a Jew, who had brought a beautiful Christian slave, which he was desirous to sell; to which the cadi made answer, that he should be instantly admitted. In no long time he returned, and with him a venerable Jew, who held by the hand a woman, attired in the fashion of Barbary, and of such admirable figure and appearance, that not the most wealthy lady of Fez or Morocco,—who surpass all

Africans in the art of adorning the person,—not even the fair ones of Argel, with their glittering gems, could compete with her. Her face was covered with a fine worked scarlet veil, her arms were adorned with gold and gemmed bracelets; and even round her ankles shone gold and jewelled clasps. Altogether, her air and presence were at once rich, attractive, and commanding. Both the pachas and the cadi were struck with admiration at the sight; but before giving an opinion, they commanded the Jew to withdraw the envious veil which hid the fair Christian's features from their eyes. They seemed as if dazzled by the brilliancy of her charms —charms that fixed the soul of every beholder. Such, indeed, was her surpassing beauty, and the splendour of her whole air and figure, as to make a lively impression upon all present.

But if the effect was great upon others, what must it have been on the unfortunate Ricardo, when he beheld in the lovely object before him no other than his cruel and long-loved Leonisa, already wept and lamented as among the dead. If wonder and delight transfixed him to the spot, the passion felt by Ali for the unequalled charms of the fair Christian was no less intense. Nor did Hassan less feel the power of beauty; while the eyes of the cadi were never for a moment removed from her face. Each, at the same time, indulged the hope of obtaining the object he

so much admired; and without reflecting either on the means or the manner of succeeding, each inquired of the Jew the price of his fair commodity? The Jew fixed it at four thousand doblas, or two thousand crowns; on hearing which, Ali cried out that he would give it, and that he should go and receive the sum at his tent; but Hassan, eagerly interrupting him, swore by Mahomet that he was of another opinion, and that he would maintain it with his life. "It is I who shall give the four thousand to the Jew; not that I would give it, and much less oppose the will of Ali in this matter, were it not that I am compelled to state what he will himself support, as it is right and reasonable that he should,—namely, that so delicate and sweet a slave appertains not to either of us, but only to the Grand Signor himself. This I aver, and in his name do I make purchase of her; now let us see where stands the rash man who will gainsay my words, and take her from me?" "I am he that will do it," retorted Ali; "for with the self-same purpose did I first bespeak her from the Jew; and it seems more fit, withal, that I, sailing forthwith to the capital, should be commissioned to present this rich offering to our mighty master. It is more fit, I say, for I am without an office—I want the sultan's favour; while thou, Hassan, hast just entered into commission for three years to govern this most abundant territory

of Cyprus. For these reasons, and having first offered for the captive, thou art bound to leave her to me, that so I may gain the favour of our common master." "Nay, sooth, it stands me in like stead," returned Hassan, "to obtain and send her to my gracious lord; and better yet should I have no base interest in giving her to the sultan. Talk not to me of convenience; I will arm a tight galley with my own picked men, and my own slaves to work her. Aye, that will I; gainsay me now who dare!

At these proud words the face of Ali turned pale with rage, and starting to his feet, he seized his hanger, crying out; "O Hassan, look to thy words; my intents are good; I would give this Christian to our master, the Grand Signor; and having been the first to purchase, it is but reason and justice that you yield her to me. If such be not your better purpose, this good weapon shall plead my right, and punish thy temerity." The cadi, intent on all that passed, and no less smitten with the captive than the others, bethought him of a plan of throwing water on the glowing embers fast kindling into a flame, without shewing that he meant to do so; and if unsuccessful, to remain alone with and take the pretty captive to himself. He placed himself between the enraged rivals, and addressing Hassan, he said: "My dear Hassan, be calm; and you, Ali, restrain your anger, for you forget I am here; I who can

compose all these differences, so that both of you shall succeed in your object of serving the Grand Signor as you desire." Both instantly felt the force of the cadi's words, and would have obeyed had it been yet worse, such is the respect they bear the character of cadi; and the cadi thus proceeded, "You say, Ali, that you wish to have this Christian for the Grand Signor; Hassan says the same; and you allege, that for being the first to offer a price for her, she ought to be yours; and Hassan again contradicts you. Now, though he does not found this in reason, I perceive that he has as good a one as yourself; that is, to devote the fair slave to the same purpose as you intend to do; so that there is no greater claim on one side than the other, except as regards the small difference of a moment's time. But this is no reason why the other should be defrauded of his intent, insomuch that it seems good unto me that we come unto the following agreement. Firstly, that ye shall both stand proprietors of this exquisite gem; secondly, that the use of it shall depend on the will of the Grand Signor, for whom it was bought; that in fact he shall dispose of the maiden, and meantime Hassan shall pay two thousand doblas, or gold coins; and also Ali two thousand more, while the captive herself shall be put under my guardianship. I will take care that, in the name of ye both, she shall be-

sent to Constantinople; yea, I will convey her at my own cost, with all the authority and decency becoming the occasion. Moreover, I will write to our master, informing him of all that hath befallen here, and the rare emulation shown in disputing which most should serve him."

On hearing these flattering words, the two enamoured Turks could do no other than meet the views of the pacific and disinterested cadi, each at the same time encouraging a hope that he should be enabled secretly to accomplish the design he had in view. Hassan, remaining viceroy, determined that he would bribe the cadi up to the mark, while Ali conceived an exploit which would bring the fair captive at once into his arms; and both, smiling at their past heat, gave easily into the cadi's terms. Each paid his two thousand, and put the prize into the happy cadi's hands; but the Jew demurred that he was not going to give her up with all that splendour, unless another two thousand were to be forthcoming; such was really the value of the magnificent dress and decorations she wore. In fact, they all declared that the Jew was rather below the mark than otherwise in asking for the sum he did; and they resolved that the fair Christian should be presented to the Grand Signor in all the splendour with which she then dazzled their eyes. Each agreed in the propriety of this step, flattering

himself that the fair girl would, by some means, fall to his share.

It is impossible to convey an idea of the sensations felt by Ricardo during the whole of this singular and trying scene—the fears, the tumults that shook his soul on finding that he had only beheld his lost, adored love restored, to endure all the pangs of a separation like this. Was it only a dream—some strange, wild phantasy—that deluded his senses for a moment, and then faded, like a lovely vision, away. Was she not dead? were not those brilliant eyes suffused with the shades of death? At length he turned trembling towards his friend Mahomet; know you not the miracle," he exclaimed. "I do not," was his friend's reply. "It is she; it is Leonisa!" "What say you," returned Mahomet, "is it possible?" "It is true; but reveal it not," whispered Mahomet; "fortune is about to requite your sufferings; she will come into my master's possession, and all will be well." "Ought I to let her know I am here?" inquired Ricardo; "shall I speak?" "By no means; you will ruin all if you do." "I will be guided wholly by you," said Ricardo, striving to conceal himself from Leonisa, who stood with her lovely eyes fixed upon the ground, from which, at times, fell a few pearly tears.

But the cadi now approached, and taking Leonisa by the hand, delivered her over to Mahomet, with a

command that he should conduct her into the city, and place her in the hands of his lady Halima, to be treated as the slave of the Grand Signor. Mahomet obeyed, and left Ricardo, accompanied by Leonisa, who drew after her the eyes of her unhappy lover, as the loadstone does the steel, till the walls of the city hid her from his view. He then turned to the Jew, inquiring how he had met, and where he had bought, the fair Christian? to which the other made answer, that he had bought her of some Turks at Pantanalea: but the Pachas here interrupted him by commanding him into their presence. Meantime, while conducting the fair Christian to her destination, Mahomet inquired of her from what place she had come? She answered, it was from the noble city of Trapana, that she was the child of wealthy parents, though she had been so exceedingly unfortunate. Her conductor went on to ask, if she knew of any rich and noble cavalier in that city, very handsome and accomplished, and known by the name of Ricardo? On hearing the name, Leonisa gave a deep sigh: "Alas!" she said, "I know too well, from all I experience in this very cruel lot." "Did he then occasion your sufferings?" asked Mahomet. "That did he, by following and wishing to make me his," was the reply. "And are you acquainted with another gentleman named Cornelio, wealthy, liberal, gentle, prudent?" "Him too I know as the author

of greater suffering to me than Ricardo himself; but who are you, Sir, and wherefore do you inquire? Ah! would that heaven, at length taking pity on my excessive troubles, had sent in you, Sir, one who might console, might relieve me." "I am a native of Palermo," returned Mahomet; "one who, from a succession of strange accidents find myself here, and in such a dress, so different from all I formerly was used to wear, although my mind, spite of all appearances, is still the same. I know the persons of whom I inquire, for not many days ago, I had them under my care; Cornelio was captured by some Moor of Tripoly, who sold him to a Turk, who brought him to this island, whither he came for the sale of merchandize, being a merchant of Rhodes. Such was his confidence in Cornelio, that he entrusted him with his effects." "And I doubt not he can take good care of them, as he does of his own," said Leonisa; "but tell me, Sir, how, or with whom came Ricardo to this island?" "He was brought," returned Mahomet, "by a corsair, who captured him while in a garden near the sea-side, at Trepana, and with him his master said he had also taken a young lady, whose name, notwithstanding repeated inquiries, he would not reveal to me. She remained here some days with her master, who was about to visit the tomb of Mahomet, in the city of Almedina, and at the time of his departure, Ricardo was taken sick,

when his master left him in my care, in order that I might find some remedy to his disorder till his own return. In case he should not come back, he told me that he would write to me from Constantinople, informing me when to send him thither. But heaven ordained it otherwise; since the luckless Ricardo, without any apparent cause, died only a few days afterwards, lamenting without ceasing, the loss of a lady called Leonisa, whom he hadloved, he said, better than his own life and soul. "She was drowned," he added, in a shipwreck, upon the rocks of Pantanalia; and grief for that event was the sole cause why he could no longer bear to live." "Tell me all you know, friend," returned Leonisa; "did he never, in conversing with you, state the manner in which the lady and himself were captured?" "Yes, he did," returned Mahomet, and often asked if a Christian lady, named Leonisa, had been brought to the island, for he was excessively anxious to obtain her ransom, for that he would willingly pay the sum." "Alas me!" cried Leonisa," how good, how generous he was; how much nobler than Cornelio,—and towards me too,—the sad cause of his sufferings and death. Would it had pleased heaven to spare him; that so I might have had occasion to return some of the tenderness he bore me, for I am the unhappy lady sought by Cornelio—so beloved by Ricardo, though now reduced to so wretched a lot. Honour is all that has

remained to me; and for the future I know not who is my master, nor what my destination; to you, therefore, do I appeal, as a Christian, to advise me in these my troubles, so various and manifold that I know not which way to turn, nor what will become of me." "I will do all, lady, in my power," replied Mahomet, "that ingenuity or force can effect to give you relief;" and he then informed her of the quarrel between the pachas on her account, and how she had finally remained in the hands of his master the cadi, for the purpose of being presented to the Grand Turk Selim. That, nevertheless, he put his trust in one more powerful than any earthly lord that it would turn out better; directing Leonisa at the same time to do all in her power to attach the regard of Halima, the cadi's wife, in whose hands she was to remain until she set out on her voyage to Constantinople. After farther explaining to her the manner in which she should proceed, and other particulars, Mahomet presented her, together with the message from her master, to the Turkish lady. Seeing her so beautiful and so splendidly decorated, Halima received her fair captive with distinction, and her conductor bent his way back to the tents, anxious to inform Ricardo of the conversation which had passed; and when he described the lady's emotion on hearing of his pretended death, the tears started into his eyes. He contrasted this with her

conduct on learning the capture of Cornelio, of whom she had spoken with marked slight and aversion; the whole of which acted as a delicious balm to the afflicted spirit of Ricardo, who, turning to Mahomet, said:—"I call to mind now what my father related to me;—you know how greatly he was honoured by Charles the Fifth, in whose service he discharged many high offices both in peace and war. He used to tell me, that when the emperor was engaged in taking Tunis, as he was one day standing in his tent upon the plain, they brought to him a Moorish girl, of remarkable beauty; and what was still more singular in a Moor, she had golden hair, which seemed to vie with the sun's rays which shone upon her through the tent. At that time, he said, there were two Spanish cavaliers in the camp, an Andalusian and a Catalonian; both of rare prudence, and both poets. The moment he beheld her, the Andalusian burst forth into a strain of enthusiastic admiration; yet observing every rule of the most difficult verse, in what is termed *coplas*, and in the fifth line of the couplet he suddenly paused, as if unable to bring to an end either the sentiment or the verse. But the other cavalier who stood at his side, and had heard the verses, observing him at a loss, snatched as it were the middle of the couplet from his lips, pursued it, and finished it with the proper rhymes, and beauty of sentiment as well.

Now, my dear friend, it was this incident which occurred so forcibly to my mind when I saw the dazzling charms of Leonisa break, like sun-light, through the obscurity of the pacha's tent,—a light, that seemed to beam like heaven with all its starry glory upon my wondering view." "Restrain your passionate praises," interrupted Mahomet with a smile, "unless you mean to be taken rather for a Pagan than a Christian; but leaving these follies apart, let me inquire how you mean to proceed in this difficult affair?" "Alas!" replied Ricardo, "I know all that passed in the tent; for a Venetian renegado who was present has interpreted all to me; so that now my whole efforts would be directed how to prevent, if possible, the voyage of my beloved one,—Oh, heavens! for the purpose of being presented to the Grand Signor."

"The first thing to be done, then," returned Mahomet, more calmly, "is for you to become the slave of my master, and we can afterwards concert what measures may be adapted to the present juncture." He had no sooner spoken, than the overseer of Hassan's Christian slaves made his appearance, and took Ricardo along with him. The cadi returned to the city with Hassan, who, in a few days, made out the residential letters of Ali, and gave them to him, closed and sealed, on his departure to Constantinople. He went, leaving strict injunctions with

the cadi to forward the fair captive, with letters, to the sultan, not forgetting to recommend his (Ali's) service, and his exertions to please the sultan, most warmly to his master's favour. The other made ample promise to that effect, intent all the time on treachery, and eager for the possession of the fair Christian, whom he pretended to reserve for the Grand Signor.

Meantime, Mahomet had made arrangements for Ricardo to become the slave of the cadi, a circumstance which rendered the wretched lover only more anxious than before to obtain an interview with his adored Leonisa, and deprived him of all repose. He now changed his name into that of Mario, in order that she might not hear his real one till he had first seen her; and this was extremely difficult, on account of the jealousy of the Moors, who veil the faces of their women, so as to conceal them more effectually from the eyes of the men, though they do not care they should be seen by the Christians, as, being captives, they conclude they dare no longer indulge the usual passions of men.

It so happened, that the Señora Halima one day cast eyes on the slave Mario, and so greatly was she struck with his noble air and figure, that she could not drive his image from her fancy, and it soon reached her heart. Little content with the poor attractions of her ancient husband, she indulged a

passion for the handsome captive, and confided the secret to Leonisa, for whom she had already conceived a real affection, added to her respect for the intended mistress of the Grand Signor. She told her that her husband had brought a new Christian slave into the house, and of such enchanting looks and appearance, that she thought she had never beheld a more elegant, delightful man in her life; that, moreover, he was *Chilib*, that is to say, a Cavalier, and had come from the same territory as the renegade Mahomet; but that she did not know how to proceed, or to make known her wishes.

Leonisa inquired after the name of the handsome captive, and heard in reply that he was called Mario. "But," said Leonisa, "were he of the place which you mention, I should know him: and there is no one of the name of Mario in Trapana. Pray let him be called hither, Señora; I will question him and tell you who he is, and what you may expect from one like him." "And so you shall," said Halima; "for on the next fast, when the cadi will be employed in making the Zala in the mosque, he shall come to us, and you shall speak to him ear to ear. Then, if you think well of it, make your sweet voice plead my desire; and I know you will do it in a way that he cannot resist it." While the fair Halima was thus employed with the captive, the cadi, on his part, having called his slaves, Mahomet and Mario, to his

counsel, in like manner made known to them the wishes of an old enamoured fool, requiring them, with a solemn face, to inform him in what way he could best accomplish his amiable object with regard to the fair captive, and yet keep on good terms with the Grand Signor; for that he would sooner die a thousand deaths, than deliver over the lovely girl to the arms of that great monopolist of beauty.

With so much earnestness did the religious çadi plead the force of his passion, that his listeners came exactly to an opposite conclusion to that of their master—to invent something very speedily to disappoint it, though affecting to suggest the following plan. It was arranged, that Mario, as coming from the same place, should be the person to solicit her favour in the cadi's behalf, (just as the ladies had themselves contrived it), and if in this way he should not succeed, he could then try the less ingenious mode of force, for she was in his power; and this being done, he could give it out that she was dead, and thus excuse himself for not sending her to Constantinople.

The cadi was transported with the wisdom of his slaves, and he forthwith presented Mahomet with his freedom, as a mark of his regard. He promised the same to Mario, if he should succeed in his object, with wealth and honours to boot, while the captives on their part bade him not be anxious as to Leonisa,

for that she would soon be his; and the old cadi, to make assurance doubly sure, declared that he would let his wife go for a few days on a visit to her parents, when his slave Mario could come in and go out of his house at any hour, to converse with, and gain over Leonisa to his master's views. In this way did the tide of fortune seem to change with regard to Ricardo; and the whole plot having been determined upon, the fair Halima, like a true woman, was the first to proceed to put her part of it into execution, her sex being always the most ready and precipitate to indulge their tastes. On the same day, the cadi announced, as a special favour to his lady, that he had concluded on permitting her to go and enjoy herself a few days in the country with her parents; and not a little was his surprise when his wife, in the coolest tone, declared that she had already made up her mind, from what he had before said on the subject, to submit to his wishes; and she now no longer indulged the idea. To this her husband replied, that he should feel uneasy if she were to sacrifice her pleasure; that he could not permit it; and that so far from wishing her to stay, she would oblige him by taking her pleasure, and setting out directly." "If that be the case," said the gentle Halima, still intent on her own views, "I will go certainly, and I will take the Christian captive along with me; it will cheer her, and do her health good."

"No, no, my dear," replied the cadi; I am responsible, as the guardian of the Grand Signor's prize, that she be seen by nobody, and least of all that she be permitted to converse with any Christian; being intended, as you know, to adorn the seraglio of our master, and be converted to our holy faith, in which she is now staying with us, to receive the first instructions." "Very true, my dear husband," replied Halima; "but for all that she can go with me; she need not be, in my father's house, exposed to any evil Christian communications; for, albeit my parents are Greeks, I see and talk to them, and am I a less religious Turk on that account? do you find me such?" "Yes; but you know I can confide in you, my dear, any where." "To be sure you can," was Halima's reply, "and in my care of the Christian slave; we shall only stay four or five days; my unceasing tenderness for you, my love of home, will not permit me to be longer away." The cadi said no more, for he was afraid of giving rise to suspicions in his wife's breast, if he further ventured to press the point.

The day of holy festival arrived; the cadi went to the mosque, whence he could not return under four hours; and scarcely had the fair Halima lost sight of him, than she sent to summon Mario to her presence. She was obliged to give the porter particular orders before he could be permitted to pass the

court-yard; but this being done, Ricardo, in fact, stood confused and trembling in presence of his fair mistress, as if he had a whole army of enemies to encounter. Leonisa, too, was there, adorned just as she appeared before the two pachas in the tent. She was seated at the foot of a grand marble staircase, which led up into a magnificent corridor; her head was inclined upon her fair hand, her arm resting upon her knees, and her eyes directed to the side opposite to which Mario entered; while Ricardo, unconscious of her presence, stood silently awaiting the pleasure of his mistress. But when he cast his eyes upon the object of all his long sorrow, and despair, and adoration, a thousand tumults surprised the lover's soul, and he stood like a statue, half wonder and half delight, gazing away his senses on the adored being, not only in sight, but so near him. He was a captive, and yet gloried in his lot; he would not have been free and far away at that moment to purchase the power of worlds; such is the strange and yet more enchanting power that can command all most dear to man to be yielded up at the feet of the charmer whom he dies to possess. It is impossible to describe the passions which shook the soul of Ricardo, assured as he had been that the object he now beheld no longer hated him. Suddenly she looked up, and their eyes met; but how different was the effect which the same sentiment produced

on each: Ricardo, rivetted to the spot; Leonisa, who had been taught to believe him dead, struck with terror and astonishment at beholding what she then believed to be a vision of the dead. It was like a strange fascination; for with eyes still fixed upon his, she sought to withdraw, making several steps back, and drawing out a small cross, which she kissed frequently, pronouncing at the same time some holy words.

Ricardo first recovering his confidence, was aware of the real cause of Leonisa's excessive terror. "It irks me," he said, "lovely lady, that what you believe is not indeed true; and that it is a living mortal who stands before you. If dead, I should not indulge the terror I now do, lest my rigorous fate should give the last blow, and consummate my doom. Be calm, lady, and if you venture on what you never yet willingly did—to approach me,—you will find that I am no empty shade,—but one full of strange adventure, and of sorrow sufficient to satiate his worst enemy." Leonisa placed her finger on her mouth, as if to signify that he should speak low; and he gently approached her, and heard her speak:—"I believe you are Mario, and you ought to know that if we happen to be overheard, this may be the last time time we shall ever meet. Halima is within hearing,—she who adores you,—who sends me to engage you to love her; which if

you do, it may be better for your fortune than for your soul. But if you refuse to listen, you must nevertheless pretend to return her regard, and this I intreat of you, if you wish to avoid some fatal thing from an incensed woman who hath made known to you her love." "That would be impossible," replied Ricardo, "I cannot imagine such a thing; but your request hath undeceived me. Is then the will to love or hate of so light account, that we can direct each as we please? Is it right or honourable that a man should feign in so serious a matter as this? It tells me that you have yourself not experienced one of these passions;—had you felt its power, you would admit it were not within possibility for me to feign on such a subject,—except at the command of her I love. Such a command, hard as it is, I will obey, if so be that I may thus have the delight of seeing you. In return for the sacrifice I thus make, having long devoted my heart and affections to your service, all I would ask is, by what means you were freed from the hands of the cruel corsairs, and how you fell into those of the Jew, who sold you?" "More at leisure, I will give you the satisfaction you wish; it is a tale of trouble, of which I can now but briefly give you the outline. Know, that in the evening of the day we were separated, Izuf's vessel returned with a fair wind to the isle of Pantanalea, where also we saw your galley;

but our own, spite of the utmost exertions, foundered upon the rocks. My master, perceiving destruction staring him in the face, threw out on the sudden two vessels filled with water, and bound together. He placed me between them; and throwing off his clothes, he took another, to which he bound himself with cords, and attached to the other barrels; after which we were committed to the mercy of the waves. Deprived of consciousness, I did not again awake to life till I found myself in the hands of two Turks, engaged in attempts to restore me from apparent death. On opening my eyes, I beheld the body of Izuf near me; he had been dashed upon the rocks; while the Turks, as they told me, saved me from drowning by seizing the cords, and dragging me to the land.

Eight persons only escaped with life. We remained eight days in the island, during which, in the hope of gain, the Turks observed towards me the same respect as if I had been a sister. We had sought refuge in a cavern, from the fear felt of being surprized by a party of Christians; we fed upon the sea-weed and relics cast upon the coast from the fatal wreck, and which we gathered together at night. It had so turned out for my ill fortune, that there was no commander of the men, the captain having died only a few days before, and twenty sailors being all that were left. This was known from a young boy

whom the Turks had captured, and who had come from a ship to collect shells on the shore. In about eight days after, there touched at the same spot a Moorish vessel, one of those called *Carmuzales;* it was seen by the Turks, who ran to the sea-side, and making signs to the vessel, signified that they were distressed Turks. They were taken into the vessel by the Moors, and in this was the rich Jew merchant, who owned the greater part of the ship's cargo, consisting of all the most costly productions of Barbary, chiefly destined for the Levant.

The Turks made good their passage to Tripoly, during which they sold me to the wealthy Jew, who paid down for me the sum of 2000 dollars,—an immense price, obtained from the favourable judgment of the Jew. Leaving there the Turks, the vessel resumed her voyage; when the Jew made the most base proposals, which I treated in a manner which deterred him from farther attempts upon my honour. Despairing of inducing me to enter into his terms, he resolved, on the first favourable opportunity, to rid himself of my company, and hearing that the two pachas were then in the island, he resolved to stop short of his destination to Chio, and sell me, perhaps at greater advantage, to one of the pachas. With this view, he decked me out in the manner you saw, in order the better to excite notice, and a desire of making purchase of unhappy me. I

have been told, indeed, that I have only been bought and entrusted to the cadi, in order to be sent to the Grand Turk, a fearful event of which I am in no little dread. It was here I learnt your feigned decease, and if you require me to speak the truth, it caused me deep concern; though I envied rather than pitied you. Not that I love any other—not that I am ungrateful, but that I conceived it good that you had for ever done with the tragedy of life."

"You speak truth, noble lady," returned Ricardo, "granting that death had not deprived me of the delight of seeing you again; for the utmost ambition of my soul is now gratified, when I can thus gaze on those heavenly and adored features. By some happy fatality we have both fallen into the hands of the same master, and the cadi requires me to obtain from you the very consent for which you are here the advocate on the part of Halima. Yes, he has deputed me to talk to you of love: could I refuse such a command—not to fulfil it in the spirit he imagined, but to win the glorious prize of being near; of hearing, seeing, and addressing you? Such is the close of our strange adventures—you doomed to ask of me what is impossible—I to engage you to listen to a proposal, than which I would suffer a thousand deaths sooner than even imagine you could accept."

"I know not, Ricardo, how to answer you; how

to suggest an escape from the labyrinth of troubles that surrounds us. Alas! if we feign not and become hypocrites, we die; it is the sole hope left us; and I must acquaint my passionate mistress that you are not wholly opposed to favouring her views. Heaven forgive us! But to the cadi what will you say? my honour, my more than life, is in your hands; and believe, amidst all my perils, that is still my own. But dare not breathe to me a word as to the cadi's hated love; I will see you always when you wish; only promise not to plead for the cadi, or you never behold me more. Dream you that what I yielded not when at liberty, surrounded by wealth and friends, captivity shall ever wrest from my maiden pride? No, by heavens; for that my forfeit-life shall gladly be yielded again and again. Once, Ricardo, I thought you too bold and arrogant: I am now undeceived—what the future may bring, perhaps, I know not: but we must break off; for Halima may overhear, and she understands the Christian tongue." Ricardo was vehement in his expressions of gratitude, to show how truly he honoured and adored her, declaring that, so far from arrogance, there was no humility and gentleness and patience of which he was not capable to win her esteem. "Fear not," he exclaimed, "my serving the cadi, and amuse Halima in the manner you please; for since I have now seen you, strange unbidden hopes spring up in my bosom,

and whisper that we shall soon be free. Heaven guard you, Leonisa, and farewell; next time I will inform you of the strange accidents which severed me from your side."

They parted—Leonisa happy in the noble bearing and confidence of her fellow captive, and he in a tumult of joy at having heard gentle words and sighs from lips that had never before opened without asperity for him. Halima, meantime, was awaiting the result of her embassy to the slave Mario; the cadi was performing ceremonies in the mosque, but his thoughts wandering, like his fair consort's, in conjectures as to the probable success of his faithful Mario. On her return, Leonisa held out hopes to her mistress which made the latter happy, stipulating only that Mario should be ultimately allowed his freedom, and some period ere he should venture to return her love. To this last, however, the lady was unwilling to consent, stating that she would give immediately the sum required by the cadi for Mario's freedom, calling only for love and gratitude in return. Ricardo, however, took counsel with Mahomet before going to the cadi to render an account of his amiable mission. It was agreed that they should advise the cadi, without loss of time, to carry the fair captive on ship-board, and during her passage to Constantinople, he would have ample opportunities of succeeding in his object, either by force or fraud; that afterwards

he should throw her, according to custom, into the sea, and, having purchased another slave, to be called by the name of Leonisa, he should prosecute his intention of presenting her in Leonisa's rich clothes to the Grand Signor. Such was the infatuation of the silly old man, that, had they advised him to adopt yet greater absurdities, he would have complied. Little dreamed he of their true intent—to make themselves masters of the vessel, and dispose of his ferocious person, instead of the fair girl, in the manner alluded to. Another difficulty was also in the way: his wife, he felt persuaded, would never consent to his going with the fair slave to Constantinople, unless she accompanied them. His ingenuity, however, assisted by his avarice, overcame even this: he informed his faithful friends, that, instead of buying another slave, he would substitute Halima in the place of the fair slave, and present her to the Grand Signor; for that he had his own reasons for wishing to be rid of her, as (he emphatically added) he hated her worse than death. With as much coolness as he had suggested, Mahomet and his friend proceeded to execute the plan; while the cadi went to break the happy tidings of a voyage to Constantinople to his wife. He assured her that, by presenting so beautiful a slave to the Grand Signor, he should most probably be made grand cadi either of Cairo or Constantinople on the spot; and that she would than have new

dresses, and rank far above the ladies of common cadies. Halima was delighted, and more particularly when she heard that Mahomet and Ricardo were to be of the same party.

Hassan Pacha, meanwhile, eagerly solicited the cadi to deliver the fair captive into his hands, at whatever price he chose to name, in addition to the sum at which Ricardo had been valued, namely, two thousand crowns. All his solicitations, however, had been in vain, and only confirmed the cadi in his determination to set out for Constantinople as soon as possible. He accordingly fitted out a brigantine, which he armed in the best style, and manned with a picked company of Turks and Moors, and a number of Greek Christians for their slaves. In this the cadi embarked most of his property, as well as his wife, who had much the same object in view as he proposed for himself. She was ready to join heart and hand in the design of surprising the vessel, throwing the old cadi overboard, and then sailing direct for some Christian country, there to espouse her beloved Ricardo, and embrace her former faith. Before they set sail, Ricardo had another opportunity of conferring with his Leonisa, when he acquainted her with the scheme they had in view. On her part, she told him of the intentions of the amiable Halima; both promised to observe mutual

secresy, and to await, with confidence in heaven, the issue of the doubtful enterprise.

The day having arrived, Hassan, with his soldiers, accompanied the party to the sea-shore; he saw the vessel set sail; nor did he cease to follow her with his eyes so long as she continued in sight. It would seem as if the breath of his amorous sighs helped to fill the sails of the cruel ship, which tore from him the last hope of possessing the object for which he had paid not only the price of his peace, but of actual gold. He was resolved not to bear it; and instantly arming one of his brigantines of superior force, with fifty chosen friends and comrades, whom he flattered with hopes of plunder, he prepared to follow and attack the cadi, and thus make himself master of Leonisa's person. He would make over the other prisoners and plunder to his followers, and then sink the brig, and thus leave not a wreck or memorial of its fate behind. These hopes gave wings to his expedition, and on the sixth day after the departure of the cadi, on the very morning which had been fixed upon for the execution of his nefarious design, another vessel was perceived bearing with all sail and oars fast towards them, which was supposed by Mahomet and Ricardo to be a corsair in full chase. Their vessel instantly prepared for battle; but, on a closer approach, the cadi bade them have no fear, for what they had supposed to be an

enemy was only a Turkish brig. He ordered the white banner to be raised as a sign of peace, to arrest the violence with which the brig seemed to bear down upon them. At length, Mahomet, after looking out, declared that there was also in the distance a Christian vessel; on hearing which, the cadi would have given all he possessed, not excepting even the fair captive, to have been safe in his official station at Nicosia. The Turk, likewise, instead of answering the signal of peace, attacked the cadi with such fury, as nearly to send him at once to the bottom of the sea. He knew by the soldiers from what side the blow came; but it was too late for a remedy. He was boarded, but while the pacha's men were engaged in plunder, a Turk suddenly cried out, "To arms! to arms! a Christian vessel is at hand;" and at the same time that of Hassan was attacked with equal vigour by the Christians. On being questioned, Hassan replied, that he was the viceroy of Cyprus; but on being further desired to explain why he had made booty of the cadi of Nicosia, his officers could only answer, that such were their orders, and they were resolved to enforce them.

The captain of the Christians upon this directed his attack upon the vessel of the cadi, and at the first broadside brought down more than ten Turks,

and then, with equal dexterity and courage, boarded her; and it was then that the unhappy cadi perceived that his conqueror was no Christian, but his old acquaintance Ali, the late pacha himself. Enamoured of Leonisa, he had been on the look out, prepared to give Hassan a warm reception; and the better to mask his design, he had hoisted Christian colours, and arrayed his soldiers in Christian costume. The cadi now saw through the intentions of the treacherous lovers; and began to bewail his misfortune in no measured terms. "Ah, what means this, thou traitor Ali! how, being a Mussulman, dost thou thus assault me, like a Christian? And you, ye renegade Turks of Hassan; what devil of mischief has instigated you to insult thus shamefully the cadi himself? What, to satisfy the brutal lust of your master, will you fly in the face of the Grand Signor —your natural master? Down with your arms, I say." The crews of the different vessels, on this, began to recognise one another, having all served under the same commander; but Ali, shutting his ears to all, made a blow at the cadi's head, which, had it not been for his well-folded turban, would assuredly have cleaved it asunder. As it was, he fell among the benches of the vessel, calling out, O cruel renegade; enemy of my prophet! is there no one to chastise thy impious insolence; how dar'dst thou to

lay hands on thy cadi, and a minister of Mahomet? These words added fuel to the strife; the soldiers of Hassan, fearing lest Ali should bear away the prize, fell upon his force with the utmost rage, till only four were left alive, and these, too, badly wounded. It was now that Ricardo and Mahomet, who had concealed themselves under the poop, came forth, and calling on two Christian relatives of Halima, they united together, and seizing the weapons of the deceased, cried out, liberty, liberty! They soon made themselves masters, not only of the remaining crew, but of the immense wealth belonging to Ali, the fruits of his viceroyship — while he too was numbered with the dead.

By the advice of Ricardo, the whole of the effects were now removed from the other vessels into that of Ali; a fine galliot, which was forthwith manned by the Christian force, who, rejoiced to regain their liberty, offered to bring her as far as Trepana, or even to the end of the world if he thought good. The two friends then consulted Halima, whether she would take half the wealth and return to Cyprus, or sail with them for their own country. She preferred the latter; while the cadi, now first recovering from the knock on his head, was disposed to go to Constantinople, and lay his complaints of the wicked Pacha before the Grand Signor. But when he heard

that the fair Halima was about to leave him for good, he was very nearly running stark mad. However, they fitted him out, and prepared to have him conducted to Cyprus; but ere he went, he asked, as a particular favour, that he might be allowed to bid farewell to the beautiful Leonisa. His request was granted; and the aged cadi, after taking a most lugubrious and sentimental adieu, intreated that she would place her fair hands upon his head, having a firm persuasion that such would be the efficacy of the charm, as to cure the remaining effects of Ali's cruel blow.

With very different thoughts did Ricardo and his faithful Mahomet give their sails to the favouring breeze; without touching at any place they passed Alexandria, and bore away till they came within sight of the island of Corfu. They then, without slackening sail, passed by the ill-famed Acroceraunian rocks, and thence from afar burst on their delighted view, Peguino, Tinacria, and Malta,—soon reached by the fortunate and swift-gliding vessel of poor Ali Pacha. In four days afterwards they discovered La Lampadosa, and then the isle where they made wreck, the sight of which made Leonisa tremble violently, the whole fatal incident recurring fresh to her mind. The next brought them in sight of their own long-desired and beloved native land.

Joy leaped in every heart; for it was the joy of freedom after sad and hopeless captivity, and they were, moreover, victors over their enemies, and enriched with honour and wealth, and abundance of every happiness earth can supply. Ricardo had commanded the vessel to be magnificently decorated with a number of silk and golden flags and banners, with other ornaments of the gayest kind. A little before day they were about a league from port, when waving their banners and bursting into triumphal songs, they came gradually nearing the port, where, at the strange sight and sound, numbers of every rank had congregated to bid the fair sea-vision welcome to their shore. To add to the dazzling beauty of the scene, Ricardo intreated of his now kind Leonisa to appear gemmed and adorned as costly as she had appeared in the pacha's tent; for he was intent upon giving a joyful surprise to his friends and parents. She obeyed, and even threw more charming lustre round her beauties than before, and as she drew nigh, murmurs and shouts of admiration began to fill the air, and echo to the deep. Ricardo stood at her side, arrayed in a rich Turkish dress; and his example was followed by his friend, and all the Christians, who had an abundant supply from the fallen Turks.

It was a clear, serene morning when they bore

into port, just such as could be wished to welcome in some happy festival. Before landing, Ricardo fired several salutes, in honour of the inhabitants; which were returned by an equal number from shore. When, however, they plainly saw the Turkish banner and costume, seized with sudden apprehension they ran to arms, and the entire force of the city began to throng the port, all which added to the delight of the mariners, who speedily undeceived their countrymen, by each falling on his knees as he landed and reverently kissing the earth. They then formed, and proceeded in procession, colours flying and music playing, to claim the renewal of former loves and friendships dear to the heart. Leonisa was the last to set foot on land, her face still covered with the same rich crimson veil. She walked between Ricardo and Mahomet, and the eyes of all the land followed her in wonder and admiration not to be described. Meanwhile the captain and governor of the city had arrived, who received them as the principal personages of the place. On fixing his eyes a moment on Ricardo, he uttered a cry, and ran to embrace him, while the parents of Leonisa were not slow in recognising their long-lost daughter. Cornelio and his parents, too, were there; he grew deadly pale when he beheld Ricardo, but the latter, with singular kindness and courtesy, took him by

the hand. He then intreated of the governor, before seeking the holy temple to offer up grateful prayers for their escape, that he would be pleased to let him speak briefly what he had to say. The governor told him, they were all prepared to hear him in silent, breathless attention, such was the extreme curiosity of the people. "You may remember, Señores," he began, "the misfortune which befell in the garden on the sea-side,—and, subsequently, the pains I took to redeem Leonisa from captivity,—pledging even the whole of my property for that glorious object,—an object in which the peace of my soul was also perilled. I cannot now describe the strange, unheard-of adventures which afterwards befell us,—suffice it to say, that Heaven, in pity to our trials and sufferings, taught us the way to redeem our liberty, and reach once more our native land. But here is the object, next to Heaven," he said, turning towards Leonisa, and withdrawing the veil which concealed her charms,—"that deserves our thanks,—our warmest gratitude; for she inspired me to undertake all that has been accomplished:—wealth, life, honour,—all were sacrificed to my invincible love for her; and all are hers. Yes, adversity hath made me wise; if not humble and gentle; and as a proof of this, come forward, Cornelio, and receive from my hand the most costly and pre-

cious gem that can be set in a happy lover's breast. She is thine,—and with her all that I have is thine. Let me embrace you before I retire to my hermit life among the distant hills." He then took Leonisa's hand, as if to place it in that of Cornelio; but what was his astonishment,—his thrilling delight, when he felt that cold, reluctant hand withdrawn,—when he heard her sigh, and with a tear trembling in her eye, pronounce the extatic words,—"I am thine, Ricardo,—only thine," as she fell into his arms.

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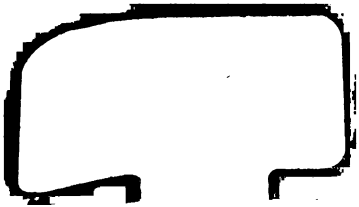
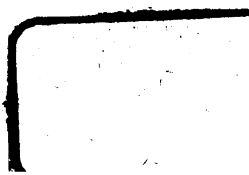
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